

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



FEBRUARY, 1914

WINNIPEG, CANADA

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XV.

Published Monthly

No. 2.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1 a year or three years for \$2 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two-cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers

OUR short talks with our readers in the last three numbers apparently attracted the attention of many and we are encouraged to continue to discuss the merits of The Monthly in this manner, in the hope that every reader will assist in widening its sphere.

When we wished our readers a prosperous and happy 1914 in our January number, we meant something more than a casual wish that the year just entered should bring our subscribers many good things, we meant that The Western Home Monthly would do its best to contribute to their pleasure and well-being. In the past you have found much to enjoy within the covers of the magazine, you have in every issue found well informed, fearless editorials, dealing impartially with matters of grave interest to this Western country. These will be continued so that every reader of The Monthly may have enlightened and non-partisan views on the questions that have from time to time to be solved by the people. You have found its fiction pages healthy and fascinating; you have found its many special departments, dealing with every phase of home life helpful; its fashion pages artistic and reliable; and generally speaking you have regarded The Monthly as your good friend who could always help, instruct and entertain you.

You have been enthusiastic about The Monthly and thus you have encouraged the publishers to better effort. You know how much easier it is to work when appreciation is shown. The Monthly entered 1914 with a most sanguine spirit, endorsed by an army of readers of whom any magazine would be proud. The duty devolving on all those who appreciate The Monthly is not only to send their own subscriptions in early, but to see that their friends share in the happiness that The Monthly brings with its twelve monthly visits.

Indeed there could be no better remembrance of a friend than a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly.

For the coming year it will continue, and on a larger scale, to give its readers the benefit of expert knowledge in all its departments. The hope is that The Monthly will in the future meet all tastes that the home can devise—that even the children will be found absorbed in its pages. The daily mail of The Western Home Monthly would in its size surprise even its most ardent supporters, and at this season it is teeming with kind words of approval and generous good wishes, for all of which we are very grateful.

As we have already stated, the year 1913 was a good one for us, the best in our history. It saw the sphere of The Monthly greatly extended and for this our thanks are due our subscribers. The thousands of new ones added have taken up the cause of The Monthly with true Western zeal and enthusiasm. The Monthly is a purely Western product, and its aim is to be helpful and interesting to every Western home.

We have from month to month been saying a modest word in this column about the progress of the magazine, and in looking over the records of the past year we feel that our expectations have been more than realized. Our friends have multiplied in their numbers, and if in other channels of trade business stringency has been felt it has had no effect on our subscription receipts.

We may be pardoned for selecting from among the many good wishes received for 1914 the following from Canada's Grand Old Man—Lord Strathcona—whose part in the development of the Dominion is perhaps unequalled, and whose Greeting to the Canadian West was published in the January number:

"That The Western Home Monthly may go on increasing in the beneficial influence it exerts, and the welcome it receives in thousands of homes throughout the West, is my earnest hope and belief. Wishing you a Happy New Year."

Strathcona.

London, Dec. 13, 1913.

Regina Leader—In looking over The Western Home Monthly one is struck by the number of prairie writers who are doing good work in a literary way. Many new names appear among the contributors of creditable stories. Of clear, wholesome, entertaining fiction there is a good supply in each issue. The needs of all the members of the household are well considered in this essentially Western and Home Monthly.

* * *
Edmonton, Alta.

Dear Sir: Enclosed find \$1.00 for another year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly. For the past two years I have been an enthusiastic and interested reader of your paper. Truly much credit is due you for the splendid success you are having in making The Western Home Monthly such a worthy magazine. Your appreciative subscriber.

B. Hager.

* * *
Wynyard, Sask.

Dear Sir: Enclosed find money order for \$1.00 for which kindly send us The Western Home Monthly for 1914. The Western Home Monthly is the one magazine that the whole family looks forward to each month, so year by year, you may expect us to show our appreciation of this great monthly by being always on your subscription list.

Yours sincerely, J. E. Shinnars.

* * *
Glen Ewen, Sask.

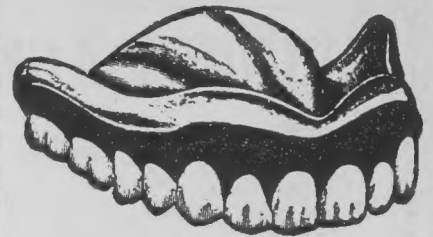
Dear Sir: I am taking advantage of your special fall offer. Your paper is certainly the best paper I have got hold of yet. I won't begin to praise it for I know I cannot do it justice.

Yours truly, Wm. Thomson.

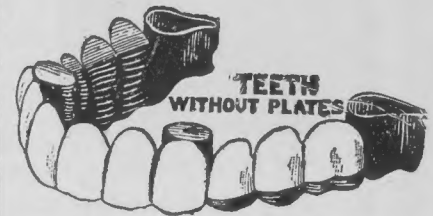
* * *
Rocanville, Sask.

Dear Sir: Please find enclosed remittance for renewal to The Western Home Monthly. In my bachelor days The Western Home Monthly was a very welcome visitor, but now I have joined the army of Benedicts "We" find it still a much-needed friend, not only for its educative and inspiring tendency, but also for the information contained therein relating to the farm, poultry and the garden, and last but not least the help given and suggested for our young men and women. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success,

Yours, Bert Downer.



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Glenboro, Man., July 13, 1913.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO., Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs: Your letter containing out-turns of car shipped by myself and Mr. Osborne Malyon received. I beg to say your handling of the same has been very satisfactory to us both. Thanking you kindly, I remain, yours truly, JAS. CASLICK.

Macrorie, Sask., Sept. 26, 1913.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO., Winnipeg.

Gentlemen: Your letter of 22nd inst. enclosing check No. 399 covering balance of car No. 63644 received with thanks. I can assure you I appreciate the prompt and business like way you took care of this shipment and there are more to follow.—Very truly yours, H. A. METCALF.

We have never at any time solicited testimonials from any of our clients for whom we have done business, but satisfaction with our services and dealings prompts many of them to write to us in kindly fashion as above. We publish these letters (and will from time to time publish others) as spontaneous and independent evidence, that we can and do serve the highest interests of the farmer in the disposing of his grain, and what we have done for some we can do for others. Write us for shipping instructions and market information. We make liberal advances on grain consigned for sale. Address,

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1914

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE B.

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WINNIPEG

St. Valentine

It is a very fine custom that the school children follow of sending to one another and to their parents on St. Valentine's day little messages of love. The custom might well become more general. Those who are particularly interested in our Correspondence column need no instruction and no suggestion. What the bookstores will not supply in the form of gilded color-plates, the fond imagination of young lovers will invent. The expressions of devotion need not be limited to this class. Many a tired wife will be glad to receive from her husband a message which will remind her of her younger days, and even the prosaic father, if he is surprised, will be none the less pleased by a reminder from his wife. This is the suggestion of a valued contributor to these pages, and it will be interesting to know how the suggestion has worked out. But every reader of The Western Home Monthly knows that nothing is more out of keeping with St. Valentine's day than the sending of ugly caricatures. Cupid may be mischievous but he is never vulgar.

The Optimist

If there is one person more than another who is a blessing to his country, it is the man who does not hesitate to express his gratitude for all he enjoys, and for all the benefits he has received. It does one good to read the words of appreciation sent in by an esteemed correspondent. Let us read them over and take them to heart—lest we forget:

"As a well-known writer asks in the opening chapter of one of her novels: 'Have you ever known what it is to be poor?' While I was not perhaps reduced to the depth of poverty from which her hero was then suffering, I was perilously near it. For when I stepped off the train at Ottawa one sultry August night a few years ago, it was with a very, very light purse and a heavy heart. Behind me lay the grey seas and green hills of the land of my birth, tugging at my heart strings, while before me lay—what? I did not know. Health, I hoped. Wealth I did not even dream of, would have thought it folly to suppose my broken-down strength could wrest more from life than my daily bread, if that. I had one foot in the grave, or trembling on the brink of it, and no longer early youth's high hope to welcome each succeeding day and spur me on to fresh endeavour. But in my veins ran the blood of the hardy North, and given health, I felt, I knew that somewhere in this vast Dominion was a place for me. I would make one, find one, somehow, somewhere, if determination counted for anything. So a stranger in a land, I set out on my quest.

"Looking back now, the thing that stands out most prominently, in these first days, absurd as it may appear, were the interminable stairs I had to climb, either looking for work, or after obtaining it. Perhaps I ought to say 'seemed to climb,' as my imagination probably magnified them. They were a nightmare. A few steps tried my already overtaxed heart sorely, and it was with a piteous prayer that I started each painful ascent, where there was no elevator. The top appeared some far-off elysium to which my laboring heart could never carry me. A wasted figure, with shorn locks and hollow cheeks, I tottered up those stairs, thankful if no one were in sight so that I could pause and rest very frequently. Those first days are a confused recollection of aching body and wearied mind, when I worked blindly through the hot August days, grateful if I got through my daily work, and was able to crawl to bed after a hardly touched meal. Days there were when my throbbing eyes saw nothing but a blur, and it seemed as if nature could stand no more. But will was there, a sentinel at his post.

"August passed, taking with it its enervating heat, and September merged into October, painting the maples with its gorgeous hues, and bringing a breath of winter. Soon a mantle of snow lay everywhere, and Jack Frost drew his icy fingers over the rushing Ottawa, stilling its waters. And one day I awoke, awoke to a realization that my tortured body was at peace, that the sleigh-bells around me were chiming merrily in the frosty air, while out of an Italian blue sky the sun shone brilliantly. I looked around and saw that the earth was very beautiful. I was well!

"With returning health came a renewed zest in life, and the desire to wander further afield took possession of me, to see for myself the wonderful West of which I had heard so much. One sweet spring day I left Ottawa, counting myself rich indeed this time, in that I had health, if nothing else. That I had but the wherewithal to carry me to Winnipeg, I cared not a jot. I was going to the Golden West, and out of her bounty she would provide for me.

Strathcona's Message

Every reader of The Western Home Monthly will give heed to the wise message of Lord Strathcona in the January number. Surely he is our finest optimist. His optimism is of the kind that does good. Any temporary financial stringency is but an evidence of our phenomenal progress. The future has for us unbounded promise. All we have to do is to exercise good Scotch caution—to follow his own safe motto, "Steady and Sure". It cannot be too often stated that in all our undertakings we must so conduct ourselves as to command the confidence of the financial world. Every individual and every community has a responsibility beyond the financial obligations assumed. The country's good name is at stake in every venture. In an age when there is every temptation to wild speculation, the words of the oldest and wisest of our great Canadians is very necessary and very welcome.

"My trust was not misplaced. She has given with both hands, generously, freely. As to wealth, that is yet on the knees of the gods, but a more than adequate return for my daily toil, and health in abundance, are mine. Tonight, as I look out into the violet shadows of an autumn evening, my memory goes back over the intervening five years to the day when I first set foot on the soil of Canada, a wretched fever-shaken creature, sick in body and at heart. Mine is but a halting pen to record my gratitude, 'for I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,' but such as it is, I use it. Never will I forget the debt I owe to its health-giving air and overflowing plenty, nor, while memory endures, will I forget its kindly people. Wherever these words are read, may they stand as a monument from an appreciative woman to the unfailing courtesy and kindness of the chivalrous Canadian. There are probably exceptions—nay, must be; human nature being what it is—but I have not encountered them. Nowhere, not even by the legendary American, are women treated with more consideration, and I have pitched my tent, so to speak, in many lands.

"Yet, down in my heart is hid away the hope of a return to the misty isles, for kind as another land may prove, it is not my own, my first love, the scene on which my eyes first opened, and on which I pray they will close.

Who will chide a child for not loving its own mother less because another has proved more bounteous?

"What the future holds for me I do not know, but if under other and more familiar skies, it will hold in tender and grateful remembrance the land where the maple grows."

The Pessimist

He sees only the hole in the doughnut. He hears only the buzz in the gramophone. He tastes only the acid in the orange. And he is with us perpetually—growling, fault-finding, exaggerating imperfections. Have you heard him?

He is discussing high prices. He paid so much for a small packet of oatmeal. He forgot to mention the fact that by taking ordinary every-day oatmeal of equally good quality, in an ordinary paper bag, he could get two or three times the weight for the same money. He complains of the price of pickles and olives, but nothing short of the highest priced variety will suit him. As for lettuce—well, the old-fashioned kind may have suited his father, but it will not suit him. He must have the cabbage variety or nothing. So he growls incessantly, while all the time he is his own worst enemy. No doubt prices are high, but there is a lowest level even in high things. The pessimist never seems to find it. It is more pleasant to him to complain about paying the highest price than to exult at having found how to pay the lowest. Some people are happy only when they are miserable.

So in politics: The world is going to the bow-wows. Both parties are rotten. There isn't an honest politician in the lot. Nor is there a competent one. "When Gladstone and Dizzy died there were none left." We have in Canada nothing but ward-healers. The country is going so fast to ruin that in a few years there will be nothing left but a memory of our greatness. No one will deny that politically there remains much to be desired, but the thing for a pessimist to do is to quit his growling and to pitch in and work—and work so hard that he hasn't time to growl. It is nonsense to expect heaven to send leaders, or to expect the newspapers alone to bring about a better state of affairs. No one should see a wrong without hastening to remove it.

The greatest field of all for the pessimist is that of religion. How he glories in accounting apostasies and in exposing heresies! Surely faith has departed from the earth, and the Christian virtues are no longer exemplified. There is nothing for it now but the "desolation of abomination," and we may as well sit with hands folded awaiting the coming doom, for we cannot escape the evils of the last days. And all this in spite of the fact that there is more love and altruism in the world than ever before, more regard of man for his fellows, more respect for the lives of women and children, less injustice and tyranny, more freedom of conscience. What are we to do with religious croakers anyway? Why keep right on. Do you remember that story a Western farmer told about his dog, which barked the whole night long at the moon? "Well, what of it?" asked some one. "Oh, nothing much," said the farmer, "only the moon kept right on shining." So that is what Christian people must do, in or out of churches. There is no darkness so dense, no pessimism so crass that it will not be dispelled by the sunshine of love and ardor. Even pessimism has its good side. It serves as a background for the display of Christian action. Just as evil seems greater when found in a righteous community, and as righteousness shines the brighter when found in an evil community, so the cheerfulness and hope of the optimistic spirit glow with greater brilliancy in the presence of those who see nothing ahead but gloom and disaster.

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A Week on the Homestead

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Wolf Willow.

I OFTEN read letters on the correspondence page of various Canadian papers complaining of the loneliness of homesteading life. Now this may be true in the case of some bachelors, and yet, under similar conditions, many bachelors are as cheerful and contented men as you would wish to see. A good deal depends on the individual, and on the point of view. Some people are morbid and lonely any place. I have seen as sad and lonely faces on the streets of Winnipeg as I have ever seen on the prairie.

A great deal of pity is extended to homesteaders' wives, and no one pities many of them any more than they pity themselves. One must cultivate adaptability. I am thankful to say that I can adapt myself to almost anything—"let myself loose" in Winnipeg and have a good time, or settle down in the country, "count my blessings one by one," and enjoy myself.

This is my second venture homesteading, so I can talk, not from a rooming house in Winnipeg or Edmonton, but from the soil itself.

We had a free homestead in Manitoba, proved up, sold out, and now are on a purchased homestead in Central Alberta. On the claim in Manitoba all I cared for in particular was that we should be reasonably near a school, as I had two boys, just coming old enough to attend. I thought this the main thing; to other things I could adjust myself. We were favored in having the school, were very comfortable, and got a good start, selling out for a fair figure.

We have now been on the homestead in Alberta for six months, and are fifteen miles from a town, much farther than we were on the free homestead, and are on a thinly settled locality, and the settlers that are here are mainly foreigners. That sounds forbidding, doesn't it? But they are Swedes and Hungarians, who are a good, industrious class of people.

We came here the first of July, and I am not going to say much about this beautiful summer, as it is easy to be comfortable almost any place then. How I tidied my house and then went to filling my cellar with wild fruit, which I enjoyed picking under the blue sky, and among the wild flowers on the hillsides of Alberta; how I, nearly every time buggy or wagon went on any errand, buying cows, pigs, hens, for wood, hay, or just "exploring," loaded up my small flock and went too, and had new sights and sounds to think about when I got home. I did not stay at home and look out of the window, and "wish somebody would come." But, moreover, I got up early, hustled through my work, and was not unduly unprepared for visitors, if they should have come.

We all enjoyed the scenery along the Battle River, near Irma, with its mighty hills and singing rapids. We saw it in all its aspects, from early summer until the autumn dyed its wooded coulees with red and yellow, and turned its hills to brown.

Now, in November, everything is bleak, the trees are leafless, and the river frozen in places, the birds flown south, and yet I find homesteading more than bearable.

I am going to describe a week in late November, perhaps the most disheartening time of all the year, if one is of the disheartened persuasion.

I will start with a Saturday when we all went down to fix a crossing over the river, so that the children could go to school on Monday, as they had not been yet this term, being too far if using the summer crossing.

We chose a place just above the rapids, where the hills on either side are accessible for a rig, and all went in a wagon. The ice was very glary and would be too slippery for our unshod pony to be driven across with the children. When we reached the river the team was blanketed, and the boys and men carried great bundles of straw from a stack near and spread it in a drive-

way across the river, and along the bank which had to be followed for a piece—everyone working, perforce, to keep warm. Then there were holes in the ice, and water dipped out and sprinkled over the straw to freeze and make a footing for the pony. After this was done we went down to the rapids, which were roaring as usual.

All at once the little nine-year-old called out, "Oh, look at the cookies!" And sure enough the swirl of the water broke off pieces of ice, then whirled them round and round just enough to round them nicely, the current carried them away, and then more were made. "Yes," I said, old Mrs. Rapids is doing her Saturday's baking. Then we watched a couple of ducks alight in a bit of open water, and one of the men reached for his gun, which the men around here seldom go without. "Bang!" The valley echoes rang, and there was a nice fat duck to take home.

We loaded up again in the wagon, and started on the return trip. The short November day was drawing to a close, and we hurried along, as the outdoor air had sharpened our appetites, and visions of roast pork "and sich" tantalized us.

But what is that grey shadow gliding along the side of the hill, like a bit of the hill, itself in motion? "A coyote! Reach me the rifle." The bullet went whizzing through the air, and seemed to hit him—to pass through him, but it didn't. He could be seen, easily loping along at some distance.

"I don't believe he was a real wolf at all," said one boy who is given to imaginings.

Home, and the heater has kept the house nice and warm. The range is soon going, and the dreams of supper realized, and the food fades away as mysteriously as did the wolf.

That night about bedtime the rattle of a rig is heard in the silence, the dog barks, answered by far-off coyotes, and a neighbor comes with the mail. It is understood that whoever "goes in" will get all the mail for the nearest neighbors. Our friend is hailed as joyously as if he were Santa Claus, as we take from him our letters and our dearly beloved Western Home Monthly, Canada Monthly, Family Herald, Winnipeg Tri-

FRIENDLY TIP

Restored Hope and Confidence.

After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

An Eastern woman writes an interesting letter. She says:

"Three years ago I suffered from an attack of peritonitis which left me in a most miserable condition. For over two years I suffered from nervousness, weak heart, shortness of breath, could not sleep, etc.

"My appetite was ravenous but I felt starved all the time. I had plenty of food but it did not nourish me because of intestinal indigestion. Medical treatment did not seem to help. I got discouraged, stopped medicine and did not care much whether I lived or died.

"One day a friend asked me why I didn't try Grape-Nuts food, stop drinking coffee and use Postum. I had lost faith in everything, but to please my friend I began to use both and soon became very fond of them.

"It wasn't long before I got some strength, felt a decided change in my system, hope sprang up in my heart and slowly but surely I got better. I could sleep very well, the constant craving for food ceased and I have better health now than before the attack of peritonitis. "My husband and I are still using Grape-Nuts and Postum."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

bune, Telegram and Free Press; Cosmopolitan American Boy, Grain Growers' Guide and various local papers from places where we have lived. I believe in taking lots of papers—and in reading them. If there were a choice of cutting down the papers or getting a new hat, I would turn the old hat inside out or upside down, and wear it another year rather than do that.

As we are away from church service, we put in a quiet Sunday reading the papers, with some music at the piano. If one is so inclined there is as good Sunday reading in the various papers as one could hear preached.

On Monday morning we get up very early, at six, in fact—"in the middle of the night," one little boy complains at sight of the lighted lamp—so as to get the children to school over three miles away. But they are soon wide awake and at their porridge, say good'bye and rattle off. Then Monday's rub begins, which is Monday's rub the world over, whether on a homestead or off it. Time flies only too fast with so much work, and it seems to be no time until the children are brought home hungry for supper, and full of descriptions of the beaver they saw on the ice, of the new school, the new teacher, the new Alberta book and the new playmates.

Tuesday, after the boys go to school, and the morning's work is done, we have an early dinner, the men intending to shift some stone-pipes in the afternoon. Just as we finish dinner a Swedish bachelor neighbor comes in with a pair of nice ducks. We know that he is just for some, and has come for a talk. So we properly praise his offering, hang them up at the north end of the house, and I get some dinner for him, while the men go on with their work.

So he falls to my lot to entertain, and I know that he is just bursting with pent up talk, so I have only to be an attentive listener and exclaim at the right places. He is about twenty, but has the solemnity of a sage of eighty, and is given to narrative. Threshings at which he engaged for a while is just nicely over, and the events of it are still fresh in his mind. His solemn way and broken English are tremendously amusing. Our conversation is somewhat after this manner:

"Aren't we having lovely weather?"
 "Yes, it didn't froze at all last night."
 "You had a great fall for threshing."
 "Yes, trashin' been pretty well dis fall. I made a little cash moneys, an' if I make trap some mush-rat, an' killteys an' weasel I been make a little more. At trashin' we has some fierce time. One ole jiggers dere, married man he been, wit' a wife, an' a terrible drinkerds he were—he was some awful cranks. All the times he's gettin' up on his ears about some tings. Dis ole jiggers he gets on his ears one day with my bruder Oscar, for because Oscar gets on his ears at a boy 'bout nineteen year, 'at was drivin' one of his team. Dis boy's always havin' dis team jerkin' an' standin' up on dere hind tail. Dis ole jiggers, he says, 'you have been young some days yourself, you Oscar. Dis boy ain' got no fadders nor no mudders t' learns him.' And so on, from one narrative to another, the story itself being nothing, only the novelty of hearing how the English language can be twisted and yet convey a meaning.

We always entertain our neighbors of every nationality and tribe, and never lose anything by it, pleasing them and amusing and broadening ourselves.

I am a fair mimic, and entertained the family that evening, as I did some mending, with some of Pete's stories in his vernacular.

Wednesday promised to be humdrum enough, and we were bustling indoors and out at various kinds of work until the middle of the afternoon, when three weary acquaintances from farther down the valley, all carrying rifles, came, and, dropping into chairs, begged me to get them a cup of tea. They had been following a deer since daylight, had wounded it, but simply hadn't the strength to follow it up without something to eat; and they also wanted reinforcements in shape of "Jack," my husband. Of course, I hustled around, and had them at the

table in no time. The grandfather of this family spoke up, and said, "You don't suppose it's one of the Park deer that's got out, do you?"

"Wat," said one of the men who was from "Wash'n'ton," as he stowed away a piece of cold meat, it wan't in the Park when we shot it, an' I reckon if we ain't too long with our feet under this 'ere table, that it won't git time t' git in again, eh Cal?"

"Naw," said Cal. "I 'low it won't git in no Park, less'n you reckon my ole woman's skillet a Dominyun Buff'lo Park."

"Jack" did not happen to be at home to enjoy the adventure, having gone away just before they came, but returned in time to enjoy a late supper off a quarter of venison, that we got for our cup of cold water, or rather hot tea and "fixings."

On Thursday nothing more eventful happened than venison stew with dumplings, which is not to be despised. I was busy all day, baking and cleaning, sewing and helping the boys with their lessons in the evening. So very busy were we, indoors and out, that we never noticed whether we were fifteen miles from town or right in it.

On Friday there was to be an auction sale of stock, farm implements and household effects several miles away. My husband did not want me to stay alone all day, and, as women often go to sales, I decided to go.

There was quite a number of women there, and they seemed greatly interested in proceedings, out amongst the stock and implements, inspecting them with the men. Many of these sales are veritable rummage sales, every one around bringing their superfluities to have them disposed of. For myself I was disposed to sit back and watch proceedings from the house.

I did come out and hear the bidding on the household effects, as this is more in my line. I am somewhat of a moralist, and the moral I drew from the men's bidding is, that men should never bid on household effects, as they do not know the values as well as the women, who have catalogue prices at their finger-ends.

I saw two men get a do-or-die glitter in their eyes, and fall to a bidding duel over a battered little rocker, that had cost, when spick and span and new, about \$1.75; and they hurled bids at each other, egged on by the wily auctioneer, until it was finally knocked down to the victor at \$4.

The women exasperated the auctioneer by starting everything at "ten cents," and went, possibly, at the opposite extreme to the men. Anyway the sale was finally over, and everybody took their various possessions and departed.

And this reminds me that the "Week on the Homestead" is over, a typical week, varying with the time of year. It may sound, in the reading, primitive and tame to some, but we are not degenerating mentally, are perfectly healthy, and are sure of ultimate gain financially. Perhaps it is the headiness of the air in this high altitude, but we are contented, and homesteading looks good to us.

Signor Mascagni and his wife wear most curious fobs on their watches which require constant explanation. The fobs are Italian silver pieces, each punctured with six round holes. In Signora Mascagni's these are hung with the five pearly first teeth of her little daughter, and upon her husband's coin are suspended those of one of their sons.

"Why not?" said Signora Mascagni through an interpreter. "They are very much dearer to me than any one's jewels."

The wood fire crackled and sparkled merrily in the big open grate in the cozy library.

"After all, home is the dearest spot on earth," remarked the young wife, with quiet satisfaction beaming in her eyes. "That's right, dear," emphatically replied her husband, who was engaged in auditing the Christmas bills.

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Advantages of Canada's National Parks

By Max. McD.

IN estimating the assets of a country few people take into account the value of a mountain region. It is true that the mineral wealth of the mountains of North America is beyond calculation, but has never been exploited. The forests have been used but little, and it has not been necessary to establish fishing industries on the streams which fill every mountain valley. Be it admitted that there is no money yet in the development of these resources there is still left another source of revenue, and one from which large sums of money are annually taken in. Railway companies have been able to see an immense tourist traffic in mountain centres of beauty, and have pushed with commendable energy into every mountain pass where steel rails can be laid.

The establishment of national parks by the government of Canada has done much to conserve the beauty and preserve the wild game of Canada's mountain regions. From them the people of Canada secure benefit, advantage and enjoyment, through the unequalled means of recreation which they provide. National parks are to the nation what local parks and playgrounds are to the city. Everything that a city park can do for the people of the city, the national parks can do more thoroughly and on a larger scale. National parks are the natural result of a recognition that man requires the pure, wholesome, healthful recreation of the great outdoors.

National parks attract an enormous tourist traffic, and tourist traffic is one of the largest and most satisfactory means of revenue a nation can have. The tourist leaves large sums of money in the country he visits, but takes away with him in return for it nothing that makes the nation poorer. He goes away with, probably improved health, certainly with a recollection of enjoyment of unequalled wonders of mountain, forest, stream and sky, of vitalizing ozone and stimulating companionship with nature; but of the natural wealth of the country he takes nothing.

The commercial potentialities of tourist traffic are almost startling. In 1907 the annual income of France from tourists was \$500,000,000; while the tourist toll of Italy was \$100,000,000. The expenditure of American tourists in England is placed at \$25,000,000 a year. During the past five years there has been a constantly increasing tourist traffic, so the above figures are probably much lower than the amounts now spent. Other figures which have been secured indicate that Switzerland's annual revenue from tourists last year was \$150,000,000.

Tourists spend at least \$5,000,000 annually in the pine woods of Maine, and six or seven million dollars each year in the Adirondacks. The following figures from the report of Commissioner Whipple of the Adirondack parks in New York show that Adirondack hotels in Clinton county accommodate 3,153 persons; Essex, 7,719; Franklin, 4,626; Fulton, 410; Hamilton, 2,395; Harkimer, 2,415; Lewis, 510; Oneida, 150; St. Lawrence, 1,223; Warren, 3,060; or a total of 28,502 persons. This does not include the private camps and sanitariums. The average length of time spent in the Adirondacks by each visitor is about two weeks; hence it is figured that in those days about 200,000 people sought recreation and health in that region. This estimate was proved to be about right by the reports of the railroads—the Central and the Delaware and Hudson—which showed that 225,000 passengers were carried during the summer season. It was estimated that more than \$7,000,000 was invested in hotels and boarding houses, and about \$4,000,000 in private camps and cottages. The total wages paid to 18,307 guides, clerks,

servants, cooks, &c., were \$991,550; cash paid for board, carriages, boats, &c., amounted to \$5,213,210; for railroad fares, \$875,000. Thus more than seven millions were spent by summer resorters.

At Banff, the popular resort in the Canadian Rockies, the number of visitors registered for season of 1912 was 73,725, and these were drawn from more than fifty nations of the earth. The season just closed saw an immense increase in the tourist traffic of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and it is estimated by those in a position to judge that the number of visitors to Banff and its adjacent beauty spots, would total 100,000 persons. If each of these visitors spent the least possible sum upon which this resort can be seen the total amount would be more than a million dollars. As a matter of fact the sum expended by tourists in the Banff district this year amounted to over \$5,000,000.

Reliable figures point to the fact that the tourists of North America spent abroad in 1910 the enormous sum of \$350,000,000. On every hand there is evidence of a powerful and prevailing desire on the part of the people to see and commune with the beauties of nature. They are willing to pay for it, and the pecuniary benefits to the locality concerned are great.

Extraordinary scenery is one of the greatest assets a country can have. Canada possesses 200,000 square miles of high snow-clad mountain ranges, unique in their scenic beauty and Alpine attractions. "Twenty Switzerland in one" is the boast of a great mountaineer. Maine's Adirondacks cannot be compared to Canada's national parks. The parks branch of the Canadian government is carrying on an aggressive campaign to develop the national parks of the Dominion with the object of making their wonders and beauties available and accessible to all the people of Canada.

WONDERED WHY And Found the Answer.

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in tea and coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak.

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it. (Tea is just as harmful because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. When it was made right—dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it.

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.

"My health continued to improve and to-day I am well and strong, weigh 148 lbs., I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

Haunted by Fear

Written for the Western Home Monthly, by W. R. Gilbert

I HAD gone to Le Croisic to recruit. My doctor told me (though I did not believe him) that I had been overworking; anyway, I found myself in the little Breton fishing village at the beginning of a coldish June. I suppose, as a matter of fact, I must have been a bit run down, for almost at once I began to feel myself a different man. Ideas came readily and strongly instead of in wayward and useless flashes; I was able to take long walks and stand long nights out with the fishing-fleet; and soon I was writing happily, with the material under my eye.

And certainly Le Croisic was inspiring. The salt-marshes had a continual fascination for me. Those grey and scummy rectangular pools divided by broad, flat banks, stretching on and on until the ground rose to the church spire of Guerande, three miles away, had an unnamable mystery. In sunlight the domed or conical piles of salt looked like some strange primeval neoliths; when twilight crept stealthily across the plain they looked like the tents of a great army. There was a kind of sinister romance in those marais-salins, and at night one fancied that strange phantasms paraded there.

Then, in the little harbor, there were the graceful sardine-boats, with fine, pale blue nets hung from their masts to dry, which floated lightly and exquisitely in the air like bri'l veils. And there was always the moving life of the little port, the aloof fishermen, queerly garbed in yellow and blue, the garrulous fisherwomen, immaculately neat and white-capped, and, as a kind of pulse of the community, at intervals of two hours, the summoning-bell of the poissoniere.

There was only one other Englishman in my hotel, and, indeed, I saw no other about the neighborhood. We exchanged a casual word or two now and then, but he did not appear anxious to get on closer terms, nor, for the matter, was I. Moreover, he always sat at a table by himself near the window, and appeared to keep a wary eye upon the quay and the passers-by. It was as though he were always looking for someone, not with eagerness, but with a kind of fixed expectancy. This rather got on my nerves, and I, also, fell to watching. Possibly I thought Le Croisic guarded a mystery.

All at once he became more friendly, and invited me to sit at his table. I learnt that his name was Rosewarne, that he had travelled widely, and that he had come to Le Croisic to study certain marine flora. I also discovered that at times he suffered from an almost intolerable stress of nerves. He was a picturesque and fluent talker, but at these times he would make long and painful pauses, fall upon a word, and stare before him with stricken eyes. Once when I tried to help him back to the subject, he rose abruptly and fled from the room. At that moment a newcomer, obviously an Englishman, passed the window.

The next day Rosewarne asked me to walk with him, and we took the winding road across the salt-marshes. As we almost imperceptibly neared Guerande he took my arm and said abruptly—

"Have you ever been afraid?" The question was so unexpected that I paused and looked at him.

"Afraid? What do you mean? Afraid of what?"

"Have you ever been haunted by a great fear?"

"No," I said. "You mean, I suppose, an obsession, a fixed idea, possibly a delusion?"

"There can be no delusion about fear," he said emphatically. Then, as we moved on, "Listen. I shan't bore you. Thirty years ago I was in Rio. I was a youngster then, and no more business in Rio than anywhere else. I imagined I was going to do something. I imagined I had ambition. But I also had money; I've always had money, curse it."

"Well," I said, "you can get rid of that easily enough."

"Ah, but I've never been a fool, except the once I'm going to tell you about, and then I wasn't so much a fool as a madman." He stopped and looked about him, taking deep breaths of the salt-charged air. I confess that I was a little disturbed, uneasy; there was something queer about all this, and the immense solitude of the marshes weighed upon me. Only one other figure was in sight, that of a woman, whose body rose and bent rhythmically as she worked the wooden scraper over one of the dried salt pools. We moved on again.

"In Rio," Rosewarne continued, "I set out to see what I called life. And the adventurous spirit took me into strange, unholy places. One night I was in a cafe in a narrow street near the harbor; it was a clear night, and I remember three English warships lay in the harbor. The cafe was a low, riff-raff hole, but there was enough gilt and glass and velvet about it for a theatre. And there, because I was seeing life, God help me, I began to drink. I suppose the drink must have been damned bad; it soon began to hum on me. I happened to sit down at the same table as an Englishman—not one of my sort, but still I could talk to him. Even before I joined him I fancy he'd had enough, but he carried it well."

Rosewarne stood still again, and again breathed deeply. The sweat trickled from his forehead in great beads.

"We drank together, and toasted a girl who sat near. I can see her now. She just sat smiling, and watching us with eyes, great black eyes, that had a look of hell in them. She just watched, I tell you. Then we began to quarrel about her, and she watched, always smiling. All at once the man sprang at me, and I saw a flash of steel. I swung aside, and the knife fell. It was in my hand! I felt it strike into his body. I saw his white sneering face below me as he struggled, and on a devil's impulse I slashed him straight across from ear to nose. When the blood spurted—" He stood still again and leant heavily upon my shoulder. I did not care to look at his face.

"Well?" I said.

"No one had stirred in that accursed place; it was a game to them; the room was as quiet as this marsh. I got up and ran for my life."

"And you escaped?"

"There was nothing like a real hue-and-cry. Such things were not uncommon in that quarter, and I had a friend who knew the ropes. I was safely up country in a week."

"Did the man die?"

"No, he recovered. I took care to find that out."

"Well," I said, looking towards the spire of Guerande that seemed to float in the blue. "I don't see what you have to trouble about. The fellow made a murderous assault on you, and was hoist with his own petard. If you hadn't settled him he'd have been at you again."

"I know all that, I know all that," Rosewarne said in a tone that might have been petulant if it had not been so infinitely weary.

"Why on earth should you be afraid now after thirty years?"

"Don't you see?" he said, his breath labouring; "don't you see that somewhere about the world there's a man scarred from ear to nose searching for me? I had a right to defend my life, but not to make that devilish slash. And, my God, don't I know that some day he'll find me, and strike home? And I shall have no right to defend myself then."

"This is nonsense," I said, shivering nevertheless. "This is sheer nonsense. Its obsession, madness. Pull yourself together, throw it off. Probably the man's dead long ago."

"I'm not dead," he said bitterly, "and if he were, don't you suppose I should have known?"

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"Do you seriously mean to tell me you believe that you'd have had some sign of his death; felt some unmistakable intuition?"

"In my soul I know it." He spoke with an entire conviction that was almost horrible. I felt that it would be useless to argue with him in that mood. Rosewarne, I thought, was hardly sane. What he said next reassured me a little.

"I'm not always as bad as this. There are days, even weeks, when the menace seems to withdraw. Then I think that he is far away, somewhere at the other side of the world. When the fear comes upon me like a flood, when it shakes body and soul as it does now, then I think—he is near, he has found me out and he will strike."

"But you've been as bad this before, and nothing has happened?"

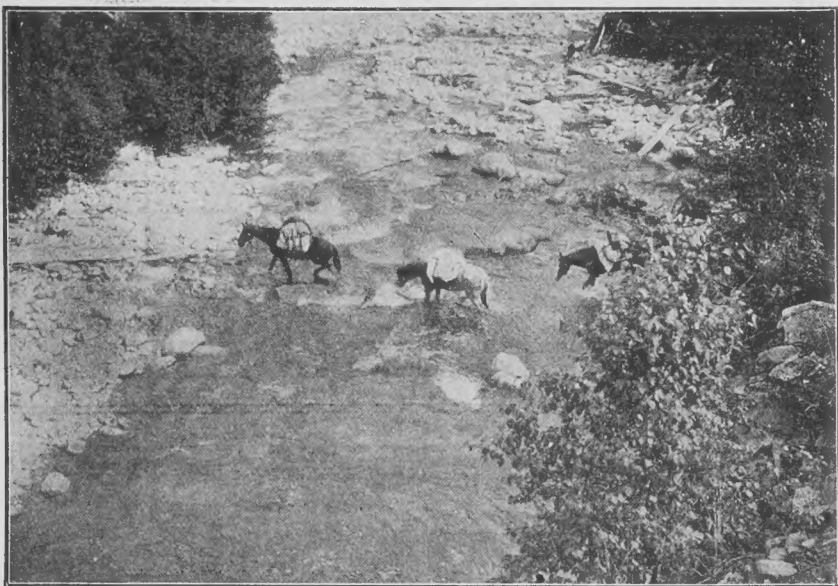
"Yes, but by some chance he must have missed me then—God! I almost wish that he could find me now!"

We had by this time reached the rising ground that leads up to the grey walls of Guerande, that self-contained little city set upon a hill. We turned to look back across the salt marshes, shimmering under the sun of noon, to the church of Le Croisic. Rosewarne laid his hand upon my arm and spoke in an altered voice.

with haphazard flashes. Memory and imagination, I thought, had done their work.

I had a curious feeling, as we sat at lunch together in a sunny room that opened upon a vine-wreathed verandah, that he and I were of two different worlds. I found myself trying to conjecture how he regarded material things, even the food before him and the wine in his glass. Did these strike him as being the means, not of life, but of forcing him to keep alive that terror which he bore in his heart? And later, when he sat down in the cafe and wrote two or three picture post cards, I wondered how he regarded such ordinary and trivial things. As I watched him a sense of unreality began to creep over me: there was something strange in the sound of his pen. Was he writing to commonplace people?

The sky was overcast as we walked back to Le Croisic, and the marshes, with their sentimental pyramids and domes of salt, appeared infinitely vast and dreary. The wind, too, was rising, and the low boom of the sea reached us across the waste. At another time I should have welcomed this changed aspect, but now I feared its effect on Rosewarne. But he did not seem to be affected by it: indeed, his eyes were quick to appreciate varying tones of color, and when a sudden sunshaft



Pack ponies crossing one of the tributaries of the North Thompson river, B.C.

"I don't want to leave all this. I love the beauty of the world—of the world that cannot speak or sin. I have not even any quarrel with men, except myself. I have had the means to do as I wished; I have been a wanderer seeking beauty in the shadow of death. It would have been easy, you may think, to end this fear by ending myself. More than once I have held the poison-phial in my hand—but no, I could not do that. I must bear the burden to the end; mine must not be the hand that freezes me for ever."

"My dear Rosewarne," I said, "believe me, I pity you from my soul. If I could only convince you that this fear of yours is a mere phantasm, the result of brooding on a sensitive mind."

"I have tried to believe that. But even supposing it were so, what then? The fear remains. But I know, I know! Again I felt it useless to argue with him then, though I determined gradually to try to win him out of this terrible labyrinth."

"It's awfully good of you," he said, "to listen to me like this. The thing had me so by the throat that I had to speak, and I was sure you'd sympathise even if you didn't understand."

"I'm glad you spoke," I said; "talk as much as you like."

We entered Guerande by the beautiful Porte St. Michel, and for a time wandered about the narrow streets quite happily. The shadow seemed to have lifted from Rosewarne's spirit, and he talked entertainingly of many things. I was astonished at his range of knowledge. He had read deeply, and, as I have said, travelled widely, and he had a wonderfully retentive memory. Moreover, it was a memory that classified and collated, so that he presented you with well ordered facts and theories, not

struck the spire of Le Croisic to an ethereal whiteness he gave an exclamation of delight. "Constable," he said, "would have loved that!"

After dinner we walked out to the lighthouse at the end of the breakwater, and watched the fishing fleet, blue and yellow sailed, beat out against the haggard Western glow. It was difficult to stand against the rush of the wind on that exposed point, and impossible to talk save in shouted monosyllables. We lingered until all was a blur of tempestuous turmoil.

On the way back Rosewarne took my arm.

"This has been the best afternoon I've had for months," he said, "thanks to you."

"No great thanks to me, after all."

"I feel quite free for the time. Things look different. Le Croisic looks different, the people, everything."

"And they'll remain different," I said, "if you fight hard."

"We shall see," he said musingly.

There was no one in the cafe of our hotel except two or three of the maids, who always did their needlework there in the evening to the accompaniment of a subdued chatter. Rosewarne and I had been talking about nothing in particular for some time, when a man entered, the Englishman whom I had seen pass the window the day before. He gave the usual friendly greeting and sat down at a table near us.

"My God," whispered Rosewarne, "It's come at last!" I looked at him: his face was stricken grey.

"Nonsense!" I said.

"Look at the left cheek—the scar!" I looked closely, and a cold shiver thrilled my spine. Certainly there was a scar. I pulled myself together.

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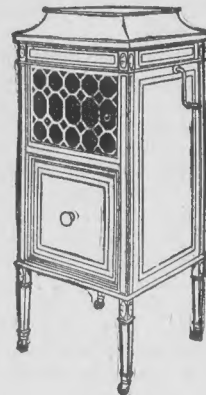
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"Well, is there only one man in the world with a scarred face? And that's not the kind of thing that you described; any slight accident may have caused that." I don't think he ever heard what I said, but repeated—

"My God, it's come at last!"

In a minute Rosewarne rose and left the cafe, I following. We went up to his room, and there he sat by the open window, staring into the windy dark.

"This is folly," I said sternly. "Be a man. You're not a coward. The whole thing's preposterous."

"It's the end," he said, "the appointed end." I was almost in despair.

"The man isn't even staying at this hotel. He only dropped in casually."

"What of that?"

"Do you recognize him?"

"The scar!"

"But not the man—after thirty years; a man you only saw once when you were mad with drink?"

"There can be no mistake," he said wearily.

"Look here, Rosewarne," I said. "Will you promise to remain here for half-an-hour?"

"Why not?"

"And for heaven's sake fight with yourself, strangle this thing, hammer it dead!"

It was with some trepidation, I confess, that I returned to the cafe; after all, there was just a lurking possibility that Rosewarne might be right. The Englishman was still sitting there,

smoking English tobacco, and reading an English newspaper. I seated myself at his table, and at once began to talk of Le Croisic, the fishing, this and that.

"It's good to come across a fellow countryman," he said cordially. "Of course, I saw at once that you and your friend were English. I'm a bit lonely till my wife and kids join me."

"Have you travelled much?"

"Well, only in the way of duty. I'm a soldier. I've been stationed at Gib., and seen service in India and South Africa."

"Then you've never 'rolled to Rio,' as Kipling wants to in the song?"

"Rio? Bless your soul, no! Rio's out of my beat. But you should hear my boy sing that song; you shall, if you're here when he comes."

There was no doubting the man's truthfulness. The relief I experienced told me how much I, too, had been afraid.

I made an excuse to leave my companion for a few minutes, and returned to Rosewarne's room. He was perfectly composed now and smoking a cigarette. He listened to me quietly, and then said:

"Well, it may be so. Anyway, I've got the fear under. I'm ready for whatever may come."

"Won't you come down and assure yourself—talk to this good-natured, decent chap?"

He shook his head. "No, I won't do that. I'll get to bed. I think I shall sleep; don't worry about me. You've



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been awfully good to me, I can't thank you enough." He took my hand and pressed it lingeringly. "It's you," he said, "who have scotched the snake, driven the beast back to the jungle."

"My dear Rosewarne," I said, "your own will has done it. Sure you don't want anything to-night?"

"Nothing, thanks, except sleep. Good night, friend."

Once more I returned to the cafe, this time with an extraordinary sense of exaltation. It was as though I had seen a tortured body saved from the rack. I felt that now Rosewarne would win through.

I spent the rest of the evening with Major Brodie. He went off to his hotel about eleven o'clock, and I sat up till close on midnight, revolving in my mind the day's happenings, and wondering, though with a glint of comprehension, at Rosewarne's terrible obsession. It was remorse for that sudden and senseless act of mutilation that had preyed upon him; he made no allowances for himself; he had deliberately, as it were, rooted it into his soul.

I awoke about five o'clock and looked out of my window. The mists were rolling away from the salt-marshes; the sun lay broad upon the moving waters; already Le Croisic was awake. Sabots clattered, voices called. It was a morning on which to take the freshness of the world into one's being; it might almost complete Rosewarne's cure.

I slipped on a dressing gown and went to his room. I knocked lightly, and opened the door without waiting for a reply. And then I stood still for a moment, advanced, stood still, advanced—

I had seen dead men before, and I knew at once that Rosewarne was dead. I am not afraid of death nor of the sight of death, nor was I afraid then. My hesitation was rather of wonderment, mingled with an unutterable thankful-

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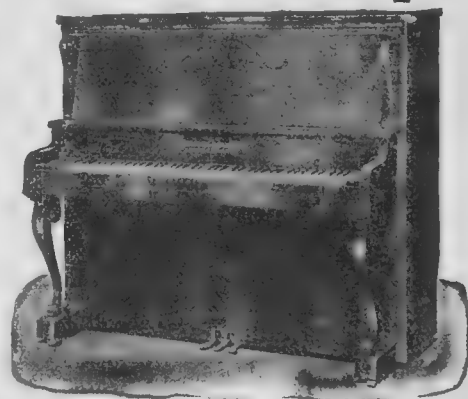
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ness. For when death had come to him it had come without fear. His expression was as of a happy surrender, of a gladness that had passed too swiftly for absolute recognition. That awful fear, may, in effect, have killed him, but no avenging hand had struck the blow; the thrust had been from the clean rapier of Death. I understood. He had awakened to feel that final heart-pang, and in one joyful moment he had known

that Death came kindly, that here all his fear was laid to rest for ever.

I let in the clear light and air of morning upon his happiness. The sentinel salt-mounds glistened in the sun; boats followed each other one by one into the harbor; tackle clanked and cordage creaked; the great doors of the poissonnerie were slid back. And in my heart arose an abiding passion of pity for all tormented souls.

Trials of a Farmer's Young Wife

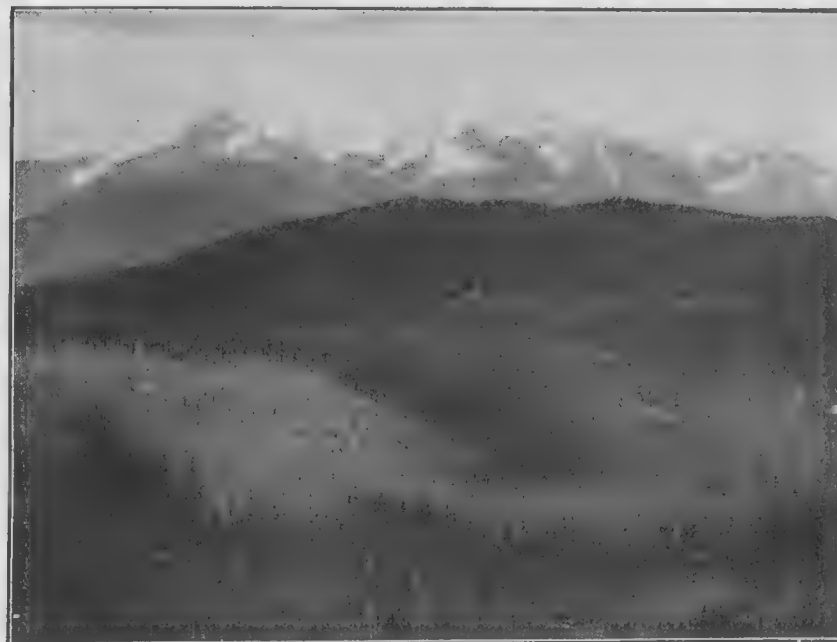
Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bell Grattan

IT is no make-believe I sit down at my desk to write about today, but something that is very apt to befall any girl that is so foolish as to become the wife of any man before she knows how to cook and do common housework.

As I look back on the years of my married life, its cares and perplexities come up before me, clearer in my memory than its joys—though the retrospect often provokes a laugh where the real experience caused bitter tears.

I was scarcely nineteen when I became the wife of a farmer. It was a

of skin from most every knuckle, and burning my arms and hands so that they looked like a map of some unknown country, I began to find out that there was little poetry and no fun in the wash-tub. However, I got the clothes out on the line, but I cannot say the dirt was all out of them. When my husband came home I felt so proud to think I had the washing done, although he said I looked as if I had come through the war. But the ironing day was worse yet. Nothing but pride kept me from rolling up the starch-



The Tum Tum Mountain Range, B.C.

love match, and with the usual thoughtlessness of lovers, I do not think it occurred to us that we could not live upon love alone, or that it would need such common things as bread, meat and potatoes to preserve in its purity the divine passion. Everybody said I was totally unfit for a farmer's wife. I had always been delicate, and from the day I left school I had been book-keeper in a clothing store. My mother was a first-class housekeeper, and always kept hired help. I was not expected to help with the cooking; in fact, I never thought to do any work, unless to keep my own bedroom tidy.

I do not wonder now that people could not see the propriety of his choosing me for his wife when several farmers' daughters—model housekeepers—stood ready to be chosen. My own family raised a good many objections, chief among them was that he was poor, and I unfit for a farmer's wife, having no idea of work of any kind. I remember how I felt when I cooked my first dinner. The potatoes were half cooked, the meat fried to a crisp, and the pudding not any better than the potatoes. It was a rice pudding, and I put three cupfuls into a small pudding dish and just covered it with water; how the rice swelled out, and I kept changing it from one thing to another until I had not a dish large enough to hold it all. Ah! how well I remember my first washing day. My husband had gone to town with a load of wheat, and would be gone all day, so I thought I would wash up everything that needed washing the least little bit. I was very happy at first, but after rubbing off little patches

ed things in a bundle and taking them about two miles to my nearest neighbor, and getting her to do them and show me how. I forgot to mention that my home was away out on the prairie in the far West, some hundreds of miles from my dear mother. I had never done any starched clothes of any description, but from my father at home I had exalted ideas in regard to the importance of having shirt bosoms without a spot or blemish. My husband told me all he could remember of his mother's methods, and then betook himself to the fields. Oh! shall I ever forget my feelings when the flat-iron, heated ten times its wont, and oh! so carefully applied to the glutinous surface, suddenly struck up an attachment for the same, and when forcibly separated left its whole image and superscription behind in black and brown colors! I have that shirt yet to show to those unwise mothers who are training their daughters for future uselessness. But it was in cooking that I found my chief trouble. All my attempts in that line had resulted in spoiling several kinds of rich cake, made in accordance with those impossible recipes which fill the cookery books. I had never made a loaf of bread in my life. Baker's bread served us for a time—so long a time, indeed, that we found out all its good qualities, and have not tested its excellencies for many years. It came to pass, after many days, that baker's bread became unendurable. I tried to believe in it. I praised it and tasted it; but it would not do—its glory had departed. I began heartily to approve of Pharaoh's course in lifting the head of the chief

baker from off his shoulders and hanging him upon a tree. How I did long for some of my mother's bread! My husband had been used to baker's bread and so did not seem to dislike it so much as I did; but I saw no way out of my trouble. I had tried many times to raise bread, but had not succeeded in making any fit to appear on the table. I was wise enough to keep on hand a supply of baker's bread in the meantime. My husband got the bread when he took a load of grain to town, which was twice a week. What would I have done if he had not been hauling grain? It was twelve miles to town, so it would have been too far to go on purpose for the bread.

I had a little better success in making sour-milk biscuits, but somehow I never could hit on the proper amount of soda required. Sometimes they were yellow enough to be taken for gold, but oftener they had the appearance of having been hardened and compacted in a cheese press. At first I tried to work the cold biscuit into puddings, but their peculiar solid nature frustrated all such attempts to economize. But then, when the case was perfectly hopeless, I still had one resort left. Back of our house a few rods was a sort of gully or creek, and in its muddy water I buried my biscuits out of sight, as I thought, for ever.

Inexperienced girls should never commence housekeeping without a convenient ditch at hand. Alas! alas! my

am sure if you had some one to give you a few pointers about the best method, you would get along famously. Why don't you ask Mrs. Smith about it?"

"You forget, Will, how mortifying it is to go to anyone for help in this matter. Indeed, I am ashamed to expose my ignorance by consulting anyone. I give all our visitors baker's bread, and they, having it only when they come to see us like it. I do wish you had married a housekeeper, and I had stayed in the store," I said pettishly.

"Oh, I am not finding fault with you—far from it. I am sure you will overcome this difficulty in time."

"In time, if ever," I responded, most ungraciously. "I hope there will be no breadmaking in heaven."

He looked at me in surprise. My manner and speech were something new, and he saw I was in too reckless a mood to reason with, and so went out to the field to see how the crops were looking after the rain. After he was gone I sat down to think, I felt so miserable and unhappy. I knew I had spoken so ungenerously to him whose unwearied forbearance and kindness amid all inconveniences caused by my lack of knowledge had so often excited my gratitude. Ah, so much misery over the inability to make a loaf of good bread. A sudden resolve inspired me, and without waiting to clear away the breakfast things I started off to Mrs. Smith's. I was going to learn to make



Brud homesteaded in the Lashburn district and made the 160 acres yield him a good living—luck was with him, however—a rich relative died and left him a fortune. He did not pull up stakes and leave for the city, but improved the town of his adoption and continues to live on his homestead with added acres.

troubles did not end here! We had a flock of geese and goslings which in time found their way to "my ditch." The biscuits having been so long in soak had a resurrection, and I remember watching those poor things as they vainly tried to divide them with their strong bills.

One day Will's cousin happened to be riding through our part of the country, and so made it a point to call on us. It was long after dinner time, but from his talk I took the hint that he had not had anything to eat since leaving Brandon, which I knew was many miles away. I was alone, my husband being away with a load of wheat. How thankful I was that I had learned to warm over potatoes, and get a fairly good meal with the help of baker's bread and some fruit I had brought from home with me. He must have been hungry, for when he got to the end of his journey he told his mother he left nothing on the table but the dishes and a slice of bread cut like a "stepmother's piece," and that Will's wife was "a wee bit of a thing, no good for a farm, but that our house was spotlessly clean," and I took that as something in my favor, anyway.

"My dear," said my husband one day after breakfast, "don't you think you could learn to make bread?"

"I do not think I can ever make bread," I replied. "I have tried and tried, until I am altogether discouraged."

"Remember King Bruce of Scotland and the spider, try again," he said, with a grin. "You have learned to cook so many things in so short a time, that I

bread, no matter what it cost me or how long it took me to learn. It was two miles across the open prairie, and as I had never been out alone before the fear of wolves, sandhill cranes and things I had heard of lent wings to my feet, as it were, and I went those two miles in a short time. Mrs. Smith was very much surprised to see me coming at such an early hour, and out of breath.

"Is anything wrong," she called when I was some yards from the house.

"Oh, no," I replied, "I am just having a walk." I was soon seated, and after talking about the weather, the wheat, etc., for a few minutes, I confessed my ignorance and asked her to tell me the mysteries of bread making.

"Why, there is no trouble at all," said she, "if you have good yeast cake."

"But I have tried yeast cake, and the bread soured."

"Well, then, you have let it set too long before baking it. When it gets light enough you must put it into loaves and then let it set a little while longer, and then bake it in a good oven, not too hot."

Dear Mrs. Smith; she had no idea how ignorant I was of what a good oven meant. She made me a cup of tea, which she said I would feel the need of after my walk. Such delicious bread she had—just like the bread my mother made. I made a firm resolve I would make bread like that if it took me a whole year to learn how. When I was leaving she gave me a bottle with about a quart of her own homemade yeast in it, and told me she liked it better than any yeast cake.



On Irish Stew

Irish Stew.

Put in a stewpan twelve peeled potatoes, sliced the thickness of a penny, four large onions, sliced—a layer of each—with salt and pepper to taste. By successive layers half fill your pan. Then take four chops of neck of mutton, the scrag end. Lay these on the potatoes and onions and fill up with additional layers of potatoes, onions, etc., as before. In 1½ pints of water boil 1½ ozs. of Edwards' White Vegetable Soup for 30 minutes, add it to the contents of the stewpan, and simmer all together gently for two hours.

Mrs. Edwards comes from Ireland—what she doesn't know about Irish stews isn't worth knowing at all. You can make Irish Stew as well as Mrs. Edwards does, if you follow the simple recipe above. But be sure to use Edwards' Soup—be certain to boil it for half-an-hour. No bother. Come—give them an Irish Stew for dinner to-day.

EDWARDS' SOUPS

But you **MUST** boil them for half-an-hour—worth it.

Edwards' Soup is good as a soup by itself, it is good as a strengthener of other soups; good as a thickener of gravies; good for hashes, good for stews—too good to be spoiled by insufficient boiling. Of all wholesale and retail grocers, etc., also find at 15c and packets at 5c.

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ROCK CITY TOBACCO Co., Manufacturers, QUEBEC

I felt in fine spirits going home, because I was sure I had good yeast and I would not let the bread set too long, so I must surely have good bread.

The next morning I set my bread, and to be sure about the "hoisting element," I put in a good big half quart of it, a cup of water, and then about enough flour to make it good and thick. I had heard my mother speak of salt-raised bread, and so I thought I had better put salt in too. I rolled out a cupful to make it nice and fine, and mixed it in. When it had set for a while I thought I had better make no mistake in getting it baked soon enough. I washed my hands and arms, tied on a large apron, then I rolled, pulled and twisted the bread around on the bake-board to get more flour into it so it would stay in loaves, and then I put it into the pan. Oh, dear, how strange it looked, but I thought the greenish yellow color would bake out, and so put it directly into the oven so it would not have a chance to get sour. I had what I thought was a good

oven, and, waiting impatiently for an hour, I opened the oven door as carefully to see if the bread was cooked—Oh, dear, what I felt like! Gracious, I could not begin to tell you what I felt like; but I took that bread out of the oven pretty quick, and after pounding the bottom of the pan until I had good big dinges in it I got the pan separated from the bread, and I threw the dreadful stuff, hissing hot, down into the ditch.

I imagine it is there yet, and a dozen or so geese hard at it.

It was too much for me, and for the first time I sat down and had a good cry. It was no genteel, little soft snuffle with a few tears, but a real good, genuine, downright cry that would have done credit to any whipped youngster. Oh, dear me! It was awful.

"In this plight my husband found me, and I suppose I frightened him most out of his wits.

"Why, what in the world is wrong?" said he, but he soon grasped the situa-

tion, and was very anxious to comfort me.

I told him of my long walk to get instruction, how tired I was, and how anxious I was to make bread fit to eat, and the results of my last effort, and that I hoped the goose that brought that bread to the light of day would get choked immediately.

All at once he burst out laughing, and such a laugh, as though it were a capital joke. But it was no laughing matter to me, and I was on the verge of tears again. At last he said in his kindest voice:

"It was no fault of yours, Nellie, and I am sure you will succeed yet if perseverance counts for anything; but really, if I were you I would write to your mother, and tell her to write down the minutest details and send how she makes bread. She is a superior cook, and I am sure her daughter will be, too."

Well, I did not like to, because they had said so much about my not knowing anything about cooking when I left

home. I had never mentioned any of my trials and troubles to them; I thought I would let them imagine I was doing handsomely. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," I have read, so I thought there was no use of them knowing—they would have such a laugh.

But I did write to her, and such a nice letter she sent me, telling me every little thing, and giving me lots of advice and "pointers"—as my husband calls it—about cooking and baking the needs of every-day life. Girls, always write or go to your mother when in any difficulty.

I could fill many pages with such doleful happenings, and should be willing to do so if I could convince one young girl of the importance of practical household knowledge, or make her understand how much of the grace and comfort of a home depends upon the domestic habits of its mistress.

But I will only indulge my vanity by saying I can now cook dinner, wash, iron, bake and make bread as well as most women. If anyone doubts it, ask my husband.

A Colonial Valentine (To a Belle in 1770)

By Jennie Betts Hartwick

There's not a damsel in ye towne

But distanced is completelie

By Polly in her prim graye gowne

That fits her forme soe neatlie.

I would I were ye golden pinne

That clasps her frocke securilie,

Soe I mighte kisse her dimpled chinne

When downe she lookes demurelie.

Ye little ruffle at her wriste

I envie for its nearnesse

To her faire hand, which oft hath kissed

Those folds of puckered Sheernesse.

And when I see her shy browne eyes

Thro' filmy lashes glancinge,

Within my sober Quaker guise

My hearte is set a-dancinge.

And when upon ye windy square

By happie chance I meet her—

(We "thee" and "thou" each other there—

Sure language ne'er was sweeter!)

If I behold her eyelids falle

Beneathe my glances steadie

I cannot help but hope withal,

Since we are "Friends" already.

How often have I longed to looke

Within ye silken Shaker

That bends above ye singinge-booke

Of this moste lovelie Quaker;

But ah, her pietie reproves

My all-too-ardente passion—

I feare sometimes ye Spirit moves

In very worldlie fashion.

For in this citie where ye Penn

Above ye sword hath honor,

Ye rascals of Kinge George's menne

Had best not gaze upon her;

For tho' I am a manne of peace,

And tho' my hearte is tender,

I'd challenge all ye Colonies

If need were to defende her.

Soe, Polly, if I'm moved to-daye

By Sainte instead of Spirit,

To tell my tale to thee, I praye

That thou wilt deign to heare it;

'Tis onlie that Sainte Valentine

For thee and me discovers

That we should walk as thine and mine—

Not friends alone, but lovers.

A Nursery Tea

When I have cake and jam enough

For two, or maybe three,

I beg Louise or Grace to come

To supper here with me.

But when there isn't very much,

And yet I'd like a guest,

I'll tell you who's the nicest one,

The pleasantest and best;

It's my dear Angelina Maud,

'Cause when I move her up

In her high chair, and set for her

A plate and spoon and cup

And things to eat, she sits right there

With such a lovely smile

And not one bit of appetite!

And when a long, long while

Has gone, and still she doesn't touch

A mouthful, then I say,

"I'll eat your share to save it,"

And she smiles and . miles away!

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SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land, in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-empted six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior,

The Awakening of Moses

Written for the Western Home Monthly by M. E. Ryman

MOSES isn't a bad man. He doesn't drink, nor swear, and he doesn't use much tobacco; but he seems to have only one aim in life, and that is to get all the property he can, and to do it by pinching and slaving till we are worn out; and I don't see the use of it. We've a plenty and to spare, for all our needs.

He wasn't always this way. Why, before the babies came, he couldn't get enough for me; and after they came, he was always bringing home something for them and me. I often had to caution him about getting so many things, for we didn't need them, and I thought we ought to save what we could to educate the children when the time came.

He would always laugh, and say, "Never mind, ma, they won't be babies but once, and if we don't enjoy our twins now, we never will."

One winter the diphtheria raged terribly. Many a home was left desolate.

Donald took it first, then Dorothy, and in a few days they were both gone.

We buried them both in one coffin; somehow it didn't seem so lonesome to think of them both together, just as they had always been all their short little lives.

From the east porch, I can look across to the cemetery and see their grave with its slender white column, and I always sit there in summer after the work is done up; and in winter, my easy chair always stands by that window. Though it has been twenty years since they died, it is lots of company just to watch their resting place; and, somehow, I seem to love all children better, especially twins; and it's a real treat when someone comes, and brings their babies along for a visit.

Moses feels differently. He never stops on the east porch, or looks out of that window, if he can help it. He never speaks of the children, and doesn't like me to; and always has business away from home whenever there are children here.

He is just wrapped up in his horses and cattle and sheep, but it's all for the money side of it. He doesn't want anything around unless it has a gold edge to it. He has even talked of ploughing up my flower garden, because it takes up so much land, and doesn't bring in any money.

Years ago, if I was sick, or ailing, he would be all sympathy, and ready to help me; but now he never seems to care, as long as he is not put to any expense.

We are getting along in years now, and it seems as if we might be able to live together to the end; but things have been getting worse and worse, and at last I made up my mind that I couldn't stand it any longer.

When Dana Hartley died last week, leaving his frail little wife and twin babies almost destitute, I felt as though it was our duty to help them.

Dana was born the same spring as our babies, and his father and mother were our best friends. I do not know what we should have done that terrible winter the children died, if it hadn't been for their kindness.

They were well-to-do, but Mr. Hartley lost everything in some kind of a speculation, and died leaving a heavy mortgage on the home farm that belonged to his wife. She died soon after Dana was married; and now Dana is gone.

He managed to pay off the mortgage, but he had to sell off part of the land and all of his stock and machinery to do it.

I wanted Moses to help her a little for old times' sake; we could have done it, and never felt it a bit, but he only said he'd no time to run around for other people for nothing.

Well, as I said before, I'd made up my mind I couldn't stand this narrow contracted life any longer, so when Moses came in last night after the chores were done, and the supper things all cleared away, I told him just how I felt about it, and that I was strong and healthy, and could earn my living much easier somewhere else, and do as I pleased with my earnings, and that when the mail stage came by to-day I was going to leave. I had my trunk all packed, the house cleaning was all done, his clothes were all in good order, and I was leaving everything in good shape. That I had tried living

his way for twenty years, and now I was going to live my own way, and do as I thought right regardless of what others thought about it.

Moses sat staring at me for some time after I had finished speaking, but his face had a queer ashy look on it.

At last he said, "Ma, are you crazy? You don't mean it! You can't mean it! You never mentioned such a thing before in your life. Why, ma, what will become of the milk and butter, and the chickens and ducks, and the turkeys and the geese; and who will make the garden? Why, ma, you can't do it!"

"Well," said I, "it doesn't make any difference to me about those things. I've suffered too much to let them stop me now, and I'm going."

"Where will you go?" he asked.

I didn't mind telling him, so I said, "I am going to stop a while with Kathie Hartley. She needs someone there, or those babies will soon be motherless, as well as fatherless."

"If our babies had lived, I should have had them to love, and your miserliness would not have hurt so much; but they might have had to suffer the shame and privation as I have done, and I am glad they are gone."

Moses sat in his chair by the fire with his head between his hands, and didn't say a word, so I took up my knitting and put it away, then I lit a lamp and went to bed.

I don't know long Moses sat there, but about daybreak I heard him go out; and a little later I heard him drive out of the yard.

A little after sunrise I got up, and got the breakfast for the men, then I fed the chickens and all of the rest of the poultry; but still there was no sign of Moses coming, and it was getting on towards eight o'clock. At last I heard the buggy coming, and would you believe it, Moses drove right round to the east porch, and if he didn't have Kathie and the babies with him.

He called out real cheerful like, "Here we are, ma! Take the babies, and I will help Kathie out." They are all ours now, and we are as hungry as bears, for I wouldn't let Kathie stop to get a bite, except for the babies."

When Moses was going out after they had eaten their breakfast, he stopped at the door and said, "Take things easy to-day, Hilda Renolds will be out on the mail stage. She'll stay till after Christmas, so you and Kathie won't have to work so hard, for we'll have to have extra men to carry on the Hartley place too."

After the morning's work was all done up, and Kathie and the twins had lain down for a nap, I took my pan of potatoes out on the east porch to peel.

Pretty soon Moses came around and sat down on the steps. I peeled away, waiting for him to speak, but he sat there for some time, looking off to the cemetery; then he turned, and laid one hand on my knee, and said, "One can't get away from the ache, can they ma? Nor crowd it out, nor crush it, nor do anything but just bear it?"

And somehow, all of a sudden, I understood how it had been with him all these years; so I said, "No, Moses, the only thing to do is to accept it, all the pain, all the heartache, all the loneliness, and just bear it, and some day we shall understand."

Moses didn't say anything more for some time, but just sat looking off toward the little grave on the hill.

I finished peeling the potatoes and waited.

At last he turned around, and, taking both my hands in his, said, "You didn't really mean what you said last night, did you, ma? You couldn't, you know. Why, what would I do? I never could see things just as you could, perhaps I never can; but I guess I can be a little fitter to live with, now I've waked up."

"We'll adopt Kathie, legal you know, seeing we've no near relations to need what little we'll have to leave, and try your way of living. But say, ma, you didn't really mean it, did you?"

And come to think it all over, I guess I didn't; and maybe Moses isn't the only one that's waked up either.

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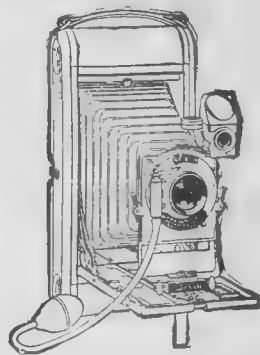
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The Sea, the Sea, the Bounding Sea

By Bonnycastle Dale. Photographs by the author

WE were standing on the outer shores of British Columbia—standing with heads bent and bodies braced against the gale. It was a real sou'wester that was blowing, and the huge waves looked as if



Land's End—Gulls

they had rolled all the way across from Japan. The wreck-strewn shore about us told eloquently of many an ocean tragedy. Behind us lay the sand buried bones of an old full-rigged castaway—beyond the memory of man. We marvelled at her thick timbers; they were oak logs, twelve inches through, three laid side by side, and bolted together by enormous spikes. One would think that this ancient vessel, thus built with solid wooden walls, would be almost unsinkable—yet here she lay cast ashore many a weary year ago—and the vagrant winds had made a tomb for her out of the shifting sands. The outer barrier reefs, the unlighted shores of the outermost islands, islands that are in the full set of the California current, catch and hold these derelicts of the Pacific.

"She rides low," howled Fritz, filling my ears with strident notes and drifting sand at the same moment.

"She does ride low," I assented. We were watching an Alaskan liner pound her way past.

"She's whistling! I can see her steam," Fritz cried, handing me the glass.

"Yes, she's hit something! sure enough! and they are driving her full speed ashore."

"Let us get the paddlers and go after them?" shrieked the lad.

"Dangerous work to-day, but let us try anyhow!" So off we raced for the rancherie, where the Kwakiutl men were resting after yesterday's trip.

"Come T'shan, come Bear, come, come!" I called to the sleeping natives. Running before them and pointing to the plunging steamer, now plainly down by the head, I urged them forward. Once arrived at the shore we all paused breathlessly, the howling wind had left us weak and blown. Ahead the prospect was dismal and wild. Great foaming breakers flung their spume in big globs into our faces. Screeching gulls were ever hidden and revealed by bill and hollow of gleam green, seas. I remember instinctively watching a big surf duck! It was feeding in the very maw of this boiling sea, plunging through shore breaking surf, as though it fed upon calm water.

Now the cry "Ho-le!—Ho-le!—part of the "old folks song" of the tribe burst out, and the forty foot cedar log canoe was seized and pushed down the sands. Into the innermost surf the twelve little brown figures sprang. Into the huge canoe, camera laden, Fritz and I leaped. Right at us sped a wall of foam-topped green water bellowing in its might, crashing its way across the shingle. As if they were one centipede-like animal the twenty-four brown arms pushed. Twelve dark bodies vaulted, eleven sharp pointed native paddles flew aloft, one, in the stern, pointed shorewards, steering. The first breaker passed underneath, the second lifted us sky high and spun us in its boiling summit; the third felt the impact of the absurdly

inadequate paddles, and off we bounded over the mighty seas. At times half the crew baled—a very simple operation, they just splashed the sea out again with their paddles as fast as it splashed in. Alas! and alas! we were drenched; soaked; choked with the flying spray, but the cameras in their oilskin coats were as dry as tinder.

Well I suppose one gets used to even the most trying circumstances, and, after we got a bit accustomed to the big log going zigzag down a rushing sea, point blank into a dead wall of rounding, eddying, pulsating following wave—we well we got hardened anyhow. I carefully swallowed my heart again, released the combing of the canoe that clung to me, unlocked my legs from about the next thwart; I was lying on my back near the bow, not the driest place by any means.

"Well, isn't that nice?" called Fritz from between a tangle of brown legs; the "nice" part of it was that we had just swept in behind an island and were in calm water. I sat right up and enjoyed myself. I know I am a good sailor, but when you take the ocean and mix it all up, and put me right in the middle of the mess, well, my enthusiasm decreases at least.



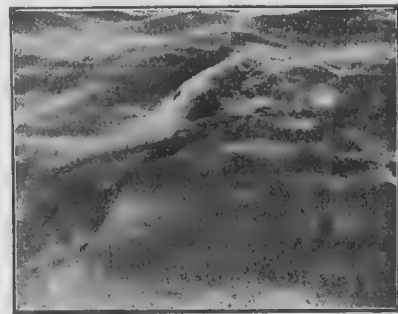
Native Kwakiutl with whalebone or mouth strainers

About us on either side rose tall wooded hills. The place was very silent in this sheltered fiord. Hardly a ripple told of the confusion of the gale that raged outside. Thin impalpable masses of vapour hung about the narrows. Suddenly as we rounded a point there came into view ahead a fleet of white boats grouped about a large white mass that rose, angling, from the water. Unscrewing my glasses I made out the bows of the unfortunate steamer we had followed protruding just a few feet above the calm surface of the bay, where they had run her ashore. Later we found out it was called Carter's Bay. Now our crew whooped and shouted, and a very fountain of spray sprung from our sides. I was in the lead of many a small whirlpool and miniature rainbow. With fine effect the steersman wheeled us about the wreck. We saw the unfortunate passengers crowded on the little shore, busily examining and drying what small luggage they had been able to snatch up. We were assured all had been taken off safely, so all we could do was to salvage floatables and take them ashore. Once a handbag we fished up came unhasped, and a gold ring rolled out against a big bare, flat, brown foot. The owner of the foot, and not the ring, reached down and picked

it up, and handed it to me, although no one had seen it fall. I reaffirm that the older members of these Coast Indian tribes are strictly honest.

We never know what we will get when we set forth with our men out on to the great ocean each morning. It was a calm day, the very contrast to the day we sped across the seas to view the Ohio resting on the bottom in Carter's Bay. That old sea doctor, the "Salvor," of the B.C. Wrecking Co., soon patched her up and pumped her out, and hauled her off to dry dock—and here we were again in our long craft, with its many paddles seeking the wonders of the deep below the lowest low-tide line. Many a strange anemone, many a rare starfish, many a chiton we had taken. Many were the rare things we found attached to the rocks, but, when we rounded San Juan Island, and sped along the south side we saw the biggest thing—the huge Twickenham—firmly attached to the reef on the shore of the island. How intensely out of place in that calm, kelp-strewn scene she looked. All about her bobbed the air balls of this huge sea weed. Within toss of a ship's biscuit of her side rose the sharp rocks of the inhospitable shore; by the way, this is the island the United States and Canada nearly came to blows about in the early days, before the international line was awarded. Yes, we two countries maintained a nice little armed camp within sight, aye, and sound, of one another on this very island, and eye witnesses say it was only by the utmost diplomacy of the officers that a fight was not started—it never got further than potatoes or bottles, no bullets flew, luckily, and here on this historic shore the Twickenham must needs blunder. The tide kept running out as we watched, leaving her higher and drier on the shore. Her plates were crumpling up, and her arches and frames bending by the great superimposed weight. Bad wreck though she was the old "sea doctor" came puffing along, mighty pumps were installed, great bandages swathed about her wounds, tons of salve, made of cement, were poured in, and later, off she too went to Esquimalt, that hospital for injured ships on Vancouver Island.

Now, to give you some idea of how hard and fast some of these wrecks are lodged look at the s.s. Humbolt—cargo shifted to the barge alongside; Northern Pacific. See her perched up on Monate Point with her attendant naval nurse and doctor—the "Wm. Jolliffe" and the "Salvor." See her cargo shifted to the barge alongside; yet, as far as I know she is running to-day. Oh! it does not matter how often a steamer goes ashore, if she is of fairly good hull and machinery she can get plugged up and ported and repaired, and off she goes again with a new coat of paint, and, well let us hope, a clear conscience. Personally we have been afloat on vessels that have been reef ridden, collided with, sunken, waterlogged, derelict. I know of one, on the U.S. side, that they clapped over her ancient planks to give her a nice appearance, and off she went, too, or, should I say towards, Alaska. Did she ever get there? Nay! Nay! She got as far as where the first Pacific swells enter the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and she pounded her seams open and it was



A very close picture—sounding whales

a close shave for her big crew that they got back to Port Townsend. Oh, yes, I know about it, thank you. I have been afloat on that bally ocean on everything from a shingle up.

Do not run away with the idea that I abuse the bottoms generally. The big companies have excellent boats, but there are a lot of flotsam and jetsam

crates with ironware in them, for power that should be sunk quietly and decently in some nice muddy bottomed bay. Did you ever travel by a "flutter-tail?" One of these steam boxes, with a blank wall astern and a big revolving clothes horse hung on it, the kind that lick up all the water in a shallow stream and leave you stranded on the newly formed slimy mudbank? No. Well, come with Fritz and I down Puget Sound on the—well, let's call her the "Turnover," that's as near as her crew ever got to Terra Nova. Was it blowing? Oh, yes, thank you! You had only to hold on tightly to prevent yourself returning bodily to Seattle and, as Fritz remarked, "we only had one way tickets." The old hulk groaned and screeched as if dissolution was fast approaching. On our bow we had

some few tons of hay that made her stick her head down like a sick man. It was not really unbearable in the Sound, but the moment we struck open



Backbone of a whale

water she nodded her old head gravely to it, and went right up into the wind. "Ding-a-ling" sang the fearsome bells, and she backed squashing into shelter. Out we went again; the night was pitch dark, only the creamy top of the seas appearing ahead. Right about, up into the wind she went again. This put us almost stern first to our destination. Every flop she made a big sea came over the bow, and hit that hay a resounding whack. Pumps were clanging now and again as we backed gravely into shelter. Now! would you believe there was such an ass afloat that, well his papers said he was a captain, started to back the unwieldy old groaning mass across the Straits. Say! the first wave that hit that old clotheshorse astern threw us all sprawling. We had two valuable dogs below and a pair of Cana-

dian canoes on the upper deck. Down we groped our way into the hold, unchained the dogs and started up that ladder-like "un"-companion way. The tremendous sweep of the old tub carried the dragging dogs off their feet, and out they swung into the darkness. In they came, out they swung, choking and gasping, as we struggled upwards towards the hurricane deck. What a nice truthful aspersion that was that night. As we went aloft with our dog pendulums we met the captain coming down. "Where in the devil are you fellows going?" he bawled out.

"Up on top into our canoes where we will have a chance for life!" I shrieked back. He seemed half inclined to stop us, but either the ominous angle of the ladder, or the mouth-filling impact of a wave, or the uncanny swing-

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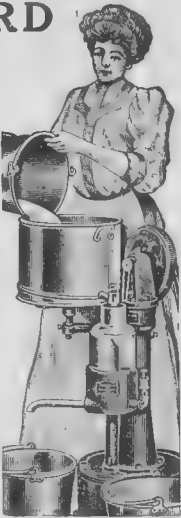
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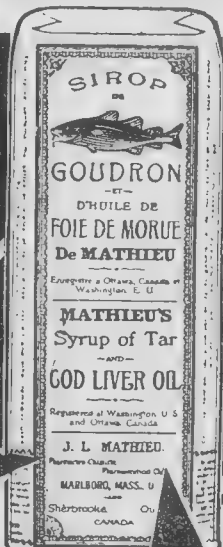
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ing in of a strangling dog prevented him, and soon we were crouched in our lashed down canoes on the deck of that dark plunging mass rubbing the sore necks of our faithful dumb friends.

There were just two on that boat that did not heap verbal abuse on that captain, when the storm drifted us again into shelter, and they were, Dash and Daisy, our Gordon setters.

A Man to Whom a Century's Years are Known

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans

HE was seated in an armchair at the stoveside. We pause. A man to whom not alone the nonagenarian years are known, but the days of a century. James Cunningham is one hundred and two years of age!

A mile eastward from Somerset, Southern Manitoba, James Cunningham is spending the remaining span of life's journey. To him the rays of a declining sun must in the natural course of material affairs soon disappear beneath the horizon of a life well spent. To-day he is looking forward to the rest which arrives when the last milestone of the earthly pilgrimage has been passed by. His abode is a frame house situated in the woods, through which a roadway carpeted with the scattering leaves of autumn winds along. The writer and a friend, the Rector of Somerset, had come out to visit the venerable centenarian at his quiet home amongst the trees.

"This is Mr. Cunningham," said the lady who had opened the door and bid us enter. "Father, here are some gentlemen to see you."

What a wonderful man we are greeting! Tall, erect of stature, a brilliant eye, clear resonant voice.

"How old are you, Mr. Cunningham?" asks the writer.

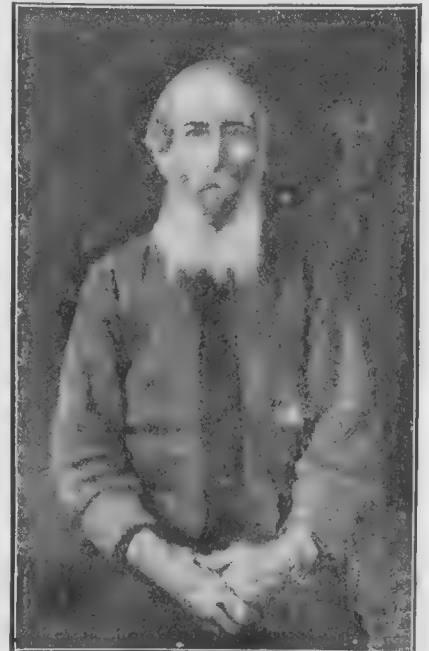
"I am one hundred and two years of age," is the reply the question is recipient of.

His appearance is not indicative that the threescore years and ten had occurred to him in a remote period. Mr. Cunningham is slightly impaired in auricular capabilities; reads without glasses; is a brilliant conversationalist; enjoys the solace afforded by his pipe. The infantile years of his life were spent upon the lonely shores of Hudson's Bay. He was born in August, 1811. With pride he traces his ancestry to the north of Ireland. He is the sole survivor of six children of a father, whose service with the adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay, placed him in charge of Saveril Post, a remote location in that desolate country. At the age of sixty years, Mr. Cunningham, senior, met death by drowning; the swamping of a boat was accountable for his tragic end; the body, despite diligent search by Indians, was never recovered. For two years following this calamitous event, the widow and family remained at the Post, then decided to leave for Red River Settlement, a hazardous journey, necessitating several weeks of boat travel to Norway House, from thence along Lake Winnipeg and Red River to Selkirk and Fort Garry, meeting-place of Indian and trapper, its meagre white population comprising employees of the trading companies.

There was the Lower Fort, and the memory of James Cunningham harks back to days when no walls encompassed this historic spot upon Red River's banks. A small store of the Hudson's Bay Company was located here; the stone walls were erected by masons dispatched from the Old Country a few years after his arrival in the colony. The bastions, observable from the Winnipeg and West Selkirk main highway have been utilized for various purposes; as places of detention for prisoners they have been frequently requisitioned. When a boy about twelve years of age, Mr. Cunningham witnessed an invasion of the grasshoppers, when growth of every description was utterly demolished. At this disaster it became necessitous for settlers to travel southward to St. Anthony's Falls (Minneapolis of to-day) and procure supplies of flour. Then in the early years of the thirties, his memory is verdant concerning this, a flood of preponderous proportions took place. Let his own words be quoted:

"We had an awful time to get away from the waters. Some of the folks went to St. James, others out to Bird's Hill. It was a fearful inrush of water over the river bank where nowadays the transfer track is. But father used to talk of one which took place when he was a boy, and this came so suddenly that several people were drowned."

Even in Mr. Cunningham's earliest remembrance, East Kildonan was not without store accommodation. In St. Boniface a few log buildings might be seen, in one of which Beauvette conducted a blacksmith shop. A small frame house represented that which is to-day the great educational establishment of the Jesuits, and Provencher, bishop and scholar was intimately known to him. A school existed in Middlechurch; at this academy, presided over by Mr. Pritchard, children of the Hudson's Bay Company's employees received an education.



James Cunningham, born 102 years ago at Fort Churchill, Hudson Bay. He was elected to the first Legislative Assembly of Manitoba.

"Mr. Christie was in charge of the store within the walls," said the centenarian, in making reference to the Ancient and Honorable's establishment. Its original location was adjacent to the estuary of Assiniboine into Red River; it was removed to the site whereon to-day in a city park stands the stone gateway, when he was quite a young man.

"A few log houses and I think a couple of stores comprised Selkirk. There was a good business in fish from the lake even in those times. As far back that I can recollect there was an Anglican Church at St. Andrews, the Rapids we always called it. You've heard of Bishop Anderson, he used to preach there."

Anderson, the man of whom the old settlers refer to with such great respect; he whose sanctified life is remembered along Red River's banks to-day. And he was likewise the pathfinder who penetrated the fastnesses of distant Yukon, carried the Gospels to its aboriginal inhabitants.

A suburb of Winnipeg is called St. John's; a Cathedral church and college are located therein. But the majority of people are not aware to what source the name of this district owes its origin. The first Anglican clergyman who arrived in the colony was the Rev. David Johns, who after several years of residence returned to England at the death of his wife. A trio of Mr. Cunningham's children were baptized by this reverend

gentleman, and the to-day great suburb in the north end of Winnipeg perpetuates his memory.

"I was well acquainted with Bishop Machray," said Mr. Cunningham. "Yes, I knew Tache, who was much respected. People in these days can't realize the extent these two men have contributed to the earlier years of Manitoba history. Ah! there was John Black, many a Sunday I listened to him in Kildonan Church. He was known as the Red River saint."

Advocates of temperance in Manitoba may with surprise learn that measures of reform in the cause of sobriety, are not a modern achievement in the province. A movement to suppress the evil transpired in the forties, a period of which Mr. Cunningham remarked:

"Liquor was very plentiful, drunkenness a common feature, people agitated for laws which came into force and stopped it somewhat."

"Did the Indians work much in the early days?" was a query upon which information was desired.

"Indeed, to the contrary," was the reply. "Any farming they engaged in consisted of planting a small patch of wheat for flour and raising some vegetables. In fact, the squaws looked after this, the men were occupied in hunting buffalo and many of these animals I have seen out at Headingly. No, the half-breeds as well never looked for work very closely."

That trouble was continuous in the colony during early years is corroborated by Mr. Cunningham. The cause of such was the fur trade. As exemplar, he referred to the fracas at Seven Oaks in 1816, an event which occurred ere his arrival in the settlement. But he possesses distinct remembrance of facts concerning a trading company originated by Lord Selkirk, when two concerns were already occupying the country. One of these was the Northwest, a company which had conducted its operations in the years of the sixteenth century. This firm in question did not adhere to the opinion that the Hudson's Bay Company were in possession of monopolistic right to consider themselves the sole dispensers of land. Neither was the Northwest in unison with Lord Selkirk in his immigration propaganda to populate the colony with settlers. It was only feasible to presume that such would stimulate biased feeling in certain quarters, the cloud of dissatisfaction produce a shower of strife. After a period, affairs assumed such bellicose attitude that civil war appeared as inevitable, thus necessitating the Government in England to dispatch commissioners that matters might be brought to satisfactory solution. Mr. Cunningham states that he recollects the time that the Hudson's Bay Company conducted in excess of one hundred and fifty posts scattered within the boundaries of the great lone land of Canada West.

"Many, many years ago," said Mr. Cunningham, "there was a man appointed as an official hangman. I can tell you how this was brought about. One day a Cree Indian met a Sioux he had a grudge against coming out of the Hudson's Bay store. He shot him down dead. The Cree was arrested shortly afterwards and eventually condemned to death. This sentence was the signal for the commencement of a rebellion, which was, however, quelled at the start. The murderer was confined in a place on the river bank known as the Courthouse; a man named Cline was appointed hangman, and a large crowd of persons witnessed the execution."

The writer mentioning the fact that the present Cathedral of St. John's is to be shortly demolished, the centenarian expressed much regret.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he replied. "It seems sad that such an old historical landmark should be taken down; one of my sons was ordained in that building."

Upon the site of Ross Avenue, the grandmother of Mr. Cunningham had a farm. "Look at that part of Winnipeg now," he remarked. "I've seen lots of deer in the scrub that grew where Princess Street is now, there was a creek in this locality. But then these are days of advancement, not those of the Red River settlement."

Thomas Scott, the hero of Fort Garry, was well known to the venerable centenarian, who stated him to be a quiet and conscientious man. In reply to a question

concerning the disposition of Scott's remains, Mr. Cunningham adheres to the opinion that somewhere in the vicinity of the Portage Junction of to-day, Scott, of immortal memory, lies in an unknown grave. And Mr. Cunningham's years of centenarianism have not removed him from the study of affairs within the political arena. With interest he peruses the procedure current in the legislatures of Kennedy Street and Ottawa. A smile passed over his face as he acknowledged the statement made by the writer, that in the first Government of Manitoba, the name of James Cunningham is recorded as the member for Kildonan. A faithful servant for several years of the constituency wherein dwelt they whose fathers laid the foundation stones of provincial history.

With a cheery "goodbye," the venerable man shook the hand of the Somerset clergyman and that of the writer. "I like talking of the old times," said he, "yet when I look back it seems so long ago."

Then he arose and turned to the writer, who when the erect figure was walking to the door, remarked: "You'll see a few Christmas days yet, Mr. Cunningham."

"Come again," he replied. "But who of us ever thought the colony would get to be the wonderful country it is to-day?"

Encouraging

One evening when Irving was playing Macbeth he worked his audience into an unusually high pitch of excitement. He was in his best mood and had just reached the point where Macbeth orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet table.

"Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!" declaimed Irving in his most tragic manner, as with a convulsive shudder he sank to the ground and drew his robe over his face.

On the withdrawal of Banquo, a high-pitched, sympathetic voice shouted from the top gallery:

"It's all right now, 'Enery; 'e's gone!"

Seeds for the West

The Patmore Nursery Co., Ltd., was established as a nursery in 1883, and while numbers of other similar nurseries were started, this is the only one which survived the difficulties of those early years, and has distributed its products all over the West. To the nursery business has been added greenhouses, florists' work and seeds, making this concern a complete horticultural establishment catering to all the requirements of the farm, field and garden. The Patmore Nursery Co., Ltd., is composed of a group of men whose lifetime and

training have been devoted to their business and their long, hard, practical experience in the climate and soils of Western Canada cannot fail to be of great benefit to their customers. The first seventeen pages of our catalogue is devoted to listing Messrs. Sutton & Sons (of Reading, England) seeds. The high reputation enjoyed by this firm need hardly be enlarged upon, nor needs special comment. But we can say, without hesitation that this firm is undoubtedly at the head of their profession as seedsmen — "Seedsmen to the King." The next twenty-five pages are listed with garden and field seeds. These are becoming more widely known each season on account of their excellence and high germination qualities, owing to care exercised in selecting the stocks.

Little James had just been initiated into the mysteries of the first of April and had amused himself hugely the livelong day playing pranks on all the family. Bedtime came, and finally he had sobered down enough to say his evening prayer, beginning with the usual petition, "Bless father an' mother, gran'ma an' Uncle Joe," with the customary list of playmates. "An'—an'—" he went on, "bless James, an' make him a good little girl." Then came a pause, followed by the triumphant shout, "April Fool, Lord!"



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Your Bow to the Living World

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg,
A.B.M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins)

THE human race after perhaps 700,000 years of earthly existence, and perhaps a little more or less than 75,000 years of alleged civilization, finds itself now at last in this heyday of the twentieth century as far as human nature is concerned, exactly where it was at the beginning. There has been, all admit, a modicum and accumulation of new knowledge. There are new scientific facts, the profit of past experiences, and many marvelous methods of maintaining a few more lives among the multitudes to the ancient limits of three score and ten. But even the most sanguine of philosophers or the most devout optimists cannot maintain with shadow or substance that the

was nearly two years old and had summer complaint, which carried her off.”

Without realizing it, the poor soul who so unstintedly condemned sterilizations, regular nursings, clean habits, and the scientific care of infants, had unwittingly found herself guilty.

For it is not the ninety and nine children who just barely escape death in spite of the antique, dirty, and careless upbringing that the hygienic Forward Movement aims to save. Not at all. Such sturdy infants, reared in dirt, comfortable among their fossilized surroundings, thriving amidst poorly formed habits, survive to manhood independent of all the medieval superstitions and fallacies. It is the one



A fair sample of Manitoba corn

many thousands-of-years-old dictum of three score and ten, has even, with all of the available store of wisdom, been in anywise exceeded.

All of which does not deter you from converting to the use, comfort, and health, of your newborn babe, the prodigal avalanche of data applicable and ready at hand for its wellbeing and happiness. Curious indeed is it that much of the lore made available to the young mother and her babe, goes by the board because all the women of an elder day who surround her, scoff at the “new fangled, nonsensical, high falutin fads” which they knew not of in their dim and distant past. Said one grandmother recently: “Nine children of my ten, were raised without all this flub dub and confusion. They were nursed when they were hungry, not according to rule.”

“They were given no clean milk, no sterilized bottles, and they were rocked and bounced and walked with of a night. When they bawled they were given paregoric and when they were sick their teeth were looked after.”

“What did the one that died suffer before she passed away?” the self-approving crone was asked.

“Well, you see, it was a hot summer, and all of the children were ailing. She

poor sinned-against infant, that science aims to and does save. It is the child that dies among the hundred who live, the child who succumbs to cholera infantum, infantile paralysis, tubercle, or a score of other threatening disasters that is saved, if they are all carefully protected in the same way.

Since your ardent parent and your wise old crone never can tell before hand which one of fifteen children or indeed which one of only two, may possibly be selected by the unkind hand of circumstance for maiming or death, it behoves the contemporary young mother to acquire all of the newest modes of child-rearing and infant care. If she discards these for the nondescript procedures of yesteryear, those lackadaisical, blind, intuitional schemes that grew up in the materia garden like weeds then she is the one that will ultimately suffer, not the folk who are aged and decrepit, or even the child that is no more.

The new-born child after its eyes have received a drop of a one per cent solution silver nitrate, is washed, its face and eyes washed with boracic water—a teaspoonful to a cup—and then placed carefully dressed and wrapped up in its prepared basket or box. The new candidate for earthly joys must never be initiated into



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the mysteries of its mother's bed. Nor may it nurse until very late on the first day. Thereafter for three days—until the milk begins to flow—it need not be given the mother's breast more than three times a day.

It rarely becomes needful to select cow's milk for an infant this young unless the unnatural mother obstinately determines to risk her child's life to an artificial diet, because she wishes later to run loose to teas and social affairs. To commit any infant to the far from tender mercies of any food other than mother's milk, is a fateful felony never found beyond the borders of ultra-civilized life. The number of children nursed by their mothers is in inverse ratio to their social station in life. If Christ were to return to-day, this would be one of the first evils he would point out.

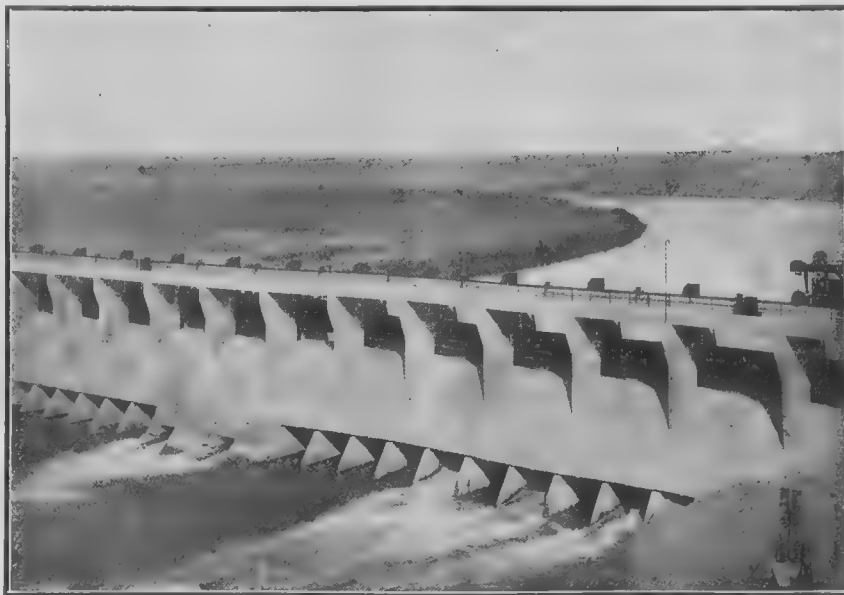
After a child has seen this abyss of trouble for three days, it must be nursed by the mother for twenty minutes every two hours by the clock, except at night and after the morning bath. It is often difficult to convince the nurse and mother, not to speak of the elder conservatives and reactionaries, that the baby's sound sleep must not interfere with its arousal at the prescribed moment for a timely nursing. Following the morning bath, to be sure, an added hour of sleep does no harm. Between eleven and six o'clock at night there should be no nursing. If one nursing intervenes at these unseemly hours, depend upon it to be the fault of the nurse, mother or someone who has

previously washed out with a bit of absorbent cotton moistened with it. Furthermore, the breasts are washed with it as well as thus covered in the interims of feeding. Again, when the lengthening finger nails of the two week old bambino scratch its face, the diluted boracic is brought into first-aid requisition.

If towards the end of the baby's second week, the mother shows signs of fever, the bairn should be allowed to nurse even longer than usual if the fever arises from engorgement of the breasts. The mother should for a day or two, imbibe less fluid foods. The breasts should be pumped dry, cathartics and salts should be taken, and the mother must patiently remain in bed until all evidence of fever has disappeared.

If the little one in its second week or thereafter shows a protrusion where the umbilical cord was cut, do not say it "ruptured itself" by crying, but tighten the belly-band a bit or place strips of adhesive plaster across the projection. As for taking the child outdoors, this is directed altogether by the season and the day. Ordinarily after day, an urchin may be put in its carriage as soon as the mother goes out. On colder or moist days, discretion is the better part of valor, and some weeks must elapse.

Similarly the problem of short clothes is strictly a matter of personal feeling. Among my patients are many who have never clad their chits in long dresses. These radicals have at least my approval. They are also the very mothers who discard the belly-band for good and all



Bassano Dam, Alta.

sought thus to assuage the nocturnal wailing that has perhaps occurred once or twice.

There is the delicate problem of the new infant's toilet. Although as early as the second month of the infant's life, the routine habit of placing it upon a stool at a religiously punctual hour is now the custom, before this period the child must be watched frequently to avoid skin irritations and even more serious difficulties from neglected napkins. Three times or even five times a day are not enough to examine a child for soiled linens. Whenever the babe shows signs of discomfort or cries without apparent cause, an examination should be made. The feet and hands must also be kept warm and absolute cleanliness maintained with everything that touches any portion of the child's anatomy from the moment of its birth until it is three or four years old.

If the nursing child tears and irritates the young mother's nipples—by no means an uncommon torment—the absorbent cotton which saturated with boracic acid water is always retained between nursings over the breasts should be sprinkled with a few soothing drops of compound tincture of benzoin. Just before the little fellow nurses, this benzoin is wiped off with alcohol. At once, when nursing has ceased, the cotton is restored with the benzoin as before.

Perhaps no better defender of the infant's life is known than this simple mixture of a teaspoonful of boracic acid and a cup of boiled water. Not only does it serve three times every day as an eye wash, but each time the papoose is prepared for nursing, its little mouth is

when the child is four weeks old. Finally, let it be not forgotten that the suckling lacks the power of speech, yet is more or less thirsty several times daily. Like a delirious adult with a high fever, you must not wait upon the order of a drink, but several times before or after the nursings, the dear little elf must be furnished with several teaspoonfuls of sterilized water.

"Give, oh, give us," said Thomas Carlyle, "the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue while one marches to music."

Everyday Philosophy

The time to give a man taffy is before it's time to give him his epitaphy.

Pessimism is often the outcome of insufficient income to make a man optimistic.

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Among the greatest fools on earth are the miser who saves all of his money, and the spendthrift who doesn't save any.

Some men who drop nickels into the contribution-box at church carry away more religion than some others who drop dollars.

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A Musical Interlude

The Story of a Friendship that began in Prehistoric Times
By Grace MacGowan Cooke

I.

"MADAM, this is a private room!" Zoe looked up from her note book to see standing framed in the doorway, the width of the big room between them, a tall, fair young man clad in a long fur overcoat.

Behind the figure was a porter, bearing with great solemnity a great number and variety of pieces of luggage. The violin case, conspicuous among them, would have suggested a key to the apparition's identity, had not the shop windows and boardings for some time removed all possibility of doubt.

Zoe smiled a little as her aunt went fussily forward with her effusive "Herr Kloemer, I think."

"Madam," returned the young man, ignoring her outstretched hand, "this is a private room," and, pushing past Miss Travis brusquely, he paused to regard the piled note books on the table.

"Du lieber Himmel!" he snorted, glaring at the stack. "Autograph albums to burn! Think you I shall write in all of these? This is a private room."

He was looking at Zoe as he spoke, and Zoe was laughing as she gathered up her note books.

"Shall I leave some of them, mein herr?" she queried.

"You shall leave all of them, and I shall write all over them, and send me right for being a big Deutsch bear," he rejoined gallantly.

"Thank you," said Zoe, but gathered up her books all the same.

Once outside, the ladies gave rein to the amusement they had considerably restrained in the German's presence. Miss Travis was in raptures. She was a musical enthusiast, and had twice followed Kloemer from one city to another for the purpose of hearing more of his playing.

"To think," she said, "of actually seeing and talking to him face to face! We must hunt up that bell boy who made the mistake and give him a douceur."

Zoe, who was rather a thoughtful young woman with ideas of her own, replied nothing except, "Herr Kloemer has an extremely familiar manner, I think."



A busy lumber scene in the Rainy River District

He looked so exactly like a naughty child, standing scowling down at her, that Zoe's smile deepened into a laugh, which was not vocalized, but which overflowed her clear grey eyes as she gazed back at him.

"No, Herr Kloemer," she said, with a carefully preserved gravity, "you will not write in any of these; they are my note books."

"Bitte—" he began in protest; but Zoe interrupted him.

"We also were told that this was a private room—before you came and told us, I mean. That was our understanding when we took it; but it doesn't appear to be so very private, after all."

Two rare and unusual dimples supplemented the laugh in Zoe's eyes as she concluded. Herr Kloemer sat weakly down on a chair facing her. He gazed piteously from one to the other of the ladies.

"I truly beg your pardon, ladies," he began; "but you cannot know! They prosecute me so! I find albums and letters under my plate at dinner; they send them by my valet, they invade my very dreams."

"It's no wonder you are savage," reassured Miss Travis. "Now let us find out whose room this really is, and then forget all about it."

A clerk here appeared at the doorway, anxious and explanatory. "Ladies, you were put in here by mistake," he said. "I'm very sorry. Your room is ninety-two and this is twenty-nine. It was a new man brought you up, and—I don't think he will stay very long."

Kloemer had been apologizing to Zoe in an eager aside. As he caught the purport of the clerk's concluding words, "I beg," he said urbanely, "that you do nothing unkind to that most clever of men. He has given me the pleasure of meeting these ladies, which I most highly appreciate."

Miss Travis bristled indignantly. "Really, that is just like you, Zoe!" she said. "Always hunting for spots on the sun. He has an extremely charming manner. Of course he was a little 'out of himself' from being so upset."

"If that is the way he usually receives admirers," commented Zoe, "I'm sure I wonder he has any at all."

"But he has," rejoined Miss Travis. "They tell me his valet burns bushel baskets of notes in the range fires at the hotels—Kloemer is too much of a gentleman to leave them lying about."

"Well," concluded Zoe philosophically, "there are all sorts of people in the world."

"There are," replied her aunt; "and some of them have no more enthusiasm than a raw turnip."

"That's me, of course," rejoined Zoe, gaily and ungrammatically; "and by that same token, ninety-two isn't half as nice as twenty-nine. I thought we were getting an awful lot for our money."

II.

The ladies had dined, the note books had been sorted and written up to date, when the bell boy came with a message, "Herr Kloemer was expecting some friends for whom he would play. Would the ladies join him?"

Miss Travis, in a mood almost religious, retired to her own room to prepare a toilet worthy of the occasion. When she came back and found her niece quietly finishing a letter, "Zoe!" she cried, in a shocked and horrified tone. "You are surely not going down just as you are!"

"I surely am," replied Zoe. "I wouldn't change my dress for the President of the United States; and I certainly shall not for an ill-mannered Dutchman who plays the fiddle." With which rank heresy she led the way to twenty-nine.

It is to be feared, however, that the consciousness of looking better in the gown she wore than in any other in her wardrobe had something to do with this outburst of American independence.

Kloemer received them, smiling, courteous, and most impressive in his faultless evening dress.

Miss Travis confided to her niece in a soft aside that he looked like a blush rose; and indeed his fair German face was alight with some emotion stronger than the occasion seemed to warrant.

Zoe shook her head decidedly at the whisper, and there was some desultory conversation, till, "I think my friends are not coming," said Kloemer.

He met Zoe's laughing eye, and flushed guiltily. In some subtle fashion which she could not define, Zoe was aware that there were no friends expected, that the fiction was simply put forward to gain the pleasure of an evening's interview with herself.

"Are we privileged to ask you to play, Herr Kloemer?" began Miss Travis.

"Are you kind enough to desire me to do so?" rejoined their host humbly.

His inquiry was to the older woman, but his eyes were on Zoe.

She smiled vaguely and noncommittally in reply to his glance. "I am not musical, Herr Kloemer," she said. "My aunt is your admirer."

"You are not musical," rejoined Kloemer, to whom her smile seemed to signify more than her words, "but," he added in a lower tone—a tone so low that Zoe scarcely caught his meaning—"you are music."

He turned smilingly to Miss Travis. "And you are my admirer—so says your niece—you have asked me to play, and I, ingrate that I am, shall play to her who is not musical!"

"Zoe is musical," returned Miss Travis, seriously; "she is music itself."

And Kloemer flashed the younger woman a triumphant glance at this confirmation of his whispered words.

III.

He tuned his violin and began a passionate Hungarian air, an arrangement of his own. Zoe had twice before heard him play it in public, yet as the song went on—it was a folk song, and these songs of the people hold in every vibration of their notes the heart throbs of native human emotion—she found that he was varying it, or it was varying itself. She could not say that he altered the notes; yet something in the shading, something in the color, conveyed to her that this was his voice—the voice of his soul speaking to her soul. She dropped her eyes to her slender clasped hands and sat listening.

It seemed to her at times that the voice of the violin was the speech of one she had known and loved always. She had a half formulated sensation of being able to understand and to answer each phrase of the music as though it were a phrase in words.

When the last note had died away Miss Travis complimented the performer suitably, but Zoe said never a word. She was afraid to trust her voice; a little shaken and angry, too, now that the spell of the music had loosened its hold on her and she felt just how far it had pushed her from her usual cool poise.

Miss Travis begged for an andante of Bach's, but Zoe suggested lightly, to shake off the unwelcome feeling of secret communication with the musician which had established itself within her and would not depart, that he should play a bit of rag time to cheer them.

When she uttered her request he smilingly shook his head. "Your lips ask for that," he said, "not your heart. Suppose, now, you play for me." His glance led hers towards the open piano.

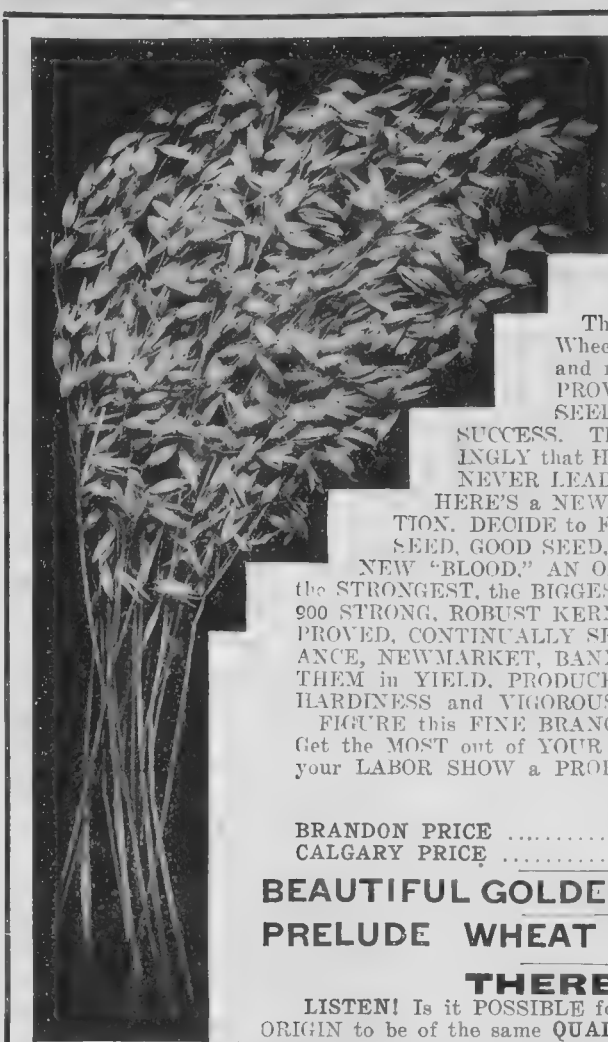
"I am that hundredth young woman, Herr Kloemer," she said sweetly, "who does not play."

"Do not play!" he repeated in astonishment. "How, then, do you express the music which is in you?"

With a gesture at once courtly and familiar, he raised the hand which hung by Zoe's side.

"See," he appealed to Miss Travis over the long, fine fingers, "this is the hand of pure inspiration. She can compose, she can improvise music. And she will say to me that she does not play!"

"There, Zoe," exulted Miss Travis, "Herr Kloemer has found you out. Play something of your own—or sing for him. Zoe does compose the weirdest little things," she said, turning to Kloemer.



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"And then she denies that she can speak to me in my own tongue!" cried their host reproachfully. And Miss Travis repeated, "Do play, Zoe."

A childish irritation took possession of poor beset Zoe. "How absurd it all is!" she said half angrily, "I simply cannot play, and have no voice. Why do you insist on my boring Herr Kloemer with my kindergarten musical efforts?" She seated herself at the instrument. Her hands were poised a moment over the keys. Then she played.

It was a curious, monotonous little air she chose, suggestive of running water, of whispering leaves—of any of the rhythmic iterations of nature. There was but one musical phrase in it, and that was repeated, little varied, till the piece closed with an odd, unsatisfied, upward turn that left you listening.

Kloemer heard it with an introspective air. As she ceased, "Now, see," he appealed to the aunt. "And she can half the heart to say she is not musical!" Turning to Zoe, he said, "Your music gifts me pictures." Zoe's color deepened. "And you see pictures, too, when you listen to music—not so?" he added

eagerly, watching her face. "Listen! It is a wide plain; the evening light is dying. There are birds flying. There is a laguna, and reeds are rustling beside it." He paused a moment and added, "Why do you not sing the words?"

"There, now, Zoe," interjected Miss Travis, "I call that quite wonderful! How should the herr know that there were words to it? Sing it, dear."

"It's such a sentimental, nonsensical little thing," deprecated Zoe uneasily.

"Be frank with me," pursued Kloemer. "Do not you see, when you play that air, that which I tell you I see when I listen to it?"

"Yes," answered Zoe in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible. These occult phenomena, dear to the aunt's soul, had always been held in a sort of dislike and discredit by her niece.

"Sing the words to me," he pleaded in German.

Zoe dreaded, with a new dread, her aunt's comments. The whole matter was foreign and unwelcome to Zoe's nature. More than all, she disliked the sensation creeping over her that she had indeed known Kloemer before; that all this was

prearranged from the beginning of time. "You will sing it?" he insisted.

She began in a voice which matched the melody, a low, rich, broken contralto—a voice with a flaw in it—one which scarcely could have filled an ordinary parlor, yet one so deeply musical as to be heart moving.

"So," murmured Kloemer as she concluded, "said I not right? What do you call your song?"

"I call it 'The Bird With a Broken Wing,'" rejoined Zoe briefly.

"No," said the German, "it is the cry of a soul for its mate. Wait! Listen!" He tucked his violin under his chin and stood brooding a moment. Then he drew the bow across the strings in a softly whispered plaint.

It was Zoe's own air—and its answer. "Wait for me," cried her little broken phrase. "I am waiting," answered the rich, satisfying chords of the answer.

He played long. The theme seemed to inspire him. The two voices of his melody talked together like unembodied souls. The notes of Zoe's song quested and sought. And the accompaniment which he added was like the everlasting arms of love beneath and about it

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HERE'S a NEW OAT. HERE'S a NEW YEAR. MAKE a NEW RESOLUTION. DECIDE to FARM RIGHT. START TO-DAY with NEW SEED, CLEAN SEED, GOOD SEED, a GOOD OAT, a REVITALIZED OAT, AN OAT WITH NEW "BLOOD." AN OAT DEVELOPED FROM ONE KERNEL, that KERNEL the STRONGEST, the BIGGEST, the BEST, the HANDSOMEST, SELECTED from out of 900 STRONG, ROBUST KERNELS. An OAT which has been TESTED, ROGUED, IMPROVED, CONTINUALLY SELECTED; an OAT that GROWN ALONG SIDE of ABUNDANCE, NEWMARKET, BANNER and OTHER STANDARD TYPES has EXCEEDED THEM IN YIELD, PRODUCED a THINNER HULL, EXHIBITED a SURPRISING HARDINESS and VIGOROUS GROWTH.

FIGURE this FINE BRANCHING WHITE OAT in this YEAR'S FARM OPERATION. Get the MOST out of YOUR FARM. MAKE your INVESTMENT, YOUR TIME and your LABOR SHOW a PROFIT—A BIG PROFIT.

	POSTPAID	lb.	5 lbs.	Peck	½ bu.	bu.
BRANDON PRICE		.35	\$1.50	\$1.60	\$2.85	\$5.00
CALGARY PRICE		.35	\$1.50	\$1.75	\$3.10	\$5.50

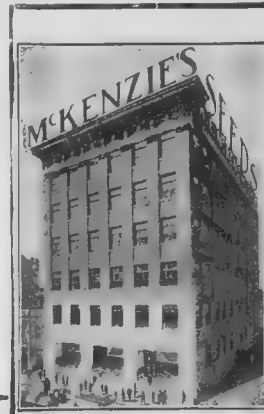
BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN FLAX A NEW VARIETY OF FLAX—SEE OUR 1914 CATALOG, PAGE 56, FOR DESCRIPTION AND PRICE.

PRELUDE WHEAT THE EARLIEST RIPENING HARD WHEAT KNOWN—SEE PAGE 49 OF OUR 1914 CATALOG FOR DESCRIPTION AND PRICE.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE

LISTEN! Is it POSSIBLE for SEEDS from DIFFERENT SOURCES or DIFFERENT ORIGIN to be of the same QUALITY? It is said NO. It is NO MORE HUMANLY POSSIBLE that SUCH a THING COULD BE than it would for ANY TWO FARMERS in TWO DISTINCT LOCALITIES to GROW SELECTED SEED EQUAL in QUALITY, VITALITY, GERMINATION and PURITY, a FEAT, it is CLAIMED, is ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE, as ONE MUST BE BETTER than the other.

This is EXACTLY what we have MAINTAINED from the INCEPTION of OUR BUSINESS. WHY, THEN, KNOWING THIS FACT, should not "McKENZIE'S SEEDS" be the SUPERIOR TYPE? Do you think, KNOWING as we do, that in "SEEDS," as in EVERYTHING ELSE, there is "A BEST," that we would be SATISFIED with any other than "FIRST PLACE." YOU KNOW NOW WHY we have made a SUCCESS of "OUR BUSINESS," YOU KNOW NOW WHY we would not be SATISFIED with anything but the "MOST MODERN BUILDING," the MOST "COMPLETE EQUIPMENT," the MOST EFFICIENT and EXPERIENCED STAFF that money can secure, YOU KNOW NOW WHY "McKENZIE'S SEEDS" have made such SWEEPING Prize-Winning Victories at all the Western AGRICULTURAL FAIRS, YOU KNOW NOW WHY we INSIST UPON the "CREAM OF THE TEST



REMEMBER WE ARE NOT BLIND TO LOW AND ENTICING PRICES—WE PLACE QUALITY FIRST

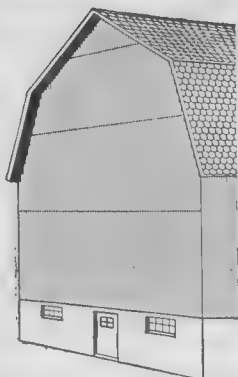
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During the month of February, and especially during Bonspiel Week, the House of McLean will offer exceptional values in used pianos.

In the past few weeks a large number of these instruments have been received in exchange for Heintzman & Co. Pianos and Player-Pianos. These instruments have all been thoroughly overhauled and put in good playing condition—some of them being practically as good as new.

Following are a few samples of the values offered:

Heintzman & Co. Piano.....	Reg. \$575....	for \$450
Weber Piano.....	Reg. \$375....	for \$295
Wheelock Piano.....	Reg. \$450....	for \$95
Gabler Piano.....	Reg. \$500....	for \$45
Second-hand Organs from \$20 to \$75		

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MUSIC
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Zoe was, without reason, hot with anger. There seemed to her an indelicacy about it all. It was as though he made love to her openly and in her aunt's presence.

She felt indignantly that he dared not whisper to her in words that which his music loudly cried out. And then she caught herself, with a half humorous astonishment at her mood, and the reminder that she was listening to the greatest violin virtuoso of his day. What right had she to suppose that these utterances of immortal beauty were addressed to her?

She feared she knew not what, and as the German ceased playing she rose abruptly.

"Come, Aunt Emma," she said rather breathlessly. "It's late. We must be going. Good night, mein herr. Thank you; we've had a lovely evening."

Their host followed them to the door. His face was glowing, his eyes like stars. She felt as though he would embrace her.

"I will see you again, surely?" he murmured.

"Certainly," returned the somewhat bewildered Miss Travis. "We shall stay over for your concert, now that we have met you—shan't we, Zoe?"

Zoe nodded without a word. She had but one consuming anxiety: to make a sufficiently decent exit from the room. To have no scene, no demonstration, and no word said which she should blush to remember.

So she failed, sitting stunned and passive, to check him, and he went eagerly on. "Surely you know that we were born for each other. Must it not be so when your soul answers to my soul? Heart of my heart, we cannot be mistaken. Listen to thine own heart, liebbling; it will plead for me."

He had come over to where Zoe sat, and knelt down beside her. He did not touch her, but his radiant looks embraced and caressed her with a fullness of love that another's more material caresses might have lacked.

"Herr Kloemer," said Zoe quietly, "do you know I am going to Denver to meet my husband? My two children are already there."

"Why, how can that be?" he questioned huskily. "Miss Travis—I thought—surely—" His words trailed off brokenly.

"My aunt is Miss Travis," said she in a low voice. "I am Mrs. Travis."

V.

She never saw him again till last winter in Boston.

Zoe Travis' marriage was one of those marriages whose tragedy is that they are not good enough to be satisfactory and not bad enough to be broken.

When John Travis was drowned trying to ford Silver Creek at an unfordable point, his wife gathered her household, sold the ranch, and came east. She was abroad for a year, getting back to the happy poise and cheerful outlook upon



When the trees are beginning to leaf.

IV.

In the morning she took Miss Travis by storm. "I am going right on to Denver," she said. Miss Travis offered the feeble and transitory opposition which is all that the sweeping assertion of the self-decided soul ever meets. Their trunks were packed in a whirlwind, and they were ready for departure when Miss Travis went down to breakfast. Zoe had declared she could eat nothing.

She was making the last survey of her packed possessions when Herr Kloemer's card was brought up. She stared at the bit of pasteboard helplessly. "Tell the gentleman," she said finally, "that the ladies have gone down to breakfast."

"He done see the old lady go down by herself befo' he sent up," returned the smiling bell boy. It was evident his interest, mercenary or otherwise, was with the caller.

"Very well," said Zoe shortly; "show the gentleman up."

Kloemer came into the room with both hands outstretched. "Were you running away from me?" he cried—but his eyes added "my darling."

"Certainly not," declared Zoe with as calm an air as she could assume. "We've simply changed our plans. That is all."

"And then," said he, smiling, "since you have 'changed your plans,' you little changeling, when am I to see you again?"

"To see me?" echoed Zoe with an affectation of polite surprise.

"Oh, you are determined I shall make a fool of myself. I should like to do as other men do, and leave all this till we knew each other well; till you realized the stability of my love for you as well as its strength."

He said "love" for "love," and Zoe found herself noting this, and the wonderful coloring of his fair North German face, with the fascinated attention a man going over the rapids might give to the ripples around his prow.

life which had been hers in girlhood. Late in the month, after her return from abroad, she found herself in Boston, staying with a cousin's wife. Kloemer was there, playing in a series of concerts. The town was mad over his music. It was difficult to frame excuses to her relatives for not going to hear him.

She was with her cousin in a box that night. Under plea of a headache, and by insisting that the light hurt her eyes, she screened herself behind a man's broad shoulders, and still further concealed her countenance with a little feather fan as Kloemer came on.

Yet, as soon as their idol faced his audience, it seemed to her he divined her presence. Through every number, grave or gay, he addressed her. He looked older than when she had last seen him, and he had an air of poise and self-control which then he had lacked.

At the opening of every number the German's beautiful eyes searched the house with less hope, and each close was informed with the dignity of patient resignation.

Responding to an encore for the last number of his program, he stood for some time with bow poised, looking again, as she fancied, for her. When he began to play, it was the quaint little air, her own song, which he had called "The Cry of a Soul For Its Mate." There was something now infinitely desolate in his rendering of it. The little broken phrase of her song pleaded and pleaded; but the answering chords no longer responded to it. It was the voice of one in the desert, fainting for water; the plaintive, reiterant cry of a child who does not know why it is denied.

"Brr—" whispered her cousin. "Kloemer has been playing in magnificent form to-night. I never heard him play so well. But this thing is simply dreary. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," returned Zoe in a spent, toneless voice; "it is dreary." And as the last little wail of the pleading violin died away into silence, she rose blindly, hardly knowing what she did.

The movement drew sudden attention to their box. Kloemer was making his last bow; in another moment the curtain would begin to descend. But Zoe was conscious only of the glowing eyes fixed hungrily upon hers, aware merely that the soul behind these eyes spoke intelligibly to her soul, and it was made clear to her in that moment that no one can be wiser than fate.

The curtain down, the panic seized Zoe which comes upon a woman when she knows the thing her soul has desired is about to be given her. "There," said Millicent, "the music has made your head worse."

When the carriage was being called and they stood impatiently waiting for it, Zoe became acutely conscious that—somehow—Gustav Kloemer was coming towards her; so that when, a moment later, Millicent's brother Fred stood before them with the musician, she met the half defiant, half imploring glance Kloemer gave her with an arch composure which, to her lover's sensitive receptivity, told everything.

"Herr Kloemer and I are very old friends," she announced, putting out her

Five cents a week for very small children is sufficient to start with. One boy whose parents despaired of his ever learning to save a penny or make the ends meet, was given an allowance at the age of twelve years of one dollar a week, which was to cover clothing, school-books and almost every necessary article.

It was a great education to him, for he soon found out who kept the most reliable goods and where you could always depend upon what they said. He found out that almost invariably mercerized suits contained some cotton.

It has taught the boy self-reliance, what to buy and how to buy and the true value of money as no other experience could have done.

He has studied textures, and can generally detect a poor piece of goods. Now, at fifteen, he is able to take his small brother and select a suit of clothes, cap, shoes, hose, etc., for him. This is a great help when the mother is busy or tired.

A girl who has the reputation of having excellent judgment and taste in the selection of goods and can never be imposed upon, was made to rely upon herself at an early age because her mother had been brought up in ignorance of any such thing.

At twelve years of age she was sent to the city to match goods, select dresses



A Holstein Herd doing well in Manitoba

hand. And the musician answered the outburst of inquiry which followed the avowal, with the bold statement:

"Indeed, yes, the origin of our friendship is historic—lost somewhere in the history of brotoblastm. But," he added, in his lower voice to her, "it will last now into eternity."

Teaching Children the Value of Money

By Carrie May Ashton.

"I tell you, mother," remarked a twelve-year-old lad, "that the boy who works and earns his own money isn't as likely to waste it on candy or trash as the one who has it given to him. It don't pay. He wants something to show for it—something worth while."

Mothers are oftentimes afraid of their boys working vacations, but more often it is their salvation. One boy of fifteen, from choice, spent six weeks of his last summer's vacation on a truck farm, and not only earned over \$50, but learned many lessons of usefulness and self-reliance which will be of value to him all through life.

One boy who has been saving money for a new bicycle for a long time was told by his father that if he would paint the fence two coats and the job was satisfactory, he could have the same pay that the painter who usually did their work charged. After it was completed and measured, the lad was given a ten-dollar gold piece, which nearly took his breath away.

All boys and girls need an allowance, and many of them learn the value of money in no other way. It may be only a very small one, but it should be enough to cover certain needful articles.

for herself and sisters and to do marketing. She displayed great judgment and taste even then, and rarely made mistakes, and has always taken great pride in her ability.

As a wife, she cannot help being a great help to her husband financially and otherwise.

Every week we see men and women who are lacking in judgment and knowledge, who do not know the difference between a cheap, shoddy piece of goods and one of good quality.

They do not realize why their things always wear out or why they never look as well as their neighbors.

We hope that the day is coming when these studies shall be a part of every curriculum.

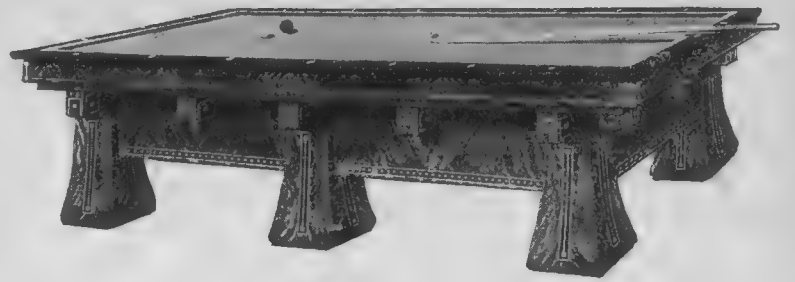
Pax Cor (Peace, O Heart.)

Sun on the hill
And wind in the tree;
Meadowlark singing
His fill on the lea:
And all the wide world
Crying "Peace, heart," to me
As I lay me down to rest.

Rest, with the sky
Arching blue overhead;
Rest, with the brook
Singing low in its bed:
Rest, with my hungry heart
Content and fed
With the beauty my soul loves
Best.

—Alice Lindsay Webb.

If people could see stagnant air as they can see stagnant water, with the slime and disease obvious to the naked eye, the fresh-air fad would be universal.—Collier's



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"Baby Grand" Home
Pocket-Billiard Table

A Picture of Daily Life under the Czar

The Tragedy and Comedy of Revolution.

ONE crosses the line from the Kaiser's dominion into the Czar's, then:

"A great picture of the Virgin and Child hangs in the Custom-House at Virballen, with a little lamp flickering before it. The foreigner, who was a few minutes before on the German side of the frontier and stands on Russian soil for the first time, looks at the shrine with curiosity. Porters are hurrying in with luggage, and travellers are chattering in half a dozen languages. An official at a desk in the middle of the great hall is examining passports. A man is protesting that he did not know that playing cards were contraband. A woman is radiant, for the dirty linen she has sewn in a new Paris hat has deceived the inquisitors. Everybody is in a hurry to be through with the business and free to lunch in the adjoining restaurant before going on to St. Petersburg. It is a strange home for the majestic Virgin of the Byzantine picture.

"Here, at the threshold of the empire, Russia placards—St. Paul's vivid Greek gives me the word—her faith before the eyes of all comers. In the bustle of a Custom-House, charged with fretfulness and impatience and meanness, Russia sets forth her belief in a life beyond the grave and her conviction that the ideals presented by the picture are the noblest known to mankind."

And in these words Rothay Reynolds introduces the reader to his "My Russian Year" the most vivid and intimate account recently published of life and those who live it in Europe's great Eastern Empire.

"A foreigner might live a year in England," Mr. Reynolds continues, "and learn nothing of the religious life of the English people. In Russia religion forces itself on the attention. The icon is its chief medium of advertisement. The stiff figure of a saint, with hand raised in benediction, gleams in the angle of the walls of rooms in hotels and private houses. These holy pictures, reminiscent of the religious struggles of the Court of Leo the Isaurian or Leo the Armenian, are to be seen everywhere—in the streets, in railway stations, in restaurants, post offices, shops, public baths, prisons, Government offices."

The Saints Seem Near in Russia

"In Russia God and His Mother, saints and angels, seem near; men rejoice or stand ashamed beneath their gaze. The people of the land have made it a vast sanctuary, perfumed with prayer and filled with the memories of heroes of the faith. Saints and sinners, believers and infidels, are affected by its atmosphere; and so it has come about that Russia is the land of lofty ideals."

"The Russian is not a better man than his fellows of other lands, but he looks wistfully toward the heights the renunciation which the few are treading with bleeding feet. He may not have the courage to leave the pleasant valley, but he knows that at the top of the mountain the air is purer, the stars shine brighter, and the heavens are nearer."

"I was in a church in a country town at the beginning of evening service. At my side I found the rough captain of

the little river steamer which had brought me to the place. Near us stood a man with bare feet and long hair, in a shabby black frock coat and frayed trousers. He did not appear to notice the people round him, and the expression of his eyes made me think that he saw things which I had not the faculty to see. From time to time he knelt down and prostrated himself on the stones."

"Who is he?" I asked the captain when he left the church.

"He has given himself to God," he answered.

"The little student who used to teach me Russian had ideas of sanctity which differed in toto from those of the captain of the river steamer. One night he came to me with eyes shining, as though he had seen a vision of angels."

"Monsieur," he said, "the Grand Duke Serge is killed."

"Two days later he said he had received a letter from Moscow with news of Serge's assassin. He spoke of him with emotion, as of a hero. 'He has given his life,' he said. 'No man can do more. He knew he had no chance of escape. His mother has been to see him in prison; she does not share his opinions, but he spoke to her so beautifully and remained so calm in face of death that she was very deeply impressed, and we feel that she may become one of us.'"

In another phase: "Anna loves pretty dresses and serious flirtation, and I never thought of her as having a soul until she suddenly revealed its existence. She had told me about the French play she had seen the night before, informed me that she did not care a fiddlestick for her husband, and hinted at what she called an affaire de coeur. She maintained that nothing would be right in Russia until the entire imperial family had been assassinated, but admitted that she had not the courage to dabble in revolution like her sister, whom she had visited that morning in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul."

"While waiting to see the prisoner she had talked, so she told me, with a lady whose son had been there for six months, waiting, with others, to be tried for conspiring to overthrow the existing order of the state. The lady had influence at Court and hoped to get the boy pardoned by the Emperor."

"But what would the others think of me if I escaped punishment and they had to suffer?" he had asked his mother.

"And she could not understand," said Anna. "I was sorry for her." And then I knew that Anna had a soul.

"An old man and a young man stood side by side in the dock charged with being members of the Social Revolutionary Party. The young man pleaded guilty and was sent to Siberia. The old man protested his innocence and successfully moved heaven and earth to escape punishment. The one returned from the court to a prison cell; the other went away to be entertained at a pleasant little supper in a restaurant. The young man is revered and the old man pitied."

"We hoped he would refuse to make a defence," remarked a mature, if academic, revolutionist to me. I did not contest the point. A sympathetic pagan would have been wanting in tact had he suggested to a primitive Christian that a preference for being gored by wild bulls to burning incense before Caesar's statue robbed the sect of useful evangelists."

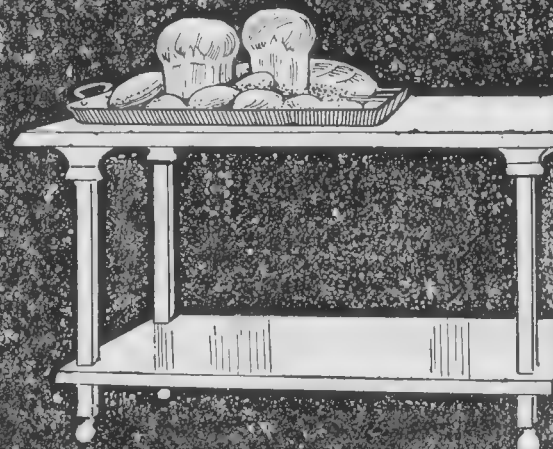
Our author has heard people say that Russia is a hundred years behind the times.

"This," he remarks, "is a surprisingly inaccurate generalization. Russia possesses the variety of ages. Men and women, with the thoughts of the fourth century, the fourteenth, or the eighteenth in their hearts, jostle others who are eager to cure the ills of mankind with the latest political and social nostrums of the twentieth. People of all periods rub shoulders, like the dancers in a masquerade."

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"If one wants to know what sort of man an Anglo-Saxon villain was, it is more to the point to talk to a Russian peasant than to rummage in libraries. The piddlers, dressed like Tannhauser in the third act, with staves in their hands and wallets at their sides, who wander through Russia on their way to pray at the Holy Sepulchre, belong to the age of the Crusades. The ascetic who spends his life in prayer and fasting and wears chains about his body seems to have found his way into modern Russia from the Egyptian Thebaid of the fourth century.

"A country lad tells me that all Russians who are not orthodox are wicked persons, that Poles must be Catholics and Englishmen members of the English Church, and I realize that I am speaking to a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth. I spent a week in Livland with people of the eighteenth century. There were orators who harangued the peasants on the rights of man, and shouted 'Down with the aristocrats!' There was a proud noble who received me in a salon copied from one at Versailles, a menacing hag who demanded whether I was a baron or a dragoon, and there were several great ladies who had fled from burning chateaux to seek the charity of their friends in the towns."

Mr. Reynolds is greatly impressed, as other travellers have been, by the volume and the many colors of the street traffic in Russia's gayest city. As to certain picturesque features:

The Always-Present Cup of Tea

The fact that an invitation to an evening party in Russia is usually couched in the form of a request to come to tea is of social interest.

"The British workman cannot live without his beer, and the Russian cannot live without tea. In the post office the young woman who sells one stamp has probably a glass of tea at her side. In Government offices, banks and newspaper offices tea is perpetually going. At railway stations boys come into the train with glasses of tea. At night cabmen and dyorniks buy tea from the men who come around with great samovars swathed in cloths and tumblers stuck into little pockets on their belts. Na tchai, for tea, is the Russian for back-sheesh. Always, everywhere, golden tea."

Writing of "Food and Fashion" in Russia, our author comes to the 'zakouska' or snack, a leisurely prelude to dinner, through which one takes off the edge of his appetite.

"If you happen to be a person to whom the size of a butcher's bill is a matter of moment," we are advised, "introduce the custom at once. Do not give your ravenous children lobster salad and caviare before the leg of mutton and trimmings, but copy the ordinary Russian housewife. When they come trooping home from school for midday dinner, give them, for example, a great bowl of salad made of haricot beans, potatoes and onion, to take off the edge of their appetites. Then let them have soup, with plenty of little pies, made of the most substantial kind of pastry and stuffed with mince-meat, cabbage, egg or fish. When the leg of mutton appears they will not want more than a mouthful."

And still speaking of dinner, the story is recalled of a Russian Ambassador who had heard that foreigners believe Russians eat candles, and, accordingly, had a course of tallow candles served at a dinner party. His own candle was made of almond paste, and he ate it, wick and all, while his guests were politely trying to nibble the genuine article.

French Cooking for Princes in Russia

"In point of fact, the cooking in a good Russian house is French, perfected by the influence of the higher culinary thought of the country. A variety of wines is served at a dinner party and sweet champagne comes with the ice. When the hostess rises it is the custom for the guests to thank her for her hospitality; she gives her hand to the men to kiss, and often embraces the women. Men and women go to the drawing-room together, and later in the evening tea is served."

In reference to an amazing prodigality of Russian titles: "In Russia all the descendants of a hereditary nobleman are noble, and all the descendants of princes, counts and barons enjoy the right to use those titles. Hence there are rich princes and poor princes, princes with distinguished manners and princes with no manners, elegant princes in palaces and princes in garrets, princes who are desirable parties and princes who advertise in the newspapers for wives with money.

"A glance at the St. Petersburg directory and a rough calculation show that there are some two hundred men, women and children to the same princely men and children in the capital alone who all belong to the same princely family and bear the same name and exalted title.

"The first prince I met in St. Petersburg was the head waiter of the Hotel de France. He had an incontestable right to the title and was an excellent servant. His case, however, ought not to be cited as an instance of the decay of the Russian nobility, for he was a Tartar from a part of the Caucasus where princes were so abundant that when Russia acquired it only those who could produce a certain number of sheep were granted the legal right to preserve the title. Many borrowed sheep for the purpose, and princes are so common at the present day that beggar boys in Tiflis give the title to each other.

"Russian nobles do not have blue blood; they have white bones. Common people have black bones. In spite of the levelling of society by the debase-

ment of the nobility great importance is attached to the possession of the white bones."

In quoting from Mr. Reynolds's book, for the purposes of its review, the lighter passages have been preferred. Darker Russia is too well and too truly known to general readers. Of the works and penalties of revolution, our author has many things to tell. The prison experience is so common in St. Petersburg that there was laughter when a woman lecturer, speaking of the arrested suffragettes in London, explained that hitherto it has not been common for men and women of education to be confined in English prisons.

Thought of Death and the Prison

Mr. Reynolds's observations and stories of Russian prison life reveal, with alternate tragedy and comedy, the con-



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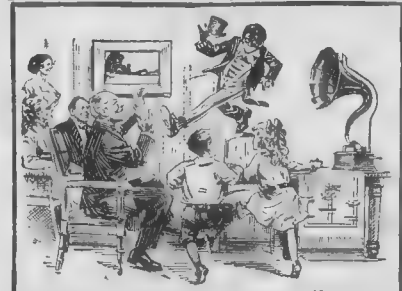
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dition of a people accustomed to condemnation. Thus:

"When are you going to prison?" I asked a man I met at the opera one night. He was a prominent member of the first Imperial Duma and had been condemned to three months' imprisonment that afternoon for signing the famous Viborg manifesto, which called on the nation to refuse to pay taxes and to serve in the army.

"I think in about three months' time," he answered lightly, and praised the new scenery and dresses the Government had bought for 'Carmen.'"

And again, at a music hall: "I spoke of the brilliant boy who had been flitting across the stage to mad music, his lips parted in a happy smile. 'But you should have seen his brother,' said the Socialist; 'he danced better and had more temperament, but he got mixed up in a revolutionary plot and committed suicide.'"

A student once did our author a service and was invited to sup in a restaurant. He was a boy of about 23, and his eyes danced with delight when established at a little table.

"It is years since I have been in a place like this," he said.

"It gives one a solid look, doesn't it?" he said, and mentioned that his wife was in prison. But to an expression of sympathy:

"Thank you," he said, "I cannot say that I am deeply affected. She is fair and I prefer dark women. Our marriage was purely one of convenience. You see, she was arrested in a house where the police discovered a number of bombs and, as she was an important member of the party, we set about trying to free her. We offered the head of the police 400 rubles to contrive her escape. He said he was sorry not to be able to oblige us, but that it was utterly impossible for him to do what we asked."

"The only plan, he said, was for one of us to marry her in prison. He would arrange that the priest should antedate the marriage certificate, so that when the girl came up for trial her identity would be lost and the authorities would imagine that they had made a mistake and arrested the wrong person. He promised to arrange the affair for 400 rubles, including the expense of bribing the priest and deacon. One of us had to marry her, and I sacrificed myself to the interests of the party."

"But you will join her when she is free?"

"I hardly think so," he said. "Of course I do not attribute any importance to the ceremony."—New York World.

The Problem of the Wire Fence Made Easier for the Canadian Farmer.

The purchase of wire fence is no doubt a matter of much importance to every reader of this magazine, and we wish to draw your attention to the fact, that it is now possible to purchase wire fence direct from the Sarnia Fence Company, Sarnia, Ontario, at prices much lower than have ever been offered to the farmers of the West. The reason this company is in a position to furnish a wire fence of the high quality of Sarnia fence at such a low price, is due to the following facts:

1st—Sarnia fence is sold direct from factory to farmer, cutting out all agents' commissions, dealers' profits and giving you your fence at first cost.

2nd—Sarnia fence is made in what is conceded by the best industrial experts to be the best equipped and the most economical fence factory, having a daily capacity of 150 miles of finished fence. They are also the only Company in Canada, that use individual fence looms for each style of fence they manufacture. This is of great importance to the purchaser of fence, for it insures him of getting every roll of the particular style he wants, identically the same as his former order. On their part it does away with the expense of changing from one style of fence to another, and in this way, it lowers their cost of manufacturing.

It must be remembered that all these improvements have not been made in a day, but it has taken them years to gather together the many improvements they have in their looms, and perfect the great organization they have to-day.

All this helps them in their one endeavor to sell the farmers of Canada, the best fence it is possible to buy at the lowest possible cost.

3rd—The enormous amount of material that passes daily through their factory has resulted in a most economical system of handling. They can handle their present large tonnage to a better advantage to-day, than they could their small tonnage three years ago. In their shipping department the enormous number of orders has resulted in another condition; adding to their ability to give you better service. Last year their business grew to such a volume that the local railways could not handle it through their freight sheds. To cope with this situation their factory has been made a station or a shipping point on the Grand Trunk Railway. This permits them to load their fence to a better advantage, and your shipments now reach you direct from their factory by freight, faster in some cases, than by express.

4th—Combining all the features, both of their direct selling policy, their low cost of manufacturing, their huge shipping facilities, their absolute guarantee, and the fact that they are not connected in any way with a combine for the elimination of competition, we believe you will give them credit for being in a position to sell you the best fence it is possible to make at the lowest possible cost.

It is not your immediate requirements that they are looking forward to, but they intend that you shall receive a roll of fence, that will give you such satisfaction that will be remembered long after the price has been forgotten, and make you a permanent customer and a strong supporter of their direct from factory to farm policy.

The fact that the Sarnia fence is the best known fence in the Dominion of Canada to-day, is due largely to the fact that their fence has lived up to every claim they have made for it. From the first they have used the utmost care in the selection of the galvanized wire going into their fence, and have used a most rigid system of inspection, that insures their customers of getting the most perfect fence possible.

They buy their wire on the open market of the world, and their business is of such a tremendous volume that they are in a position to demand that their wire be galvanized to the highest possible standard. They use the utmost care in the selection of the mills who make their wire, with a result that to-day the wire from which Sarnia fence is made, is made in one of the largest and most up-to-date wire mills in the world, having a weekly output of more wire than is used by any other one fence company in Canada in a whole year.

Many of their customers have asked them, "Why they do not manufacture their own wire." Their answer is, "That if it were possible for us to manufacture a wire ourselves economically, to supply our own wants, we would do so, but our experience in regard to this is, that a wire mill of small capacity, cannot manufacture wire as economically as a wire mill turning out one thousand or two thousand tons a day. If we made our own wire, to supply you with a fence of the same high quality as Sarnia fence, our manufacturing cost of drawing this wire would be such that we would have to ask you to pay a premium. This is not in accordance with our policy. Our policy is to sell the farmers of Canada, the best fence it is possible to buy at the lowest possible cost, and our fence for the season of 1914, our customers will vouch for us, is the best dollar for dollar value that has ever been received in the history of the fence business in the Dominion of Canada."

It may also be of interest for you to know that every provincial grain growers' association of the West, has promised assistance to the Sarnia Fence Company, in an endeavor to induce the different associations to purchase their fence in carloads direct from their factory. This is something that every farmer should not overlook, and it is up to him to at once get in touch with his local secretary, and see what efforts are being made to save the farmers in his locality on his fence for the coming season.

It Pays to Get Real Tested Seeds

For every cent you spend for seeds this spring you expect to reap dollars next fall.

If these fail you, you lose not only the cents you pay for them, but the dollars you should get in crops. You lose the labor, time and use of land in which you plant them.

That's why it is so important to get seeds that are tested and proven.

Carter's Tested Seeds are really tested by actual growing on the famous trial and testing grounds of James Carter & Co. at Raynes Park, London, England. They are tested for purity, germination, quality and production. At the same time other brands are tested alongside them to make certain that Carter's are superior.

Carter's Tested Seeds have

made a big success in Canada because they have given most profitable results. They are your best seed investment.

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Hens in Winter

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by E. Ferguson, Port Arthur, Ont.

If farmers would only give the hens a little more care they would make him rich and that in a short time.

Eggs sell at fifty or sixty cents a dozen in the winter and spring, so let us see if we cannot get the hens to lay all winter. First, let us look at the hen house; it must face south or south-east, and be in a sheltered place. I built my henhouse with two ply of lumber and tarred felt. If you leave an air space between the lumber it will be good and warm even in coldest winter. Put windows in the south side to within fifteen inches of the floor. These will light and warm the house and help to keep the floor dry. I made a floor to keep out any rats by digging it out to a considerable depth, then I put a layer of pebble stones, then a layer of broken glass. Any old glass bottles or glass broken into moderate sized pieces, then I levelled up with dry sand. This makes a place for the hens to sun themselves and keeps out all rats. Every morning rake the floor up and sprinkle with sand if you have any. I always keep a pile near, and dry sand will not freeze. A pail of ashes in a corner will add much to the comfort of the hens.

Do not put the perches up very high, two or three feet high is lots high for hens will fight for the highest perch and the strongest will get it. In this way many hens get knocked down and hurt. You will notice, too, that hens always face the windows when they roost.

The droppings from fowls are very poisonous so let us see to the ventilators. One should reach to within three inches of the floor; the bad air always falls to the floor and in this way is drawn off. It will also save the heat made by the solar action by your glass windows. If ice forms around the ventilator in dull, cold weather it will be removed in a few minutes by holding a kerosene light near it and opening the top ventilator. After doing this, you will notice all that damp, chilly sense of feeling is disposed of. See to this often and you will not have any roup in your flock, and you will thereby keep up the egg production. Always make the perches removable so they can be cleaned and the ends dipped into whitewash or carbolic acid water. By doing this insects are kept away easily. Many people would be surprised at the myriads of lice which swarm over birds when they are roosting on roosts not so protected.

Let us have lots of nests or they will fight for possession. About one nest for every three hens is good, if we can have room for so many. Be sure and make them removable so they can be kept free from lice. A good plan is to use nail kegs. Put them on their sides with a stringer three inches wide, against which the open end of the kegs may rest. Take these out and whitewash inside and outside once in a while and you will not be troubled with lice.

Plymouth Rocks are very good layers. Their eggs are small, but very rich in flavor. For table use you will find they have a good supply of meat on the breast. They are very hardy and can be kept on almost any soil. They also make good mothers.

I find Leghorns very good, too, for general purposes. They are a very pretty bird, and a favorite with English people.

I never put a stove in the henhouse as I find they do more harm than good. If you give good substantial food and a large run it will do more good than any artificial heat, however carefully applied. I have wooden shutters I put on the windows on very cold nights. Wash the windows once in a while to let in all the sun you can. Do not overfeed for a fat hen will not lay, but give a change of diet often.

If you will only keep an account book of the cost and gain of your hens kept in this way you will be surprised at the gain they are to you, and will no longer consider the hen as something not worth much trouble.

Horse Talk

Individual excellence is better than a lengthy pedigree.

Viciousness in a horse is usually due to training or association.

Punishing a horse for things he cannot help is one way of ruining him.

The horse weighing about 1,400 pounds is spoken of as the "handy weight".

A team that works in the field all week should never be put on the road Sundays and holidays.

Horses very often lose their eyesight through dust and hayseed falling into their eyes from the loft above.

Five minutes' vigorous work with a rough cloth on a horse's hide after a hard day's work will do him a lot of good.

The small stomach of the horse indicates the impropriety of long fasting. Feed three times a day at all times of the year.

A good pair of draft mares will perform more work on a farm than a light team and at the same time grow a pair of good colts.

If dusty hay is fed, sprinkle with water and it will save the horse much annoyance; but better not feed it at all.

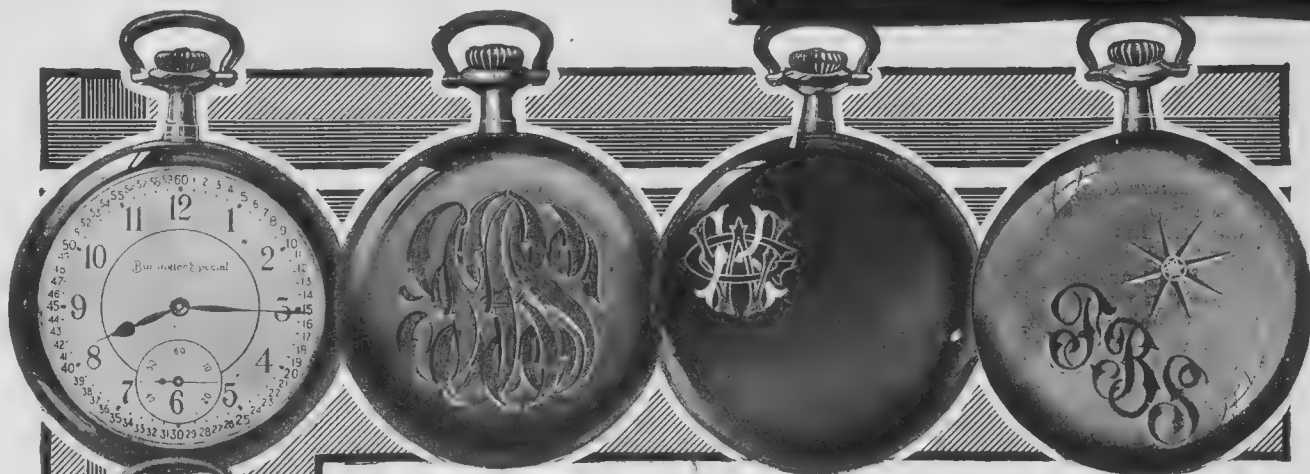
Large-boned but smoothly bred to a good-sized jack of will produce the best mules.

One-third of the success of comes through having good plough, cultivate and market with.

Moderate work is not only but beneficial to mares certainly is better than keep up in the stable or allowing out at large with other mares.

For horses that are being ground grain is better than but when concentrated feed have some light seed mixed as a divider. Bran, cut hay oat chaff, moistened, will as

A man who will work a sore shoulder and make no



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The latest products of the craft. Exquisitely beautiful. Your own initials handsomely engraved on this superb gold strata case. Your choice of *Inlay Enamel Monograms, Block and Ribbon Monograms, Diamond Set, Lodge, French Art, Dragon Designs*. Open face or hunting cases, ladies' or gentlemen's 12 and 16 sizes. A watch to suit every taste. And—DIRECT—at the rock-bottom price.

The masterpiece of watch manufacture—19 jewels—adjusted to the second—adjusted to positions—adjusted to temperatures—adjusted to isochronism.

Exquisite New Designs

in watch cases. Are winning favor everywhere. And wherever the great Burlington Special has been introduced it is noted for its wonderful time keeping qualities. Ask any railroad man what he thinks of the Burlington Special. Ranchmen, engineers and men in all walks of life whose duties require them to put a watch to the hardest test prefer the Burlington because they know they can depend upon it.

In the U. S. Navy

Every fighting vessel has the Burlington Watch aboard. The S. S. Connecticut alone has over 200 Burlingtons aboard; the Battleship Georgia has 159 Burlingtons; the new dreadnought Wyoming already has over 100 Watches. Many other battleships, such as the New Hampshire, North Carolina, Minnesota, have over 100 Burlingtons aboard.

Think of the constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical; if a watch will stand up and give accurate service abroad a man of war it will stand up everywhere.

Special

A Remarkable Special Offer

For reasons explained in our letter to you (special trade reasons) you can now get direct the Superb Burlington Watch at the rock-bottom price—the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay—and in order to encourage everybody to secure this watch at once, purchasers may pay this rock-bottom price direct from us either for cash or \$2.50 a month on this great special offer! We send the watch on approval, prepaid.

Sent—No Money Down—Prepaid. Remember, the highest grade watch direct (for special reasons, now) at the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay! You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent—unless you want this exceptional offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch.

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THE PHILOSOPHER

* * *
"THE FINEST SPEECH"

In the front rank of living orators Lord Curzon the ex-Viceroy of India, admittedly holds a conspicuous place. Recently he delivered a lecture at Cambridge on Modern Oratory. An aristocrat himself to the finger tips, he said that "oratory is essentially an aristocratic art." For illustration he cited Chatham and Burke and Sheridan, who "spoke as they lived and dressed and drank — in the grand style." There are many who will take issue with Lord Curzon in regard to that, and will point to the oratory of John Bright, Gladstone, Disraeli and others, in disproof of his assertion. Indeed, Lord Curzon himself later on in his lecture made a declaration which stands in striking contrast with his characterization of oratory as "an aristocratic art." He said:

"The finest speech in English of the last half century was delivered at Gettysburg—a speech made by a man who had been a country farmer and a district lawyer, which ranks among the glories and the treasures of mankind. I escape the task of deciding which is the masterpiece of British eloquence by awarding the prize to Abraham Lincoln."

This is a notable declaration from a man of high intellectual power and distinction, who has himself made more than one speech that deserves to be classed among the best made by public speakers now living.

* * *
TITLES IN CANADA

Mr J. H. Burnham, the Conservative member for West Peterboro, in Ontario, announces that at the present session of the Dominion Parliament he will introduce again his bill to abolish titles in Canada, which failed at the last session. It will fail again at this session, of course. Still there will be a discussion of the subject of the suitability of knight-hoods and similar titles in this country, and without doubt expression will be given to the opinion that such distinctions are not in harmony with the spirit of this Dominion. In regard to the desirability of one thing at any rate in this connection there cannot be more than one opinion, and it is to be hoped that the discussion which will probably be brought on in Parliament by the introduction of Mr. Burnham's bill may result in that one thing being forthcoming, namely, an authoritative declaration as to the manner in which the awarding of these honors to Canadians is suggested and decided upon. The question of who is responsible for the selections made and of just how far the Dominion Government is responsible for them, is a question which, sooner or later, will have to be elucidated. If the Government of the day is not responsible, it certainly should be, in order that the Canadian people should be in a position to pass judgment upon these public acts, as upon other public acts. Certainly there can be no justification, from any point of view, of uncertainty as to the origin of, and the responsibility for, titles of honor.

* * *
SUPERSTITION IN MANY FORMS

There is still much superstition in most parts of the world. It is not such a very great number of years since the red-skinned population of Western Canada believed devoutly in the power of their medicine men to drive out disease by means of uncouth, blathering incantations and prancings about grotesque and noisy ceremonies. The medicine men made an easy living and enjoyed positions of high honor as individuals believed to be in close communication with the supernatural world. Superstition is by no manner of means yet cleaned out of this country entirely; but such superstitions as still linger are not gross, and are under the surface of our lives, many of them being, in fact, rather silliness and "peculiarities" than anything more serious. But the persistence of superstition is proved by the constant cropping up of the chain letter prayer, which people, receiving it anonymously, copy but nine times, as directed, and send anonymously to nine different persons with directions to do otherwise, the form

of words thus handed on containing a warning that any person failing to obey the directions will within nine days suffer a serious calamity. It is that absurd warning, of course, not the altruistic character of the prayer which constrains so many people to give themselves the trouble of writing and addressing and mailing nine anonymous letters. They think it best to take no chances. If they ever analyzed their thinking, what a queer idea they would find themselves possessed by in regard to things supernatural. These reflections are prompted by something which the Philosopher has just been reading in a London paper—an account of a family in Higher Bockhampton, Dorchester, England, who followed the advice of a "witch," which was that they should move to another house, if they would escape the ill luck which had been pursuing them. They moved to the house specified, and they declare that there was so immediate and striking a change in their luck that they are now firm believers in the supernatural powers of the "witch" whose advice they sought. We may laugh at the credulity of these simple people, but belief in mysterious powers was common in the world long before Saul consulted the witch of Endor before his last battle with the Philistines, and in some of its guises has not yet departed from the world.

* * *
THE FIRST PEACE CENTURY

Great progress is reported by the co-operating committees in this country, Great Britain and the United States, which are making the arrangements for the celebration next year of the close of the first United States. Lord Grey is the chairman of the committee in Great Britain and Sir Edmund Walker the chairman of the Canadian committee, while the United States committee is headed by President Wilson and ex-Presidents Taft and Roosevelt. Premier Borden has given the movement the most cordial approval of the Dominion Government, saying that "the Government strongly sympathizes with and approves of its object and purpose of promoting goodwill between the nations." The Treaty of Ghent, which ended the last hostilities between the two great families of the English-speaking world, was signed on Christmas Eve, 1814, and was ratified on February 17, 1815. The winter season being judged by the committees unsuitable for open air demonstrations, the probabilities are that most of the celebrations will take place in the early summer of next year. The broad general features of the commemoration have been marked out by the joint committees. In the first place, there will be services of thanksgiving for the peace past and the peace to come, the idea being that every church should be a centre of celebration. The committees advocate that every schoolhouse also should be a centre of celebration. A number of monuments will be erected along the boundary at national capitals and in centres of population. Altogether about one hundred places in Canada are already reported as planning to hold celebrations.

* * *
A GIFT TO CANADA TAKEN AWAY AGAIN

Confirmation has arrived of the report that Canada has lost a harbor on the Pacific coast just south of the Alaska boundary line, by the movement of the vast glacier known as the Grand Pacific. Glaciers are things about which most of us have not very much definite knowledge. The Grand Pacific glacier is of great extent. Its front is some sixty miles wide. Like all glaciers, it is moving. Its movement is slow, but continuous. For many years the Grand Pacific glacier, which is situated on the shore of Glacier Bay, has been creeping towards the boundary line. As it has done so, the ocean has slowly followed it towards Canadian territory. In 1912 the movement of that great mass of ice and earth brought it across the boundary line, with the result that it provided Canada with a harbor, which gave every promise of becoming more and more commodious as the movement of the glacier continued. The importance to this country of having a harbor on the Pacific coast north of Prince Rupert and Port Simpson had long been recognized by the authorities at Ottawa and negotiations had been under consideration towards securing one. The trouble has been, as may be readily seen by glancing at a map, the long coastal strip of United States territory extending southward from Alaska. The proposal was advocated, notably by Mr. James Cornwall, whose name is so conspicuously identified with the Peace River region, that Canada should exchange some territory with the United States, in order to get the desired harbor, as a port for the extensive Canadian territory inland. But the movement of the Grand Pacific glacier brought this country the desired harbor as a free gift. Last year, however, the movement of the glacier took another direction, and now that harbor is there no longer. The glacier has taken away the harbor it gave. It has changed its motion and pushed the harbor out of existence.

THE NATIVE-BORN, AND CANADIANISM

One set of tables in the latest volume issued by the Dominion Government giving details of the census of Canada that was made in 1911 deals with the origins of the people. It is notable that, in spite of the heavy immigration, more than one half of the total increase in population in the ten years 1901-1911 is given as of Canadian birth. The emigration, which in some directions is more or less constant all the year round, and to Europe in the fall months is strikingly large, reduces seriously the gain that a simple study of the immigration figures would lead the observer to count on. In all the Provinces except Alberta and British Columbia people born in Canada are in the majority; and in Alberta and British Columbia when the people born outside Canada but in the British Empire are counted with the native-born Canadians, the resulting totals give decided majorities of the whole population. It is interesting to note the showing made in this respect by some of the cities of the Dominion. Toronto, contrary to what perhaps might have been expected, has a smaller percentage of native-born than Montreal, the figures for the two cities being 91.18 and 90.81 per cent, respectively. On the other hand, Winnipeg has only 44.08 per cent of its population native born. Vancouver's percentage of native-born is smaller, namely, 43.80, which is within a shade of Calgary's percentage. Noteworthy and satisfactory is the fact that some of the places with the smaller proportions of native-born are strongest in their demonstrations of Canadianism. When the birthplace is not home, home means vastly more than the birthplace, which is in such cases only a memory, or it may be not even that but a mere tradition, while home is the central fact of actual life.

* * *
A PROPOSED WOMEN'S PARTY

The recently enfranchised women of Kansas, or at least as many of them as were represented by the delegates assembled in the convention recently held in Topeka, contemplate the formation of a Women's Party in that State, distinct from the already existing political parties. There were 250 delegates at the convention, and they professed to represent the 275,000 women voters of Kansas. The object of the convention, it was announced, was "to consider ways and means of promoting the distinctive interests of women, political and social." With much enthusiasm it was decided to organize a Women's Party for political action, and to call upon all the women of the State to hold themselves aloof from the other political parties and give their support to the new party. It was pointed out that by keeping solidly together and holding the balance of power between the "men's parties," the women can dictate their own terms and force the men to do their bidding. The first plank of this new political party is: "Equal property rights between husband and wife." If this proposed political division on sex lines is going to be actually carried into operation, it will assuredly cause a heap of trouble in Kansas.

* * *
THE GREATNESS OF A NATION

The Minister of Finance, Hon. W. T. White, in a recent speech gave expression to a truth which would result in measureless good if everybody in Canada would act upon it. "The lesson of history," he said, in referring to the development of the Dominion, "is that the greatness of a nation rests not upon its material or intellectual achievements, or upon its possession of vast territory and resources, but upon the character and morality of its citizens." It was a trite and obvious thing to say, of course. You may speak of it as a familiar and homely truth, or you may characterize it as a glittering generality. But it is undeniable that it is a truth, and that the greatest good that could happen to our country would be to have it driven home into the mind of every Canadian. The mere repetition of the words means little, in itself. There is no magic formula for the regeneration of the national life, any more than there is for the regeneration of the life of the individual person. The truth must be laid to heart and made a guiding principle; if that is done, it does not matter in the least if it never finds expression in words. We may go on reckoning up the expansion of Canada's production and measuring our country's resources and all that, but nothing that can be expressed in figures is the fundamental factor essentially necessary in making Canada great. Integrity and high character in the individual Canadian must be the foundation. A nation can be no greater than its individual citizens make it, and its national character can be no more than the summing up of the characters of its citizens as individuals. High purpose and morality cannot be legislated effectively into the national life of a country until they have first been developed in the individual lives of its citizens.

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In the Smugglers' Cave

By Mona Maxwell.

Auntie gave the boat a big shove down into the water, and we were off!

Betty and Billy took an oar each, Peggy and I took the other two, and we rowed merrily away, and away. The boat bobbed up and down on the big curly waves in ripping style. Marjorie and Jock, the two little ones, sat in the stern, and we gave them lollipops to keep them still.

We were going to have a picnic on the "Silver Strand," just two miles on along the coast; it's our favorite spot. But when we had nearly reached it, I got an idea—How jolly it would be to go to the "Smugglers' Cave" instead!—only perhaps Betty wouldn't agree.

I'm Phil, and the biggest boy in the family, and I can easily get the others to do as I like; but Betty is a year older, and always wants her own way. She was soon persuaded, though, when I told her what a splendid place it was for all sorts of adventures.

So we turned our boat and rowed back again, along past our snug little cottage on the beach. We called out to Auntie as we passed, for we wanted her to know we had changed our plans; but she was nowhere to be seen.

When we reached the caves the tide was right in, so we had to fasten our boat to one of the rocks, then get out and climb along from one rock to another until we reached the caves. They were so very dark inside, and it seemed so much jollier out in the sunshine, that we just paddled about, hunting for crabs and things amongst the seaweedy rocks.

After that, we were so hungry that we waded out to the boat for our hamper of goodies, and hauled it up on to a big flat rock close by. Then we all sat down and ate up everything. We couldn't make a fire, for there weren't any sticks about; and, anyway, the wind would have blown it out.

We were all so glad we didn't go to the "Silver Strand." It was far more fun having a picnic in the middle of the sea—at least, having the water all round us. The little ones just laughed and chuckled to themselves with the jollity of it all; even Betty didn't grumble, as she mostly does when it's not her adventure.

Just when I was in the middle of telling them an exciting story, Peggy called out:

"Oh, look! There's a storm coming on!"

We all looked up, and, sure enough, the sky was black with clouds, and the sea had changed too. It seemed to have risen twice as high.

Suddenly there was a loud crash of thunder, then another, and another, right over our heads. Then came a bright flash of lightning, and the sea burst into a loud roar.

We were so surprised that we couldn't move, until a big wave washed over our boat.

"Quick! Quick!" cried Betty. "Jump in and let's make for home."

So we got in as fast as anything, and rowed away with all our might. But when we reached the headland we found we could not get beyond it at all—the wind was awful! It just twirled our boat round and round like a spinning top.

What were we to do? I tried to think hard. It was no use asking Betty, she is always so delighted when we are in for an adventure, and dreadful things seem likely to happen. We couldn't climb the cliffs, they were far too high.

There was nothing for it but to go back to the "Smugglers' Cave" and wait till the storm was over. We turned our boat and started for the caves again. We really thought we would never get there, for every time we gained a little, a big wave would come and send us back again. Billy and I knew that the lives of all depended on our good rowing, so we put our whole strength into it, and Betty and Peggy did the same.

At last we reached the caves. We had to make wild jumps for the rocks, and let the boat go, as it was impos-

(Continued on Page 31)

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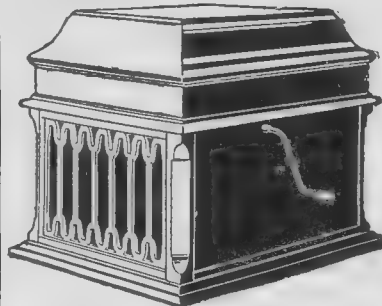
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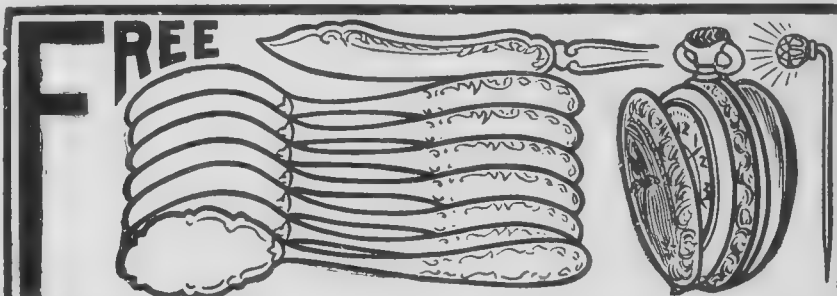
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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

"I ACCEPT THE UNIVERSE"

Nature's laws indicate the divine program. These laws are in operation in your body and brain. You would do well to study them, and know them. You cannot break the laws of nature, but they may break you. He who, by the neglect of the body, violates the laws of nature breaks his health—and shortens his life. . . And there are no exceptions. Nature is absolutely democratic. King and clown, prince and peasant, giant and pigmy, millionaire and beggar, all stand or fall as they obey or disobey the law. Nature has no favorites. "I'll accept the universe," is reported to have been a favorite utterance of the New England transcendentalist, Margaret Fuller; and when some one repeated this phrase to Thomas Carlyle, his sardonic comment is said to have been: "Gad! she'd better!"

THE TIME CLOCK

Punch the time clock early in life. An hour before you are forty is worth a day after you are in your fifth decade, albeit, when you are forty-five you will have no time to spare. When you are young be generous with your money, if you will, but let no man rob you of your time. You may find an infallible "hair restorer" (we have not), but Time never comes back. The early year are of more importance than the later years, because, for some achievements, the brain is more flexible. Dr. Samuel Johnson, the English philosopher, said:—"John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do."

OVER CONFIDENT

The best phrenological blend is large caution linked with large hope. The man who possesses this blend of mental qualities will probably be the possessor of a "square" head—broad in the width of the brow, broad in its background and broad between the ears. Mark the specifications: "Large Caution linked with Large Hope." Hope lead us forward. Caution lead us right. . . Alexander K. McClure says concerning General Hooker, who failed as a general through over confidence:—"He was a gay cavalier, alert and confident, overflowing with animal spirits, and as cheery as a boy. One of his most frequent expressions when talking with the President was, 'When I get to Richmond,' or 'After we have taken Richmond,' etc. The President, noting this, said to me confidently, and with a sigh: 'That is the most depressing thing about Hooker. It seems to me that he is over-confident.'

PETER COOPER

Get through with chance, luck and fate. The "lucky" circumstance usually favors the man who is the master of events. "Get-rich-quick" schemes usually land the fools of finance in the ditch of dire poverty. The man who gets his money "easy" has no proper conception of its value. Easy come, easy go. In Lester's Life of Peter Cooper, we read: "In his seventeenth year, stirred with a higher ambition, the boy came to New York to start in life for himself. He had accumulated \$10 of his own money, and, thinking to augment it rapidly, he invested his capital in a lottery ticket. He lost it, of course, as millions of older fools have since. But he never regretted it, and he often recalled the fact with good-humor and thankfulness, for he said it was 'the cheapest piece of knowledge he ever bought.'"

REMORSE

There is a safe path in life. There are some things which always work out well. Sympathy creates love. Kindness wins tender regard. Careful consideration for others creates social respect. The years will tell. Humanity does not forget. The memory of some individual soul will enshrine thee. And, then, listen to thine own memory. What of that? Would you have your memory be kind to thee—then, be kind to thy memory. T. De Witt Talmage is using a classic illustration when he says: "Thomas Carlyle spent the last twenty years of his life in trying by his pen to atone for the fact that during his wife's life he never appreciated her influence on his career and destiny. Alas, that having taken her from a beautiful home and a brilliant career, he should have buried her in the home of a recluse and scolded her in such language as only a dyspeptic genius could use, until one day when in her invalidism riding in Hyde Park, her pet dog was run over, and under the excitement the coachman found her dead."

JOY

Get a little joy out of every day. A little laughter, a little rest, a little music, a little exercise, a little diversion and a little recreation. The great journey which you have planned for yourself may never materialize. That beautiful vacation which you dream of may never occur. The plans of life are apt to prove a disappointment. Joys, pleasures and mountain top experiences are prone to come into our lives as surprises. So watch the passing hour and make the most of to-day. "When I was a boy," said Thackeray, "I wanted some taffy. It was a shilling; I hadn't one. When I was a man I had a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy."

HONOR YOUR CO-LABORER

A big man always gathers big men around him, and he rejoices not only in his own success but in the equally successful achievements of those who are laboring with him. Andrew Carnegie had thirty partners who helped him to achieve his "three hundred million," and whom he never ceased to honor. Brave generals have, again and again, praised their subordinates, and screened themselves, modestly, from public applause, while the commander who has insisted upon having all the credit, has gone down in history with a questionable reputation. How generous was Admiral Nelson in lavishing praise—"If I were to make all my brave officers admirals I should have no captains or lieutenants left."

ARNOLD OF RUGBY

Every man of average success is a social superior to somebody. If you belong to the successful class somebody "looks up to you". Since you have been successful you ought to be kind—kind to everybody, because everybody has assisted you in your success. You are meeting people every day who regard you with awe, and therefore hesitate to approach you. You should know this, and walk in the garments of a noble simplicity. It will be well for you if you can create a reputation for "approachability". Here are two compliments paid to Arnold of Rugby: "I never knew such a humble man as the Doctor," said the parish clerk at Laleham, after he had revisited it from Rugby; "he comes and shakes us by the hand as if he was one of us." "He used to come into my house," said an old woman near his place in Westmoreland, "and talk to me as if I was a lady."

SIZE HIM UP

Study human nature. Everything about a man—his hair, complexion, garments, language and gestures—is an indication of character. Your first impression, even though you cannot analyze it, is apt to be correct. You can tell much from a man's conversation. Poor grammar indicates a lack of mental training. "Slang" would seem to suggest inferior associations. Vulgarly in manner speaks poor breeding. You should be able to take humanity and scientifically sort, arrange and classify. Lord Chesterfield said to his son: "You must look into people, as well as at them. Almost all people are born with all the passions, to a certain degree; but almost every man has a prevailing one, to which the others are ordinate."

HOW MUCH IT COSTS

I have read scores of volumes to find something fit to quote and comment upon in the columns of The Western Home Monthly, for through the pages of this periodical I address a vast multitude, but in all my searchings I have seldom found anything sweeter than this closing paragraph and I pass it over without comments: "It was Ary Scheffer's mother whose beautiful features the painter so loved to reproduce in his pictures of Beatrice, St. Monica, and others of his works—that encouraged his study of art, and by great self-denial provided him with the means of pursuing it. While living at Dordrecht in Holland, she first sent him to Lille to study, and afterwards to Paris; and her letters to him, while absent, were always full of sound, motherly advice and affectionate womanly sympathy. 'If you could but see me,' she wrote on one occasion, 'kissing your picture, then, after a while, taking it up again, and, with a tear in my eye, calling you 'my beloved son,' you would comprehend what it costs me to use sometimes the stern language of authority, and to occasion to you moments of pain. . . . Work diligently—be, above all, modest and humble; and when you find yourself excelling others, then compare what you have done with Nature itself, or with the 'ideal' of your own mind, and you will be secured, by the contrast which will be apparent, against the effects of pride and presumption.'"

SHORT CUTS

This is the age of the short cut. Humanity is seated at the "quick lunch" counter. Our garments are repaired while we "wait." Our teeth are extracted "without pain." We read of a scientific religion to be learned in a course of twelve lessons, "French in Six Weeks," the "Science of Health" in three volumes, and "every man his own lawyer." In view of these things, it is interesting to con the words of a certain college professor who resides in the United States: "Nothing but steady and undivided attention can enable one to master a foreign language. All this 'Latin without a Master,' and 'Greek in Six Weeks,' is the merest catchpenny humbug. One must read and translate hundreds of pages from the foreign into the native, and from the native into the foreign tongue, before one can use either correctly. I know of only three Germans in the United States who have mastered English: I mean Mr. Carl Schurz, the late Professor Schem, and John B. Stallo of Ohio; and of only one American who has mastered German, Mr. Bayard Taylor. The rest are mere smatterers, who have learned just enough 'to get along;' and this is all they wanted to do."

HIGH LIVERS

The poor student needs little of our sympathy. He has a strange faculty for "getting there." He not only carries off the prizes in college, but he walks around his wealthier comrades after he gets out of college. Plain living and high thinking reside on the same street; and the student who marches to the silvery jingle of a full pocket has a strange way of gravitating toward the rear end of the class. The following will interest our student friends in Manitoba and elsewhere: "A dispatch from New Haven states that the Yale 'high livers' have got a bad blow in Dean Wright's report on scholarship. It appears that the wealthy students living in the expensive private dormitories are, in general, very poor scholars. What does the Dean imagine they go to college for, anyway? To become pale-faced grubbers in books? Well, hardly. And to offset all the doleful figures about poor standing, they have another set which is a complete vindication of their course. Of the eighty men recently taken into the junior fraternities, seventy came from the dormitories with Persian apparatus, and only eight from the poverty-stricken rooms on the campus. The sooner our college authorities find out that in social advantages all the honor lies, the sooner they will show that they understand their Philistia."

A SPLENDID EXCUSE

An excuse is an agreeable reason which a man presents when he refuses to do something which he does not care to do. Instead of coming out bluntly and affirming, positively, "I won't do it," he offers an "excuse." That is, he gives an agreeable reason for not doing that which his neighbor requests. And it is well to have an excuse. It very often seems to be a social necessity. It certainly adds a covering of velvet to the hard wood of life's equipment. A solid man presents a solid excuse. I cannot think of a better excuse, in a matter of a questionable amusement, than that a young man should be able to say: "I promised my mother—or my wife—or my fair friend—that I would not do this thing." Dr. J. M. Buckley writes: "Edward Payson Weston, who is in his line as much of a wonder as the Wright Brothers, will not walk as a show or for pay on Sunday. Thirty or forty years ago his mother asked him to promise that he would not exhibit himself or his walking in any way on Sunday, and he has never broken the promise."

BE POSITIVE

When you are ignorant, be silent. When you are informed—be positive. Positive, not so much in having your own way, as in expressing your own conviction. In many cases it is wise to act with men against your own judgment—but let your judgment be known. By and by, he "who headed for a hole," when he has reached the dismal spot will remember that you expressed a judgment which would have led him in a safer and sander direction. But have a mind of your own and, where your own destiny is involved, not only express your own views, but follow your own judgment. The partner of Abraham Lincoln said: "The question has never yet been answered. While he was never vain or boastful of his accomplishments, no one was more conscious of his own signal strength, his innate ability to sway, his power to convince. 'It is absurd,' wrote John Hay, 'to call Lincoln a modest man. No really great man was ever modest. It was his intellectual arrogance and unconscious assumption of superiority that such men as Sewar, Chase, and Sumner could never forgive.'"

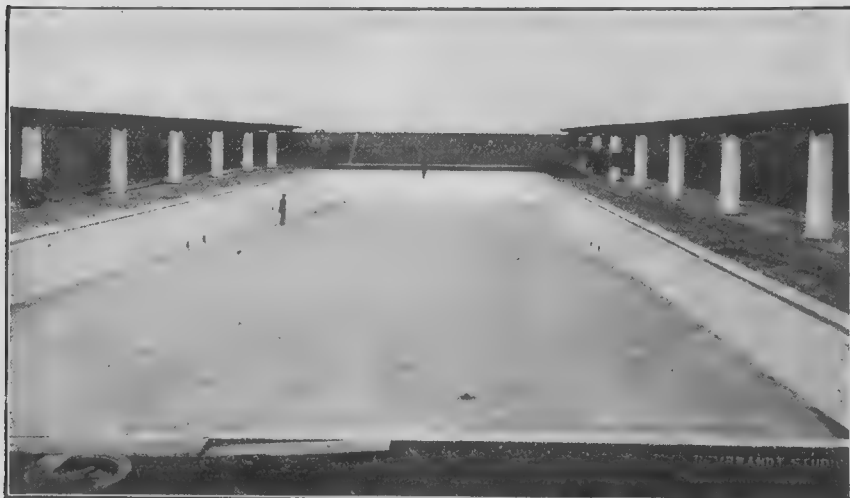
(Continued from Page 29)

sible to secure it. Then we scrambled from one slippery rock to another, clinging tightly when the waves washed over us, until we were inside the "Smugglers' Cave."

We huddled together there, all dripping wet, and each time the huge waves hurled themselves against the cliff the water came pouring into the cave, reaching nearer and nearer us. We moved farther and farther back—still it came closer. Then we climbed up on to a jutting-out piece of rock. There was just room for the six of us, and we had to hold the little ones tightly for fear they should fall off; and even then it seemed as if the waves would dash over us and wash us all away.

Billy said we had better hurry up to the far end of the cave. I didn't quite want to do that, because I hoped some passing boat might see us, for Auntie would never know where to send for us, as she thought we had gone to the "Silver Strand." A fishing boat did go by, and we all jumped up in great excitement. We waved our handkerchiefs and shouted as loudly as ever we could; but it was too far away, and they did not hear or see us.

We slid down off the ledge and made a rush for a safe part—just in time—before a big wave coming in had caught us! It was quite dark farther up, and as we groped our way along, we kept stumbling against bits of rocks and things.



New Athletic Park Swimming Pool, Winnipeg

No one spoke, but we all kept very closely together. Then Billy found the end of a candle in his pocket, and I had a box of matches with me; so we lit it, and everyone cheered up.

At last we came to the very far end of the cave, and we found there were lots of smaller ones leading out of it. We couldn't see how far they went, they were so dark; but I thought the smallest one would be the most likely to lead into some long passage out on to the beach, perhaps near our cottage.

I made up my mind to explore it, and find the way out; but the others wouldn't come, it looked so fearsome. Of course, Peg said she would follow—she is my chum, and as plucky as any boy. Betty said they would wait till we came back. So they sat down together, Billy holding the bit of candle, for they didn't want to be left in the dark. I had my box of matches with me, and I needed them, for it was just pitch dark farther on.

By-and-by the passage got so narrow that we had to crawl along on hands and knees. There was no room to turn round, even if we wanted to; and I wondered if we could crawl backwards all that long way, supposing we didn't come to any larger place where we could turn.

We kept creeping along, just whispering to each other for company. Somehow we felt as if we couldn't speak out loudly. It wasn't quite so lonely when we could hear the voices of the others chattering. When we got farther on we couldn't hear them at all—the stillness was so strange.

Peg stopped whispering, for she was getting dreadfully scared, and I couldn't comfort her, for I didn't quite like it myself. It began to get lighter, and—oh, joy—we came to the end of that

awful tunnel at last, and found ourselves in another large cave. We couldn't imagine why it was so light, and looking all round we discovered several chinks in the roof, through which we could see the blue sky.

We also found rough steps cut out in the rock and leading up to the largest opening; there was such a distance between each step, I knew it would mean a pretty stiff climb up, if we could ever get to the top. I meant to have a try, anyway.

It was even harder than it looked, but we managed to reach the top, and found we could get out on to the cliffs. Then we climbed down again. This was ever so much harder than going up. We didn't know we had got up so high until we looked down; and it seemed as if a deep pit were beneath us, for we could not see the floor of the cave, it was so dark.

We reached the bottom again safely, and I felt I must find some other way out, for how were Jock and Marjorie to climb up all that way? They would surely be killed.

There must be a passage out to the beach somewhere. I told Peg to wait while I had a search up another tunnel on the opposite side. So I crept in, and went on and on. Oh, it was lonesome! I shut my eyes too keep out the darkness, but I couldn't help shrivelling up with fright, and I wondered if explorers felt like funking it when the time came for them to be brave.

I had only three matches left, and I daren't use them, because we were sure to need them later. But as there seemed no end to this passage, I turned—there was just room for that—and when I got back I found Peg awfully frightened, for she had seen a bundle of rags in the corner and was sure there must be a witchy woman underneath them. I stirred them about to show her there was nothing to be afraid of. I expect they had been clothes of some of the smugglers of long ago.

Then we crawled into the long tunnel again. Peggy led this time, and I wished she hadn't, for every now and then I got such a kick, when she gave a sudden push back, thinking she felt a beetle.

We reached the others after a long, long time, and found them as terrified as could be, for their candle had gone out, and the mad roar of the waters dashing against the rocks made a thundery noise in the cave.

There was no time to be lost, so they followed us at once into the tunnel we had just come through. It was slow work, and we hardly breathed as we crept along, we were so anxious to get through. It seemed ages till we reached the escape cave.

Then we started the most difficult part of all—climbing up those jaggy steps. Peg and I went first, and when we got through the opening we let down Peg's sash and the others held on to it. This helped them a lot, only it nearly pulled us down again. The little ones had to catch on to Betty in front, and Billy went last to push them.

It took a terrible time, but they all got safely up, and we just hurraed with joy! It was so dark we didn't know which way to go, and the storm was still raging.

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We all caught hands and walked on. After a bit we saw a little star of light, and as we got nearer we found it came from a cottage; so we hurried up to it and knocked.

Who should open it but old Kathy, the apple-woman! We told her we had lost our way, and she put on her cloak and bonnet, and said she would take us home herself.

So we hurried along with her, and very soon we reached our cottage.

And there was Auntie waiting for us! We felt so happy, we just rushed into her arms.

"Oh, you darlings!" she said. "How glad, glad, glad I am to have you back again!"

The Money Affairs of Children

By Zelia Margaret Walters

One day last summer a mother took her children to a popular picnic park. After the fashion of children, they came to her at frequent intervals throughout the day with requests for money for pony rides, merry-go-round trips, ice-cream, and all the things that children think essential to their pleasure on such occasions. When the mother counted up at night, she was astonished to find how much money had been spent.

had planned, they learned to resist this temptation. Once the Salvation Army man called, taking a collection for the poor. The small boy rushed upstairs, and brought down all his cash but the Sunday-school penny. The mother felt that she ought to remonstrate here. The generosity was beautiful, but he was certain to regret it the next day, when little sister went to purchase her valentines for which they had been saving for several weeks. And the mother knew that nothing is so fatal to the true spirit of charity as a gift thoughtlessly given and afterward begrudged.

By the suggestion that can always be given in stories, the mother gradually trained them to buy less candy and satisfy their appetites with some harmless indulgence. When the children were a year older, their allowance was increased a cent a week.

In one of the recent magazines, a writer argued against giving children an allowance, saying that it gave them the feeling that the world owed them a living. In my experience I would draw an inference exactly opposite. The child who is accustomed to receive whatever sum he asks for from his parents, would be very likely to get this irresponsible feeling, but one who has a definite sum to depend upon, and knows that he must use it wisely, develops a sense of thrift. The child in a well-conducted home al-



Irrigation Dam at Bassano, Alta.

"I think," she said to her husband, "that our present method with the children will make spendthrifts of them. They have no idea of the value of money."

When next they were going to the park, the mother gave to each child a sum of money in his own pocketbook. She explained that this money was for the picnic, and when it was spent they could not have more. They considered the spending of money carefully, often consulting with their mother. They weighed different things, and decided which they would rather have, and, when the money was gone, there was no coaxing or whining.

The mother decided, too, that each child should have a weekly allowance, instead of coming to her with their little wants. The children were five and six years old, and they were given five cents a week each. The first week the money was all spent the first afternoon. They bought some wee dolls that cost a penny apiece, some marbles, and the rest went for candy. On Sunday they were sadly distressed because they had no pennies for Sunday-school. Mother did not supply any, and they never forgot again. In a very short time they wanted things that cost more than five cents, and so they learned to deny themselves and save for a definite object. After that, at mother's suggestion, they put a penny in the bank each week—that bank that was to take them through college by and by. Of course they made many mistakes, but the parents argued that it was better to make the mistakes with the pennies than with the dollars after awhile. When the other children first learned that they had money, they used to coax them into foolish expenditures, but after a few appointments in getting things that they

ways has some little duties, and, while he should regard them as a labor of love and not feel that he is specifically paid for them, yet they make him, to the extent of his ability, a part of the working household, and thus give him a share of its earnings.

One mother wisely phrased it, "This is your salary, because you are our dear little boy."

Mark Twain's First Five Dollars

While travelling on a train Mark Twain was once asked by a friend and fellow-passenger if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively on his cigar, "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster I attended school at a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of five dollars or public chastisement.

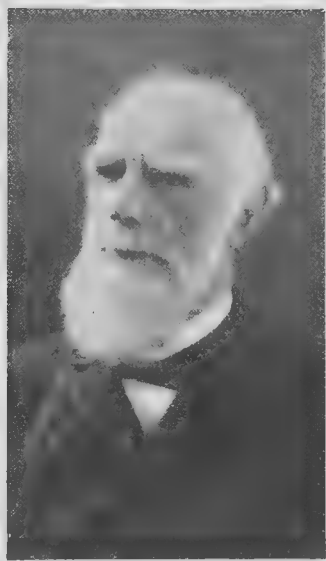
"Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished he gave me the five dollars. At that period of my existence five dollars was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so—" here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first five dollars."

The man who only advertises once or twice and expects to reap a harvest of trade is a detriment to a good Advertising Medium.

We want you but we want you to stay.

Death of Lord Strathcona

The Right Honorable Lord Strathcona passed peacefully away in his sleep on the morning of January 21st, at his London residence; at the time the family were grouped around the bed. The career of this distinguished man is so well known throughout Canada, more especially in Western Canada, that it is not necessary to enlarge upon it here, suffice it to say that it has been given to but few men to render such remarkable and eminent services to the Dominion and to the Empire at large. In every activity that has helped Canada to its present prominent position he played a leading part and up to the very last worked with the wonderful energy that characterized his life, to forward the interests of the land he loved so well. Lord Strathcona was born in the ancient town of Forres in Morayshire, Scotland, on August 6th, 1820, and the little house in which he first saw the light of day is still standing. His father was Alexander Smith, a small tradesman of Archieston, who was born in the parish of Knocando; his mother was Barbara Stuart of



The Late Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Lainchoil, Abernethy. After leaving school and having had some experience in a law office he decided to enter the service of The Hudson's Bay Company. Shortly after his arrival in Canada he was assigned to the Labrador Coast, where he spent thirteen years in what is commonly called "the bleakest corner of the earth". As in all other undertakings he quickly rose in the service, because, as one authority says, he did all things so well and so systematically. While in Labrador, Donald A. Smith as he then was, met and married Isabella Sophia Hardisty, who was his devoted helpmate for about 65 years. She pre-deceased him in London late in last year. In 1886 he was created a Knight by Queen Victoria. In 1897 at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, Her Majesty bestowed a further significant mark of Royal favor on the "Grand Old Man" of Canada by elevating him to the Peerage of the United Kingdom as Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal of Glencoe and Montreal. For several years past the late distinguished nobleman contributed a New Year's article to the January issue of The Western Home Monthly and his last words to Western Canada can be found in last month's number.

The Black Wolf

Written for the Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten.

I.

The Long White Trail

"MUSH, curse you! Mush on!" The thin, lanky Indian, holding the tail line of the great sled, cracked his whip loudly over the backs of the cowering malamutes. He spoke mechanically and without spirit. It is doubtful whether he knew he was giving the command; doubtful too whether the weary dogs realized he was addressing them. For three weeks now he had uttered the same cry at least a hundred times daily, and each time his voice had echoed strangely through a silence that could be felt—echoed and died away into distance through the timbered slopes above, to be succeeded by the hiss of the runners over the snow, and the labored panting of the five malamutes.

Breaking trail ahead of the sled was a second woodsman—not an Indian but a white man. He was young and slight of figure. His face too, which peered out from a fur hood, jewelled and caked with ice crystals, was the face of a youth, though today it was grim and haggard. Now and then, as he walked, the lids of his eyes drooped till they were almost

closed, then with an effort he would rouse himself and stumble on with renewed energy.

Inside the sled, so swathed in furs that not even the tip of his nose was visible, lay a third woodsman, who took no part in the grim monotony of the day's routine. "Mush, curse you! Mush on!"

Again the Indian cracked his whip, but as he did so the hiss of the runners ceased. The leading sled dog calmly lay down in its tracks, breathing heavily.

"Supper time, Henry," William stated, "Thought I wouldn't disturb you till you woke. I tell you, you're blame lucky to be able to sleep all day while we mush—the trail's in awful shape."

"Wish I could sleep at right time instead," muttered the sick man. "What was you shooting at, William?"

"A wolf, Henry, it was a black wolf! I saw it distinctly against the snow under the trees there. It was standing watching us till I got the rifle, then it was off like a shot."

"That's kind of strange," muttered Henry, sipping from the spoon William held to his lips. "I heard queer tales about black wolves. They reckon they carry the devil inside them, but all wolves do, for that matter."

For a moment William was silent, then he said, "I only ever heard of one black wolf—that was the one as killed old Colbert Lessing two years ago. It ran up behind his sled when he was mushing out with caribou meat for the Mission Station and pulled him down."

"When was that?"

"Two years ago. On this very trail."

"Same wolf?"

"Dunno. Hardly think so. One of its whelps, likely. Here, drink up before it freezes."

Henry swallowed down the remainder of the soup, and all his duties performed William crept into the sleeping bag beside the Indian, but not to sleep. The incidents of the day hung in his tired mind as an unwholesome scent might hang in the nostrils.

"Henry," he said at length.

"Yes, William."

"I was thinking, Henry, them wolves have been following us two or three days now. I've noticed the dogs bristling and looking round every now and then, as though they winded something."

"Game must be scarce," Henry suggested, "or they wouldn't follow us."

"Game is scarce," stated William. "It's scarce because they're too blamed abundant. I believe there are more wolves up and down this creek than anywhere in Alaska. Say, when they found old Lessing he had his knife in his hand and they reckoned he must have slashed the wolf some round the neck. There was hair about, and a bit of an ear. That's how they knew it must have been

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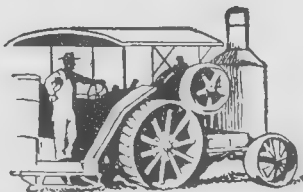
A distilled refined product, not a mixture. Gives full power always. Does not carbonize in cylinder. Best and most reliable gasoline on the market.

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Recommended by leading engine builders. Used by every kerosene engine in the Winnipeg Motor Contest of 1912.

Premier Gasoline and Silver Star are carried in bulk at over 300 Imperial Oil Company stations throughout western Canada. Fill your own tank wagon or steel barrels and avoid leakage and waste. Price list at any agency.



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BIG LAND OPENING

76,000 Acres of Choice Fruit and Agricultural Lands Thrown Open—Most Wonderful Opportunity for Those Who Are "Land Hungry" Ever Known in the History of Land Openings—A Proposition that Will Probably Never Again Be Equalled!

ACT NOW—No Chance For You to Lose—Registrations Accepted BY MAIL

If you are Eligible according to the Classifications given below—and if you are weary of the drudgery and toil of a small wage or salary or from renting someone else's land, with the cost of living soaring skyward—or if from any cause you have failed to realize the freedom and independence you have longed for—why don't you send in your Registration for this great Land Opening NOW? You have everything that makes life worth living to GAIN, you can't possibly lose.

LISTEN! Down in the Missouri Ozarks, about 4 hours' ride by rail southwest of St. Louis (the fourth city in size and importance in the United States) there's a tract of 76,000 Acres of Fine Agricultural and Fruit Land that has been thrown open. It's all high land—1,000 feet above sea level—not an acre of swamp land in the entire tract. Right in the Missouri Ozark Fruit Belt. Finest kind of soil, too—mainly a rich, sandy loam, varying from deep black to coffee color. It is a soil remarkably adapted to the production of the very finest fruit, both in quality and color. Besides growing many kinds of fruit in abundance, adjacent lands are now growing as high as 75 bushels of corn per acre, fine wheat, oats, alfalfa and all other staple crops. The climate is most healthful and invigorating—typhoid, malaria and ague are practically unknown, and there is an abundance of exceptionally fine spring water, and besides—wells sunk to a depth of from 20 to 100 feet find an unfailing supply of pure water. Ponds and cisterns are easily made and an ample annual rainfall of 42 inches keeps them filled.

Why Has Development Been Delayed?

A natural question—the reason is also a natural one—Previous Lack of Railroad Transportation. We NOW have a railroad—The Missouri Southern Railroad—runs right through the 76,000 Acres and about 70 per cent of same lies from adjoining to within 3½ miles of the Railroad. So now the next step is to get the people. No doubt you remember when a few years ago the Northern Pacific (from a portion of their extensive holdings) gave away one 160 Acre Tract out of every 640 Acres, as an inducement to settle up the country. Railroads on account of having a money-making-after-consideration-in-view can easily do what private companies cannot afford to do, therefore, to accomplish our purpose, a portion of our Extensive Holdings is being included in this most remarkable, unusual and

liberal Land Opening, the like of which we feel quite positive will never again be equalled in the HISTORY OF THIS COUNTRY, the disposing of which will, of course very naturally increase the value of the remaining Acreage to many times what it would have been worth without this Opening and the Settlers. Then, BESIDES, there's our NEW Townsite of FRUIT CITY which we have recently "Laid Out," located on the Missouri Southern Railroad adjoining the big 3,000 Acre Orchard. There will be 5,000 Business and Residence Lots in Fruit City, but NONE of the Lots will be included in this Opening. Fruit City has a great future. There is no doubt in our minds at all but what it will reach the 5,000 mark in less than twenty-four months after the Opening. A FULL BLOCK upon which

to erect the Court House will be set aside; and since five-sixths of the people NOW in the Country live along the railroad, we should experience but very little difficulty, if any, in moving the County Seat to Fruit City when the time comes to vote, as the County Seat is at present located at a little inland village eight miles from the railroad with a population of 300. Well then, what does all this mean to Fruit City? It should mean a thriving, prosperous and substantial City of several thousand within a very short time after the Opening and at least a HALF MILLION DOLLARS NET to our Association from the Sale of the 5,000 Lots. Not a LOT will be offered for Sale in this anticipated future Metropolis until ON and AFTER the OPENING DAY.

"These" Circumstances Make Possible "Your" Opportunity

This 76,000 Acre Tract is to be divided into 5,000 Farms as follows: 3,600, 10-Acre Farms; 1,200, 20-Acre Farms; 100, 40-Acre Farms; 50, 80-Acre Farms; and 50 160-Acre Farms. It does not follow, however, that the first 5,000 Registrants will secure the 5,000 Farms. This Opening will be conducted in a manner somewhat unlike the method which has prevailed at Government Land Openings, the important difference being as follows: When the Government conducts a Land Opening, the NAME of each Registrant (regardless of the NUMBER of Registrants) is included in the Opening, consequently there are always considerably more Registrants than there are Farms to be distributed. To guard against disappointments of this nature, we have made the following provisions: The opening will include, besides the 5,000 separate Farms, a 3,000-Acre Orchard, consisting of 2,500 Acres of Apples, 300 Acres of Peaches and 200 Acres of Grapes, Now being Developed, Improved and Equipped, at an expense of about Four Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars. It will be one of the largest, and most highly developed and finest equipped Orchards in the world. It is being equipped with 40 Tenement Houses; 1 Winery, including all necessary Presses, Tuns, Cellars and Build-

ings; Complete Vinegar Plant, including all up-to-date Equipment, Electrical and otherwise; 1 Complete Cider Mill Plant, including Storage Tanks and all up-to-date Equipment, Electrical and otherwise; 1 Complete Canning Factory and Buildings, including all up-to-date Equipment, Electrical and otherwise; 2 Evaporating Houses; 2 Fruit Packing Sheds; 40 Fruit Spraying Outfits; 1 Large Cold Storage Plant; 1 Large Cool Storage Warehouse; 1 Large Hotel; 5 Large Barns; 100 Head of Mules and Harness; 50 Farm Wagons; 50 Turning Plows; 50 Cultivators; 50 Double Shovels; 50 No. "A" Harrows and a number of Sprouting Hooks, Pruning Knives, Saws, Axes and a lot of other miscellaneous Equipment sufficient to thoroughly equip an Orchard of this magnitude.

Now every person whose Registration is accepted for this Land Opening will secure either a Farm or 100 Shares of Orchard Stock but no Registration will be accepted unless the Registrant pays the small Registration Fee of \$15; this entitles him to one Contract and a Full-Paid-Up-Certificate and he will be sure to receive at the Opening (without having to pay us any more than the \$15) one of the 5,000 Tracts of Land or 100 Shares of Stock in the 3,000-Acre Orchard. Remember, that the

Abstracts are held in Trust by the OLD COLONY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK, of Chicago, Ill., and that they CERTIFY every Full-Paid-Up Certificate that goes out to each Registrant. The Deed and Abstracts will be turned over by the BANK on Day of Opening and will show the 76,000 Acres FREE of ALL incumbrances.

You will be given a Warranty Deed and Abstracts to the Land, which means that you will be the sole and undisputed possessor of that particular Tract of Land. No additional cost will be made for the preparation of Deed and Abstract. Moreover, while we are very anxious to have everyone who gets a Farm move on to it, you are under no obligations to do so. You don't have to live on it, improve it, or do anything with it unless you want to. If you get 100 Shares of Orchard Stock there will be no further assessments, because the Stock is Fully Paid and Non-Assessable. You will simply own 100 Shares of Stock in what promises to be the most complete, best equipped and biggest paying Fruit and Orchard Enterprise this country has ever seen. However, each Unit included in the Opening will be of as nearly equal value as humanly possible.

Opening to be at Fruit City—You Don't Have to Attend

The Opening will be held at Fruit City and will occur as soon after the closing of Registration as arrangements can be made. The date of same will be announced at least 30 days in advance, and Plots of the Land and Orchard will be mailed to each accepted Registrant. From the way Registrations are

now coming in the DATE of the Opening cannot be far distant. You do not have to be on the ground on Opening Day or send anyone to represent you unless you want to, for there will not be the slightest favoritism shown to anyone. ALL, rich and poor alike, have an equal opportunity. You will im-

mediately after the Opening, be notified as to just what Tract or Interest you have secured, but you NOW KNOW in advance that it will be either a 160, 80, 40, 20 or 10 Acre Farm, or 100 Shares of Orchard Stock—No blanks—No disappointments.

You Can Register By Mail Now And Get Your Money Back Any Time Within 30 Days If After Fuller Investigation You Wish To Withdraw.

It can be very safely predicted, comparing this Land Opening with those of the past, that there will be far more Registrations than there will be Contracts for, therefore, we would advise that you send in your Registration NOW, if you are Eligible, or else you are liable to be TOO LATE, for there will be but ONE Registration accepted for each Contract included in the Opening and no more, and the BANK will Certify only ONE Full-Paid-Up Certificate for each Contract included in the Opening and no more. This being the case, and Registrations now being received by the hundreds, it will behoove you to reach our Committee with your Registration before the Contracts are all gone—When all have been spoken for there will be no more available, consequently we shall be forced to REJECT all EXCESS Registrations and return the Registrant's Money. You can pay the \$15.00 all in cash or at the rate of \$3.00 per month. There is only one way for you to make sure that your Registration will reach us in time and that is by sending in your Remittance (either the entire \$15 or the first instalment of \$3.00) at once. We will then send you full descriptive literature explaining the "Big Opening" in detail and you can take your own time to investigate. If after a thorough investigation you desire to forfeit your Contract, all you need to do, is to notify us to that effect any time within 30 days after sending in your Remittance and we will promptly refund every penny of the money sent us.

Make your Remittance direct to The Railroads Unimproved Land Association, in Care Of Registration Committee, using the Registration Coupon to your LEFT for that purpose. All Remittances will be duly acknowledged and Receipts covering same promptly mailed as outlined and GUARANTEED in our Registration Coupon.

Respectfully,

The Railroads Unimproved Lands Assn.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

a black wolf. I tell you, I'm going to look out for that wolf, and if I get him we'll see whether it's the same."

There was another long spell of silence, during which the heavy breathing of the Indian was the only sound that broke the stillness.

"Henry," whispered William again, "that black wolf is a freak, and I don't like freaks of any sort—much less wolf freaks."

"You shut up and sleep it off," Henry advised. "Your nerves are getting queer."

But once again William broke the silence. "Henry," he said, "we been on the trail twenty-one days today. That makes tomorrow Christmas Eve. I been reckoning up."

"Merry Christmas, William," quoth Henry, and thereafter William, his mind filled with alternated visions of sinister black wolves and appetising Christmas dinners, allowed himself to drift into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

II.

The Black Wolf

Early the previous fall William and Henry had made their way into the heart of their trapping ground, and scarcely had they set out their various lines of traps when one day Henry had fallen and sprained his hip. The accident troubled him little at the time, but as the winter wore on the injured limb became more and more painful, till finally Henry was compelled to keep to his bed while William did the rounds. The accident seemed so slight that both men were in hopes of a rapid recovery. "I'll be all right next week," Henry had kept on saying, but each next week that came found him worse and worse. Naturally his health suffered, and finally both men were brought to the realization that without proper surgical attention there was no hope of the injured limb healing.

At this William set out to the nearest Indian camp, and fortunately procured the services of Jim, a well known and thoroughly reliable musher. Together they caked the furs to be called for at a later date, and mounted Henry on an invalid sled. But already they had waited too long. Stores were low, and as blizzard after blizzard confined them to their camps, they were compelled to shorten the rations, and to travel harder than they otherwise would have done during the brief spells of fine weather.

William awoke that Christmas Eve to find the food problem troubling him. "Now with ordinary luck, and providing the weather keeps up, we've just about enough to take us through, but if the weather breaks or the dogs play up it will be a mighty close pinch. If game wasn't so blinking scarce—Halloa, what's wrong, Henry?"

He stared at the sick man, who was sitting bolt upright looking at him. "I seen it," said Henry. "If you hadn't taken the gun to bed with you I could have fixed him sure. About an hour after you went to sleep he came strolling up cool as you like and sat by the fire there watching us. He kept edging up nearer, nearer, but I didn't speak in case you had him marked. Then Cracker awoke and growled, and he took off."

William got up, and carefully examined the snow all round. He saw that Henry's report was correct. Next he made his way to the timber belt, and saw that along the brink the snow was trodden flat by innumerable wolf marks. He came back to Henry and nodded.

"There's a fair bunch of them from what I can make out," he said. "That black wolf seems to be leader. If we could fix him the others would make off. Say Henry, did you notice anything queer about the wolf?"

"Yep."

"What?"

"The tip of his right ear was missing."

"Geel!"

The two said no more. That morning the going was better, and Henry and William held a conversation in snatches while the sled was under way.

"Say, William," Henry began it, "if ever we get out of this alive I vote we clear this all-fired country by the spring boat."

"We can't afford—at least you can't. It don't matter about me. I've no one. You've a wife and kiddies. Remember what you told them when we hit out from 'Frisco.'"

REGISTRATION COUPON

ACT NOW! REGISTRATIONS ACCEPTED BY MAIL. THE FOLLOWING ARE ELIGIBLE AND CAN REGISTER.

1. Any Man or Woman (married or single) over 21 years of age, who does not now own over 40 Acres of Land.
2. Any Widow, regardless of age, who does not now own over 40 Acres of Land.
3. Any Orphan, over 15 years of age, who does not now own over 40 Acres of Land.

THE RAILROADS UNIMPROVED LAND ASSOCIATION

In Care of REGISTRATION COMMITTEE

14th Floor, Great Northern Building, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I find from your Classification that I am Eligible to Register in your "Big Land Opening," therefore you will find herewith enclosed this Registration Coupon properly filled out, accompanied by a Remittance of \$..... If my Registration is accepted please send me a Receipt covering the amount of my Remittance, which will guarantee that immediately upon the payment of my Registration Fee of \$15.00 in full, I will be entitled to One Contract and will RECEIVE a Full-Paid-Up Certificate, Certified by the Old Colony Trust & Savings Bank, of Chicago, Illinois. The said Full-Paid-Up Certificate is to and will further guarantee that I will not be required to pay you one penny more than my Registration Fee of \$15.00 either before or after the Opening—and that I WILL BE SURE TO RECEIVE at the Opening—without having to pay you one penny more than the \$15.00, either a 10, 20, 40, 80 or 160 Acre Tract of Land, out of the described 76,000 Acres, or 100 Shares of Fully Paid and Non-Assessable Orchard Stock, in the described 3,000 Acre Orchard—and that the FIFTEEN DOLLARS ALSO INCLUDES the preparing of the Deed and Abstract, if I get a Tract of Land, or the Preparing of the Stock Certificate, if I get 100 Shares of Stock.

It is further understood and agreed, that if after a thorough investigation of this Proposition, it does not appeal to me as being desirable, or if for any reason I wish to withdraw my Registration, I have the privilege of notifying you to that effect any time within 30 days after date of mailing this Registration Coupon and you will promptly refund the full amount I have remitted. It is further agreed that in the event my Registration is Rejected, you will immediately refund the full amount I have remitted.

Name City
State.....Street or R. F. D. No.
Age..... Married or Single.....Widow or Orphan
OccupationNationality
Do you own over 40 Acres of Land?..... (WRITE PLAINLY)
Have you, to the best of your knowledge, truthfully answered all the above questions?

Note:—This Registration Coupon will not be RECOGNIZED unless all the above questions are properly filled in. Every person who is Eligible can REGISTER ONCE, but ONLY ONCE and NO MORE.

"What about coming home with a fortune and all that?"

"Yep. We can't go home without it."

"Well, I guess we shan't find it up here. It was blame poor judgment ever coming into the Yukon."

"Sure, but we aren't the only ones who made the mistake. I tell you, every ten cents worth of dust that came out of Dawson cost a dollar. We were wise to chuck gold hunting and take to trapping, anyway."

"It seems so," observed Henry ironically. "A whole season gone for five hundred dollars' worth of marten and wolverine pelts. Why, it hasn't paid expenses."

"Not this trip because we've had bad luck, but there is fur in this country and plenty of it. We'll strike it rich next time, you see."

For a long time they were silent, then Henry said: "William, I don't mind telling you, I'm homesick. I want to see the wife and kiddies. I want to see Teddy—my boy."

"That's only natural," William agreed, realizing that he was talking to a sick man.

"But you can't go home without money."

"Why not?" enquired Henry. "I better go home without money than die up here. I'm not so young as I used to be, and—"

"Oh, you're sick," said William comfortingly, though he realized with a pang that his partner was a changed man.

wolves must have been running him, 'cause he near fell into Jim's legs. Jim killed him with the whip."

"Gosh, that was lucky!" quoth Henry.

"Lucky! I told you our luck would change with Christmas. The wind's veered right round behind us; we've been traveling glareice all afternoon and Starlight's lameness has gone off."

Never did hungry men enjoy a meal more thoroughly than the two white men and their Indian guide that night. As darkness fell, however, they were brought to the realization that they were not yet out of the wood. More than once the Indian quietly took up the rifle and glanced all round him. Finally he said: "Keep big fire to-night. Wolves blame hungry."

"There ain't much meat in this camp for them," William observed.

"They can smell the rabbit. That's what they're after."

The Indian nodded sagely. "That black wolf heap queer bug," he stated, and William knew then that the Indian too had heard of the Lessing tragedy.

"What I'm scared of," he whispered to the Indian, "is that the brute will attack Henry while we're asleep. We'll sleep alongside the sled to-night, near enough for Henry to waken us if he sees it."

They did so, and being well fed for once, they fell asleep immediately. Some time later William was awakened by the touch



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"I know, but I wouldn't be the only one who's left the Yukon, and failed. There are thousands of others. It isn't as though we hadn't tried. William, it's all a matter of luck up here. A few of them strike it lucky and go out with their thousands. Others toil and struggle and go out with nothing. It isn't because they're failures. It's all a matter of luck."

"Luck seems to have steered clear of us," said William, "and it isn't because we haven't tried."

Both men were on the point of breaking down. That they possessed high ambitions, and further that they had struggled hard for success, was proved by the fact that they had penetrated so far in the lean and desolate northland. The thought that they were to return empty handed after they had struggled so hard was a bitter blow to each. Yet the fact remained—Henry was breaking up, and even if he recovered successfully from his present illness, he was not in a fit state to endure the many hardships which those who travel the northland must suffer.

"It's Christmas Eve," said William at length. "I tell you our luck will turn with Christmas. It's turning already. See how the trail's taking up! In a week now we'll be through to Fort Musquiquim: then while you get better, I'll go back for the furs. After that we can lay our plans."

Henry fell asleep, and it was not till they had made camp that he awakened. "Say," he called to his chum, "I had a glorious dream. I dreamt I was at home, spending Christmas Eve with the kiddies. I dreamt that we'd made good and come out of the Yukon with a fortune. There was all sorts of things for dinner. Seen any more of the wolves?"

"Nope."

Henry sniffed loudly, for his nostrils had caught a savory odor floating in the air. "What's that you are cooking?" he enquired.

"It's our Christmas dinner," stated William with a grin. "We cooked it straight off, 'cause we was too hungry to think about it. It's a snowshoe rabbit. The

of Henry's fingers on the hood of the sleeping bag. Very cautiously he unbuttoned the flap, and slipped out his hand for the rifle. Not till his fingers had closed upon it did he venture to uncover his head, and what he saw filled him with a strange, uncanny sensation.

It was a huge black wolf, sitting at the other side of the fire, and returning the malicious stare of the dogs with an expression of calm wistfulness. Behind it, some yards distant, could be distinguished the gaunt figures of other wolves—some of them lying down, others pacing backwards and forwards. The whole pack had crept up to within a few yards, without a sound.

As William watched, Cracker rose to his paws, fangs exposed, mane on end. His threatening attitude absorbed the attention of the black wolf, and William seeing his opportunity, somehow brought the rifle to his shoulder and fired.

The black wolf shot straight into the air and dropped without a sound. Instantly the assembly in the rear scattered, while William fired shot after shot into the middle of them.

"That's fixed him, anyway," shouted the young woodsman with a joyous laugh, and rising, he dragged the dead wolf under the sled so that the dogs could not harm the pelt.

William awakened the camp next morning with a cheery shout that it was Christmas Day. He had been up some time, and already thawed out and skinned the dead wolf. "Look at this pelt," he cried, holding it up for the inspection of his two companions. "It isn't black, it's silver-tipped all over!"

Henry and Jim looked at it. Henry gave a low whistle, and Jim uttered a covetous "Ugh!" The pelt was perfect, save that the tip of one ear was missing. Moreover it was not an ordinary wolf pelt, for it was soft as that of a beaver, while it's depth and gloss bore no resemblance to any ordinary wolf pelt.

Now occasionally it happens that the animals of the woods interbreed with most extraordinary results, and the hybrid specimens produced differ from their fel-

lows not only on appearance, but in character. It was clear that the black wolf, though his father and mother may have been ordinary wolves in appearance, had "thrown back" to some early generation, when his ancestors had interbred with the foxes of the north. Thus, in body he was a wolf of most extraordinary size and character, while his coat bore no resemblance to that of his kindred. One glance at the pelt was sufficient to satisfy each of the men that it was priceless—not only on account of its beauty, but on account of its extreme rarity.

"Told you our luck would change with Christmas," cried William. "I tell you, there ain't another fur like this on the market, and the Fur buyers will go crazed when they see it. Say, what old Lessing missed by not finishing that wolf before it finished him."

"Luck runs in streaks," observed Henry. "And if it isn't Christmas bells I'm hearing, there's a sled coming up the creek towards us."

William and the Indian ran to the bend in the river. "It's the Jesuit missionary," shouted William, waving his arms. "He's

got two sledges, and enough grub to feed an army. Say, Henry, I guess we'll get south by the first boat out, after all. And we won't be broke neither."

Mr. Jones was an excellent man, prosperous in his business and modest in his ways, but not distinguished for anything in particular. His wife, however, Mrs. Smith-Jones, was a woman of rare accomplishments. She was an artist of more than ordinary ability, a brilliant pianist, and possessed a voice of remarkable sweetness and power.

At a large party one evening, at which she and her husband were present, her singing captivated a stranger who was one of the guests, and he asked to be introduced to her. His request was granted. After a few minutes' conversation the hostess came and took him away.

"You musn't monopolize her, Mr. Simmons," she said. "I want you to meet Mr. Jones."

"Who is Mr. Jones?"

"He is her husband."

"What is he noted for?"

"Why, for—for his wife!"

Diplomas and Diplomacy

By Myra Kelly

"My dears!" cried Mrs. Pearson as she responded to the bell. "This is a pleasant surprise."

It was a surprise to which she must have been growing accustomed, for Elizabeth and I—bachelor maidens and fiercely independent as became our state—still craved the companionship of an older, wiser woman and the magic of a home. We found them all at the Pearson's, and we spent our disengaged Sundays and generally an evening or so a week in the haven of serenity which they had contrived by filling the drawing-room and the dining room of their flat with low chairs, deep and soft; a flood of pillows; a few divans; a passe piano; some prints; some lamps, and the warmest, kindest, most genuine hospitality to be found within a ten-mile radius of the campus.

There was no surer help in times of trouble; no heartier congratulations in times of joy; no steadier friendship than the Pearsons gave to such of us as were so fortunate as to know them. Trouble and responsibility seemed to touch them only through their friends, yet I knew, and so did Elizabeth, that it was a hazardous

and spirit-wearing task to maintain two small children and an open house upon the salary attached to an assistant professorship.

"I think," she went on, as she closed the door and led us into the tobacco-clouded living room, "that you ought to know everybody here. They're all college people. I'm not speaking of Billy Blight," she amended, as the tall figure of that young man, with a twin Pearson clinging to each leg, arose to salute us, "you ought not to know him, of course, but I'm afraid you do."

"What's he been doing?" asked Elizabeth when we had greeted the other members of the party and taken our places upon a big divan.

"He's abused our hospitality," Mrs. Pearson answered. "You know how we've given him the freedom of our new house, the 'Castle in Spain.' How we've let him wander about from room to room and look out of all the windows. You know how I even promised to let him paint frescoes on the nursery walls."

"Good, safe place that," laughed Marthana Carruth. "The babies are too young to say what they think."

"But I must protest," said Professor Berger, a dear old chap from Jena who had come to study American institutions, and whom "Prexy" had shifted to Pearson's care for the afternoon. "It is important to the vitals that the young eye of the child shall not be distorted."

"Of course, of course," agreed all of us who retained the power of speech.

Pearson did his young guest the justice and the honor to say: "Young Blight has won more medals and created more beauty than many an artist twice his age."

"But that does not excuse him," Mrs. Pearson interrupted. "His art may be good, but his manners are atrocious. You know, dears," she went on, "how I've let him play billiards in the billiard room and read in the library."

We assured her that we did know. Billy had enjoyed, even as Elizabeth and I had, free range of the blue prints from the architect's plans for the Pearson's proposed house at West Farms. Mrs. Pearson got the plans and spread them for our inspection.

"See what he's done!" she cried, dramatically.

"Oh! that is too bad of him," cried Elizabeth. "Marthana, Mr. Rollins, do come and see what Billy Blight's done to the very best bedroom in the house."

We gathered round her and there we read across the fair space of the room over the library: "Reserved for the exclusive use of William Blight, Esquire."

news. You know how long we've had those plans and yet how far we seemed from laying the corner-stone, so to speak."

"Of course they do, dear," Pearson interrupted. "Don't they know we've always spoken of it as the 'Castle in Spain'?"

"Bless it," cried the future chatelaine.

"Well," continued Pearson, and his earnest face and a little break in his voice made the words beautiful to us who were so fond of him, "I see my way clear at last and I've signed the contract. I'm to pay for the castle in two years. If we're careful—"

"Oh! we shall be careful," cried his wife.

"We may own it all in eighteen months."

Of course we congratulated them jubilantly and Pearson went on:

"It's all on account of that course of zoology which the president is listed to conduct. I'm to have that next year. He spoke of it last week. That will raise me to a full professorship. My salary will increase by \$2,000. I shall be the head of the science department and just about the proudest and happiest fellow between here and Timbuctoo."

Again we tumultuously congratulated him.

"And it isn't only that," he went on, "not only the money, though God knows that will be welcome enough; not the house, though that will be precious enough; not the position, though that will be fine enough. But it's the work. The chance. A great big chance to do great



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Cattle, pure-bred and grade, farm of R. H. Scott, Alameda, Sask. (Photo Western Photo Co., Napinka, Man.)

"Oh! really Billy, that is too bad of you," I cried. "That's the room I fixed on for myself."

"And I," said Elizabeth.

"And I," echoed Marthana.

"And we," said Mrs. Pearson.

"That's right; butting in, all of you," growled Billy. "No privacy even in a chap's own room. I'll not visit you at all. The inhospitality and the selfishness with which I have been treated this day are the last two straws—"

At that John came in. John is John Wentworth, Professor of Philosophy at our college and my promised husband. He is younger than Mr. Pearson, but the two are great friends and I think that it is partly on this account that Mrs. Pearson is so good to me. She knows that I shall some day be a faculty wife and she already treats me with the confidence and friendship which characterize most of the men and women who supply the mental grist to our mill. They are nearly all young; they are all ambitious; and they are more independent than such a body generally is because "Prexy" is so much away from the college. He is our publicity man—every institution in these days must have one—and he is always off lecturing, attending conferences, serving on commissions, getting up new trustees or endowments. This leaves the ordinary, day-by-day, administration of affairs in the hands of the other professors and brings them into frequent and intimate association with one another.

So when John had smoked a quiet pipe and entertained our Germanic friend for half an hour it seemed quite natural that Mr. Pearson and he should retreat to a tiny room, called by courtesy the study, in which our host kept a few books and bones. Pearson's specialty was zoology. Presently Mrs. Pearson and I were summoned to join them and Professor Berger was left to be amused and mystified by the youngsters.

"Dear friends," said Mrs. Pearson, when the door was closed, "we have such

big work. I'll make the department a wonder. I'll make the chaps in other universities—aye and in other countries, like that Berger there—I'll make 'em sit up and take notice. And the students I'll turn out!"

"No, Robert," cried his wife, taking his hand in hers, "you'll never turn out any students at all. You'll get so attached to them and so interested in them and they'll get so devoted to you that you'll all stay there together, one great happy family dabbling in the internal workings of the animal kingdom. What makes you look so serious, Marian?" she asked suddenly, turning to me. "What's the matter, child?"

"I'm thinking how I should love to be there," I answered. "But I was born too soon. I'm a senior you know, and all these plans are for next year when I shan't be there. And we're having such an awful time. 'Prexy' away and the most horrible substitute doing the work."

They all knew that we suffered under Dr. Archibald. He was unquestionably learned, but he was no less unquestionably incapable of imparting his learning. His lectures came late in the afternoon of Monday, Thursday, and Friday, a bad time for even a proficient instructor, but fatal to a bad one. Everyone was always tired, and weariness, acting on our natures in different ways, reduced the senior class to a mixture of irritability, frivolity, physical exhaustion, indifference and animosity. Dr. Archibald's platitudinous statements fell upon this remarkably bad ground and bore fruit sometimes in an inattentive lassitude, contagious, overwhelming, and impenetrable, and sometimes in acrimonious criticism or retort leading to general uproar.

Now, neither Elizabeth nor I cared very much whether we made our debut in the world learned or unlearned in zoology. We were students in the art department, and the course was prescribed for us as a sort of groundwork in general structure and anatomy. We never ex-

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pected to teach the thing and to us our marks in it, whether for themes or even for the final examination looming toward us at the end of the year, mattered very little. But the case of the majority of the students was very different. They expected, most of them, to fill positions as superintendents, principals, teachers and even professors, and possibly their diplomas—but surely their ability to pass a creditable examination would be influenced by their knowledge or ignorance of the natural sciences. All these things they thought about while Archibald read to us his musty lectures, and laid waste four and a half precious hours a week.

Things were at this pass when a peripatetic lecturer named Thornycroft bloomed out one day on the bulletin board with announcements of an extension lecture on "Embryonic Traits." It was one of those popular illuminated and illuminating things which the board of trustees arranged for us from time to time. "Prexy" returned from a two months' absence just in time to preside, and the thing was a great success.

It was one of a course of three to be delivered at varying intervals and it dawned upon one of the interfering "eds" to write "Prexy" a petition to engage Thornycroft to take our zoology class for the rest of the year. There was no definite criticism of Archibald, but the implication was there. We were all delighted at the prospect; we all signed the petition and awaited results. "Prexy" had always been strong on public sentiment and "the pulse of the student body." He used to harangue the other men about the authority of vox populi. He who never stayed with us long enough to hear it.

It was two or three weeks after this that the routine of our daily lives was upset by John's arrival in the afternoon, while Elizabeth and I were wrestling with the "Life and Times of Leonardi da Vinci." John hardly ever came to see me in the afternoon, and his face, as Margaret ushered him into the little drawing-room, was so grave that Elizabeth prepared to beat a retreat.

"I want to talk to you both," he began, when we had established him in the Morris chair. "I have sent for Billy Blight; he'll be here presently. There's something very serious in the air."

"Has Billy broken out again?" I questioned. John shook his head.

"More serious, far," he answered, and just at that moment Billy's boots resounded in our hall.

"What's up?" he questioned, with instant concern when he saw our gravity.

"I'm afraid Pearson's chance is up," John answered. "I've seen it coming on for two or three weeks—ever since 'Prexy' came back. But now I'm afraid it's certain."

"His chance?" repeated Elizabeth.

"I mean his promotion—his increase—everything. I'm going to tell you three—two of you the wildest youngsters in the college, and the third the wisest and dearest—a grave faculty secret. My reason is that we four are perhaps the best friends the Pearsons have, and they'll be needing friendship, I'm afraid. You know about that petition to the president. Well, he acted upon it, and

Thornycroft has consented on condition that he be given full professorship next year and be made head of the science department. Now Pearson has never had a definite agreement with the president or the trustees. He was acting entirely on his own responsibility when he made so sure of it. There is no reason under the sun why Thornycroft's proposition should not be accepted. He is better known than Pearson. His titles will read well in the catalogue."

"But haven't you," I asked, "all of you who appreciate Mr. Pearson, haven't you remonstrated with 'Prexy'?"

"He ought to have his face pushed," contributed Billy.

"Surely, surely," answered John. "We've said all that's possible, but the president, when he is riding his vox populi, vox dei hobby is not amenable to arguments. It looks very much as if the thing would go through."

"And the 'Castle in Spain,'" wailed Elizabeth. "The darling 'Castle in Spain.'"

"Will stay in Spain I fear," said John as he rose and put on his overcoat. "I

must get back to a lecture. It's not the first time the vox populi has incited murder."

For some time after John left us Elizabeth, Billy, and I sat in despair. We were sitting dejectedly over the tea and cake which Margaret's hospitality had provided when there entered the one person in the world whom we were least prepared to face.

"Mrs. Pearson, Miss Marian," Margaret announced, and before we could gather our scattered wits she was looking at us out of her friendly, unsuspecting eyes, and seating herself, cozily assured of welcome.

"It is luck finding you here," she assured Billy. "I was going to write you a line to-night. For you three dear children—and John, of course, Marian—must come to Spain on Saturday week for the laying of the corner-stone. The 'castle' is actually going up."

"My God," murmured Billy.

"Stop your profanity, sir," she chided. "I can't imagine what your parents or guardians were thinking of to let you acquire it."

My throat was actually stiff, but in the dusk I managed to squeeze it and to force myself into some kind of articulation. "Of course we'll all be in Spain when the corner-stone is laid," I mumbled.

"You've got a cold, dear," she broke in, promptly. "I'll have a word or two with Margaret about you as I go out. You know I hate to think of any of the students being sick here in town. That's going to be one of my great joys in the 'castle.' I shall always have a convalescent or two sitting out over the portcullis and getting well in the sunshine. The moat will be full of formaldehyde. A yellow flag shall float over the battlements; the drawbridge will be always up and the iron-studded oak doors covered thick with scarlet-fever plasters."

Elizabeth achieved something which in the darkness passed for a laugh.

"And now I'm going. I just dropped in to make sure of you for the corner-stone. The babies will be wondering where I am. And if Robert reached home



Work horses on the farm of James Holmes and Sons, Almeda, Sask. (Photo Western Photo Co., Napinka, Man.)

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and found no one to greet him but Maria I verily believe he'd go away again and think he didn't live there at all."

Presently she was gone and we were left together at the mercy of our nerves and our imaginations, until Billy Blight broke out with: "I can stand anything but darkness. Let's have a light on this thing," and with the light he found that both Elizabeth and I were crying.

I think Margaret fed us. I think Billy stayed to dinner. I think we all talked a little in queer, trailing spurts, but I don't remember anything very distinctly until Billy rose to go away.

"And hang it all," he cried, as the personal application occurred to him for the first time, "that boulder of a Thornycroft will work us all to death. How are we going to do in twelve weeks the work that ought to have been spread over nine months. And if we don't make up the stuff he'll throw us all down on the exam. And we'll all be back here next year looking at the dear old Pearsons and knowing that we—for didn't we sign that petition—have shut them out of Spain. Oh, lord!"

I had read of sleepless nights, but I don't think I ever experienced one till then. Hour after hour I revolved the dilemma and studied all of its horrid horns. There seemed nothing to do; absolutely nothing. And yet I was on fire to help my friends and to show John that I could be trusted not only as a safe confidant, but as a resourceful ally. It was six o'clock and the gray morning was looking in through the windows when at last I hit upon a plan and pattered in to awake Elizabeth and discuss it with her.

"Now, what I thought is this," I began as I pulled her eider-down about my shoulders; "we'll just frighten these 'eds' away from Thornycroft and back to poor old Archibald."

"But how?" she questioned.

"I got the idea from Billy Blight. You remember what he said, just before he went, about all the extra work and time which the change would involve and

the likelihood of our losing our diplomas in the end. Billy generally talks nonsense but he was as sensible as a judge then. If we can once get the men students—for that matter—to see this aspect of the case I think you'll see them flocking back to 'Prexy' and declaring themselves quite satisfied with poor old Archibald, who, even if he does not teach us very much, certainly makes no unreasonable demands upon our time and, just as certainly, will give us all an easy exam. and good marks at the end."

"You're a darling and a genius," cried Elizabeth. "It shall be done. We'll make 'em cry for Archibald before the week's over. Now let's sleep a little; it isn't quite time to get up."

When public opinion sets strongly in one direction it is no easy thing for three youngsters, however strong their enthusiasm, to turn it round again. And we had to be very careful. It would never have done to show hostility. We were just plaintively natural; aware of our mental inferiority, crushed by it, but resigned to it.

"Oh, yes, of course," Elizabeth would sweetly agree when some enthusiastic "ed" was singing Thornycroft's praises. "Of course it's all very well for you. You're clever, but I know I shall not get my diploma this year. I've heard something of Professor Thornycroft's plans." Oh subtle, sly Elizabeth. "He's going to rush us through the whole subject in the next eleven weeks. Then we're to have one week for review and a comprehensive examination to finish off with. It will finish me—dead. There'll be no diploma for me this year. Ah, well, another year seems long, but it will pass."

That was all very well for Elizabeth Alford; young, independent, and with no responsibilities in the world. Her being at college at all was a whim of hers. Her leaving without a diploma and degree, or her staying to work another year for them were matters of pleasure or convenience with her—no more. But to the men, post-graduates for the most part,

with their way to make in the not too affluent world of teaching, the prospect of another year without appointment and salary was a serious thing.

"And I don't think," Elizabeth would add, "that poor old Dr. Archibald is bad enough to make all this necessary. It would be a terrible thing for him to be dismissed like this in the middle of the semester. And hasn't it seemed to you," she would add, with the prettiest air of deference, "that his lectures are getting a little better? Of course, I'm no judge. I'm very ignorant. But don't you think that he is getting in a little more subject matter?"

And the "ed" would be forced to agree. Billy, in a desperate last attempt to steer us all to Spain, had invited Archibald and Pearson to dine with him and had gently started Pearson on his pet theories. It was impossible for anyone to listen to him unmoved and unenlightened, and Archibald absorbed clarity and power enough to transfigure his two or three succeeding lectures. We worked quietly, but hard. And gradually the leaders in the movement to oust Archibald found themselves with few followers. Faculty meetings generally took place on Thursday, and on the Thursday preceding the Saturday fixed for the laying of the corner-stone John again surprised me by calling in the afternoon.

"I haven't a moment to stay," he explained. "I've just come to tell you of a most extraordinary thing. Nearly all the men and several of the women who signed poor Pearson's death warrant have gone to the president and asked him to reconsider any idea of change in the science department."

"Vox populi changing its tune," said I, preparing to confess to the conspiracy and my part in it, when Elizabeth and Billy Blight, crowned with almost visible laurels, broke in upon us. Billy grasped John's hand and shook it warmly, while Elizabeth gathered me into her embrace. "Isn't it wonderful?" they cried in chorus.

"And isn't Marian wonderful?" Elizabeth added.

"What are you two lunatics talking about?" John demanded, and Elizabeth was so breathless that she allowed Billy to do the talking.

"Thornycroft's down and out. Prexy learns that the feeling of the undergraduate body has changed." Told us so in a nice little speech in his office when I went in with two or three other chaps to speak my little piece. It would have drawn tears to the eye of a graven image to hear me telling him how we had all learned to love Archibald; how it was only his preliminary lecture that went a little above our heads."

"Marvelous," murmured John, "marvelous and unaccountable."

"And we can go to West Farms on Saturday with easy minds and consciences," cried Elizabeth. "The Pearsons are safe. If the 'castle' were finished now we four might crave its hospitality on account of the brain strain it has caused us. Oh, you dear old Marian!" she cried, and again threw her arms around me while Billy again shook effusively John's unresisting hand.

"She's a girl in a thousand," Mr. Blight was pleased to assure my fiancé. "She'll make a wife in a million."

"I know it," John acquiesced, "but might I trouble you to explain why you hold her responsible for this change in public opinion?"

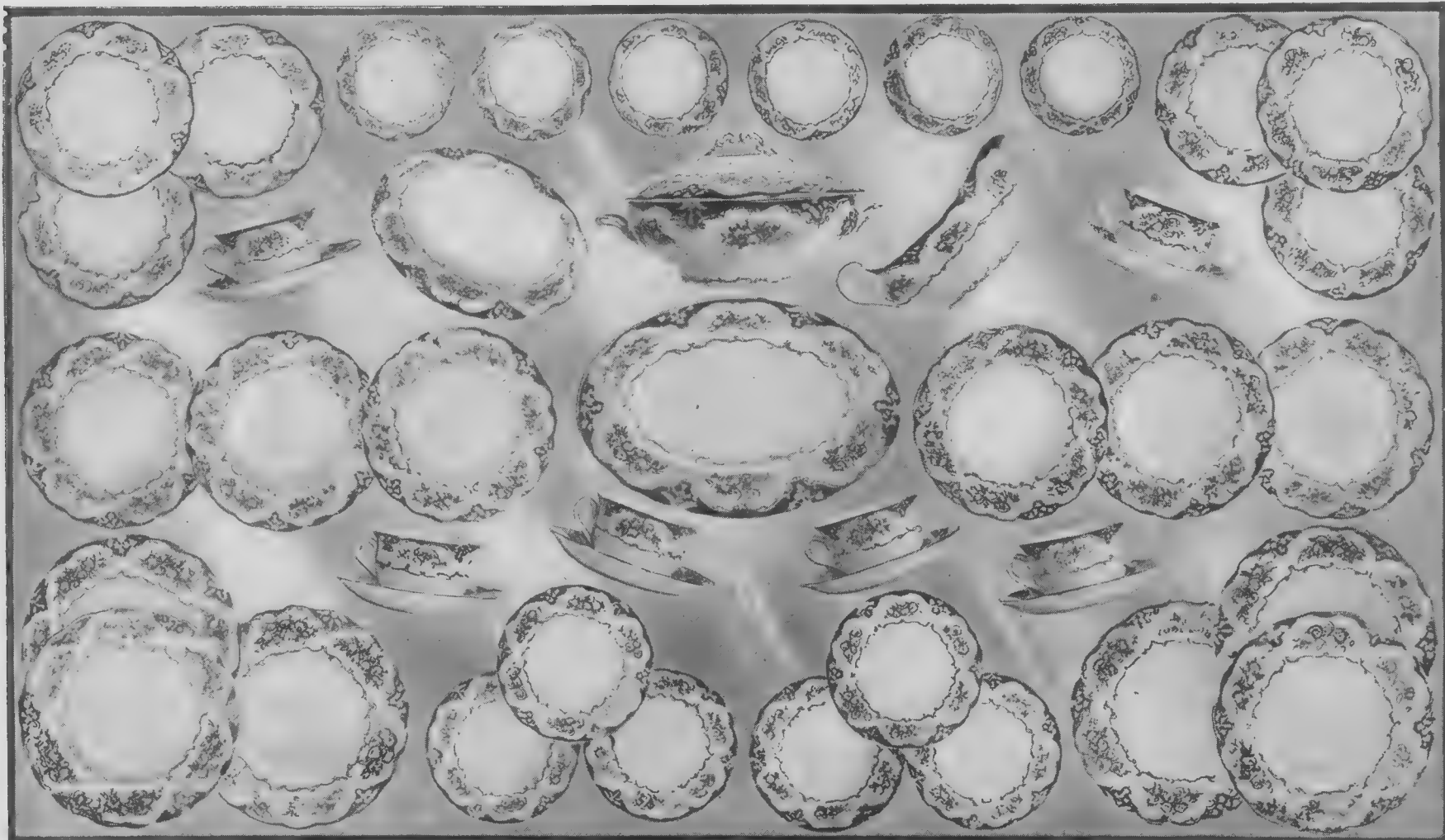
"Oh, it's only their nonsense, John dear," I answered. "We've done nothing at all, except to give a few singing lessons to vox populi."

The Doctor: "Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once."

His Wife: "What is the matter with the boy?"

The Doctor: "I don't know, but Mrs. Brown has a book on 'What to do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I must hurry up before she does it."

Last Chance for a FREE DINNER SET. Offer Expires on FEBRUARY 28th, 1914.



The above illustration only begin to do justice to this handsome combination which we have decided to give away **Free** to our readers.

The combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English Semi Porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow

color, soft and velvety in tone. A neat, embossed design follows the edge of every piece. All handles and edges are traced with gold. Each set is guaranteed by The Western Home Monthly and by Messrs. Robinson & Co., the well-known Pioneer Winnipeg merchants. All that you have to do in order to get this set is to send us seven new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at one dollar apiece. Surely a magnificent reward for such a little labor. For any further particulars write—

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada

A Neglected Tip

STRANGERS whose attention is called to John L. Finnimore as he walks slowly through the streets of Caterham, very often make this remark: "That man is older than he looks."

They are probably led to this opinion by the quite perceptible touch of grey at Finnimore's temples; his face, though a little careworn, is quite youthful, but the patch of white on each side of his head suggests the frost in the early autumn of life. Then, again, those who point out Mr. Finnimore to strangers—say on a railway platform, or in the street, will often add:

"One of the shrewdest judges of the stock market Caterham possesses," or sometimes they say with a sigh: "I wish he would give me a tip on the market. It would be worth untold gold to a man who has money to invest; but Finnimore is as close-mouthed as an oyster."

As a matter of fact, Finnimore is a good deal younger than he looks, and the object of this narrative is to give for the first time in print some account of the few fateful days and nights that bestowed upon John Finnimore the reputation for business acumen and also his anxious expression.

Finnimore is a junior partner in a firm of architects with offices in the City. He had been carefully brought up, and was in every way a most estimable young man, with a great fear of debt, a horror of drink, and a loathing for speculation in any form. He never played cards for money, was a strict teetotaller, rigidly economical, and yet he always presented a natty and most respectable appearance. Although the firm of which he was a member had been in existence but seven years, it had been rather successful, the three partners being all young men of energy, paying strict attention to business; two of them were talented, and one was a creditable financier, who pulled the company through its early commercial crises with much cleverness.

At the end of seven years John L. Finnimore found himself inhabiting a most respectable house in the best part of Caterham, with a charming wife and two nice young children, while in the bank there stood the comfortable sum of one thousand two hundred pounds to his credit. It began to look as if their period of rigid economy had passed, and that in the future John and his handsome wife might indulge in various little luxuries. In fact Finnimore told his wife on the very morning that his troubles began that he was determined, a week later, when his second-class ticket ran out, to purchase a first class season. The fact that during the seven years he had travelled second class from Caterham to London had had considerable influence on his success in life. As he gathered friends in Caterham, many of whom were much richer than himself, he never cared to admit to any of them that he was second class, and got into the habit of journeying up in the morning by an earlier train than the nabobs used, and returning to Caterham later than they did, and thus he put in long hours at the office, greatly to his own advantage and to that of the firm.

It was his habit to take the 8.6 up to London each morning, which landed him in Cannon Street station at 8.50, enabling him to reach his office comfortably before nine. One advantage which this train possessed in Finnimore's estimation was the fact that none of the nabobs of Caterham travelled by it. The 8.6 is essentially a train for the early bird which wishes to pounce upon the City worm. By taking this train every morning, Finnimore avoided those well-to-do and leisurely friends of his who were content to reach their offices when the clock struck ten, and thus they never knew that he travelled second class, and was, consequently not so prosperous as they had supposed. In like manner, when returning from the City, he invariably took a late train, which left Cannon Street or the low level at London Bridge at an hour when his wealthy neighbours were already enjoying the repose which Caterham is so well qualified to furnish.

In spite of his vigilance and his self-denial, now and then he met a friend on the platform at either end of the line, who, taking it for granted he carried a first-class season, lured him into the sensuous luxury which such a compartment afforded. These trips made Finnimore very uneasy,

for he knew not at what moment an inspector might come in and demand tickets. He had made up his mind how to act in such an emergency, which was to give the inspector his name and address, saying he had left his ticket at home, then he would settle privately with the company, thus preventing any divulging of his economical method to his large circle of prosperous friends.

The point that young Mr. Finnimore was a second-class season ticket holder has an important bearing on what happened later, and so it is mentioned at this juncture. It may, perhaps, seem to the scrupulous reader that John Finnimore, in the first place, was a law-breaker, and, in the second, a coward; but it is likely that the majority will hold that there were mitigating circumstances, more especially if any of them travel day by day by early morning trains between London and the suburbs. But whatever opinion may be formed of John Finnimore, it is the intention in this narration to tell the truth.

On the morning when Fate took him in hand, and made a football of him for several days, causing the grey hairs to sprout, he was accosted on the Caterham



In Alberta's plentiful pasture.

platform by Edmund Herne, Junior partner of the well-known firm of Redwell and Herne, whose offices were close to his own.

"Hello, Finnimore! Just the fellow I want to see! Do you take this train every morning?"

"Yes; or an earlier one."

"What an energetic beggar you are. Let us get an empty compartment. I have something confidential to say to you."

"It's no use, Herne," laughed Finnimore. "I never speculate, so a confidential tip is thrown away on me."

"That's all right, old man. Everyone else seems to be of the same cautious frame of mind; and there's very little speculation going on now. Nevertheless, if people only knew it, it's a good deal easier for outside people to make money on the Stock Exchange to-day than it was when everything was booming; so if you ever do wish to take a flutter, telegraph to me, and I'll attend to the business end of the deal for you and see that you are not fleeced. A man with a few pounds to spare at this juncture could easily, if well advised, transform hundreds into thousands. You don't need to buy the stock outright, you know; but use your capital to put up as a margin. You follow me?"

"Oh, I understand all about that, Herne," said Finnimore, "but I tell you I'm not taking any."

"Quite right, quite right," agreed Herne, holding open the door of a first-class compartment that was empty, whereupon Finnimore stepped inside, Herne following.

"The truth is, that, although you don't wish to talk with me about my profession, I wanted to have a few words with you about yours. I've just bought a piece of ground on the heights above Purley, and I intend to build a house there as soon as

may be. I'd like to consult with you about it, and place the business in the hands of your firm. It is because of this new purchase that I have taken the 8.6 this morning. I'm getting off at Purley, and shall reach London by a later train."

They talked about the new house, Herne explaining his ideas regarding the outside appearance of the villa, while Finnimore, pencil in hand and drawing pad on knee, roughly sketched the outlines; and thus the two reached Purley, where Herne got out, leaving Finnimore absorbed in his drawing, quite oblivious of the fact that he was in a first-class carriage with a second-class ticket.

At Croydon, the last stop before reaching London Bridge, the young man realized his situation with a jump. He heard the strident shout echo down along the platform:

"All tickets, please! All seasons!"

Glancing in alarm out of the window, he saw a fierce looking inspector making directly for his compartment. Finnimore's mind had been so intently concentrated on his sketch that the sudden crisis found his intellect numb, causing this grown man to perform a school boy trick on the instant, and by the time he came to the full possession of his faculties the deed was past amending. He plunged under the seat, where there was space enough, although it was rather dark and dusty. The inspector glanced in, saw that

The Magnetic Girl

How she compels others to obey her Will

100,000 Copies of Remarkable Book describing peculiar Psychic Powers to be distributed Post Free to readers of The Western Home Monthly.

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yogis, and describes a simple though effective system of controlling the thoughts and acts of others; how one may gain the love and friendship of those who might otherwise remain indifferent; how to quickly and accurately judge the character and disposition of an individual; how to cure the most obstinate diseases and habits without drugs or medicines; even the complex subject of projecting thoughts (telepathy) is explained. Miss



Josephine Davis, the popular stage favorite, whose portrait appears herewith declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health, and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionize the mental status of the human race.

The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of the 100,000 copies is being conducted by a large London institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested. No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 5 cents (stamps of your own country) to cover postage, etc. All requests for the free book should be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free Distribution Dept. 838 F., No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E., England. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention The Western Home Monthly.

one in England knows that for certain except myself. The investigating committee will get the information this afternoon, and very likely you will see the stock stiffen up, for though my report to the committee is confidential, and nothing will be made public until the annual meeting, there is always a leakage more or less of such important news as I have brought back with me."

"But suppose you've made a mistake in your estimate of the mine?"

"I tell you my boy, I haven't made a mistake, although I'll not speculate in these shares myself, I'll lend you every penny of money I've got, and ask you merely to return it when you have made your haul. You see, I'm ready to back my opinion."

"But how can you or any other man tell what is hidden in the ground? The vein may give out before you get ten feet further."

"Of course, no man, engineer or any other, can see into the centre of the earth; but I'm not counting on that. The manager of the mine out there is a grumpy old Scotchman, who is offended at the company for not sending him the smelting works he ordered more than a year ago. He has made no protest, but he has mined away steadily until there is enough of ore in sight to pay the capital of the company twice over. After he had operated the mine for six months he wrote, with his native caution, to his chiefs that the mine was a good one; but because the company has not accepted his word or acted on his advice about the machinery, he has kept silent ever since, and there is this accumulation of rich ore merely awaiting the smelter. You must secure all the shares of the company you can. Do it this morning."

"I will," said the other.

"Very well; we'll get out at London Bridge, and take a cab to your office."

As he said this the train ran under cover at London Bridge station, and the two got out. Finnimore cautiously crawled from under the seat, dusted his clothes, and breathed freely again in his joy at having escaped undetected.

When he arrived at his office he looked for the first time at his morning paper, and turned, not to the foreign or domestic news but to the financial page. Running down the list of mines, he came to Redtrust Deeps, and saw them quoted at two-and-a-half. He thought at first of plunging to the extent of twenty-five thousand shares, but concluded at last to go more cautiously, contenting himself with less than half that number. He wrote an order for the purchase of ten thousand Redtrust Deeps, at two-and-a-half, and signed it, sent his office boy to Messrs. Redwell and Herne with it, writing on the outside of the envelope that this was to be given to Mr. Herne as soon as he arrived.

A little after ten o'clock he was called to the telephone.

"Is that you, Finnimore?"

"Yes."

"This is Herne. I've got your order for ten thousand Redtrust Deeps at two-and-a-half. Is that right?"

"All right; yes. Didn't you recognize my signature?"

"I always move with some caution in these matters, Finnimore; and I thought, perhaps, my talk with you this morning might have led you astray. You said you weren't taking any, I remember. Now, have you inside information about Redtrust Deeps?"

"Oh, yes."

"There was some trouble about that company a year ago. An investigating committee was appointed, and an engineer was sent out. Did you know that?"

"Yes; certainly."

"Then you're not jumping blindly?"

"Certainly not; and I say Herne, if you take my advice, you will go in for ten thousand yourself. It will help to build that house in Purley before a week's over."

"Really? You seem very confident all at once!"

"I'm confident enough to secure ten thousand shares in this mine as you see."

"So I perceive. I take it you don't want to buy these outright, but will give your cheque to cover?"

"Oh; I don't mind whether I buy outright or play on a margin. I leave all that to you."

"Very well; I'll bring the bill over to your house to-night, after I've secured the stock. Good-bye."

Finnimore, as has been stated, was in the habit of arriving at Caterham rather late while he held his second-class season. On the evening of the day when he bought these shares his wife met him, with visible alarm in her face.

"Oh, John," she said, "I have had such a fright. There is surely something wrong Mr. Herne dropped in here an hour ago, and wanted to see you. He left this note with the servant, when she told him you would not be home until late, and I opened it, in case it was something that needed attending to at once. You surely never bought twenty-five thousand pounds' worth of shares in a mining company?"

"Why, of course not, Jenny. I bought to-day ten thousand shares. You're taking the number of shares as pounds. They cost twopence-halfpenny each. Comes to a little over a hundred pounds, that's all."

"Why then, Mr. Herne must have made a very great mistake. It's down here in the account that you owe him twenty-five thousand pounds, and he says in his letter that if you do not wish to buy the stock outright, you can send him a cheque for five hundred pounds for a margin, whatever that means."

"Oh, that's all right; that's all right," said Finnimore, taking the opened letter and thrusting it in his pocket. "You've mixed these things with the new house Herne's going to build. I'll explain it all to you later. I'll see Herne to-night, and get this put right."

The lady heaved a sigh of relief, while Finnimore went into his study and locked the door. He saw at once how the mistake had arisen. The two-and-a-half, which he took for twopence-halfpenny, really meant two pounds ten shillings. If this stock dropped but a few points within the next day or two, all his little margin in the bank would be wiped out.

Finnimore said nothing to anyone about his appalling error. He went over to the stockbroker's house that evening, and

placed a cheque for five hundred pounds on Mr. Herne's table. He learned during their short interview that Herne had not followed his lead and bought Redtrust Deeps. Next morning he seized a daily paper, and turned at once to the financial column. Redtrust Deeps remained at two-and-a-half; and one hair at each temple turned grey.

Finnimore looked up the London addresses of all his Caterham friends, and spent next day, not at his office, but going round to one after another of them, trying to unload. He thought in the morning he might perhaps get ten men to take a thousand shares each from him, and then he would be free of his awful burden. But he found that a man with whom he had played whist in Caterham in the most friendly manner was a different sort of individual in his London office.

He told the same tale to all of his friends, offering them a most valuable tip if they would buy the stock from him, and not in the market. In every case they smiled and thanked him, but, like himself the day before, they were not taking any. A man here and there wrote the name of the mine on a slip of paper, said he would think it over, and communicate with him later; but Finnimore never heard from any of them. For the next few days the young architect hung on desperately, because there was nothing else to do. He kept very much to himself, being afraid now to meet any of the friends to whom he had endeavoured to sell and who had refused. Those whom he did meet usually accosted him with the words:

"Well, Finnimore, how's that gold mine of yours coming along? I didn't notice any advance in the papers this morning."

Finnimore grinned in a sheepish sort of way, and said the week wasn't out yet. He had not promised an immediate rise. His friends smiled in a provokingly superior manner, and passed on.

The afternoon papers on Thursday printed the report of the Redtrust mining engineer with big headlines. The stock on Thursday morning had begun to rise, and even before the annual meeting and the reading of the report it stood at six-and-a-half. At closing time Redtrust Deeps was ten-and-three-quarters. On Friday morning it went by quick leaps to seventeen, and in the afternoon touched twenty-four, at which price Finnimore commanded Herne to sell, netting a small fortune, a few wrinkles, some grey hairs, and also the deep respect of Caterham.

Robert Barr.

Conspicuously Beautiful

The old maxim, "Every man is the architect of his own fortune" is equally applicable to every business. With the latter however the evidence of "making good" is generally something of a very material nature.

One of the great privileges that befalls a publication like ours is the opportunity to survey at close range the growth and workings of our Industrial Institutions.

The occasion at this time for these remarks—is the arrival in our office of the large catalog of the Big Seed House, A. E. McKenzie Co., Ltd., Brandon and Calgary. This catalog, like in years past carries us back year by year in our reflections recalling similar occasions of soliloquy when we reviewed the annual growth of this enterprising firm.

Every person who has ever received a catalog knows that instinctively they form an idea of the magnitude, the integrity, or the growth of the house it represents. This habit of crystalizing ideas unconsciously is due almost entirely to the reflected advancement depicted in each new catalog issued.

McKenzie's Catalog this year is something superb, something radically different to any we have ever seen before in the seed business. The cover design—a rich magazine effect, has the earmarks of progressiveness written all over it, emphasizing as it were the remarkable progress this house is continually making.

There is something about "Enterprise" that brings a spontaneous echo from every individual—it is this in their catalog we believe that arrests our attention, carries us analytically backward focusing our minds on the remarkable evolution ever forward of the McKenzie people.

The Cruel Cross of Life

What silences we keep year after year
With those who are most near to us and dear:

We live beside each other day by day
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say

The full sweet word that lies just in our reach.

Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—

These close familiar friends who loved us so!

And sitting in the shadow they have left,

Alone with loneliness and sore bereft,

We think with vain regret, of some fond word

That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed

Now seems, beside the past, sweet unconfessed:

And slight the deeds we did to those undone,

And small the service spent to treasure won,

And undeserved the praise for word and deed

That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life to be
Full-visions only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place

Of some dear presence is but empty space.

What recollected services can then
Give consolation for the "might have been?"

—Selected.

Do not Be a Fretter

There is one sin which is everywhere underestimated and quite too often much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets; that is, makes more or less complaining statements of something or other which most probably everyone in the room, or in the car, or on the street corner, it may be, knew before, and which probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble as sparks fly upwards. But even to the sparks that fly upward in the blackest smoke there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road, the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is "all time wasted on the road."—Herald of Peace.

The Proud Boy

There was once a very proud boy. He always walked through the village with his eyes turned down and his hands in his pockets. The boys used to stare at him and say nothing, and when he was out of sight they breathed freely. So the proud boy was lonely and would have had no friends outdoors if it had not been for two stray dogs the green trees, and a flock of geese upon the common.

One day, just by the weaver's cottage, he met the tailor's son. Now the tailor's son made more noise than any other boy in the village, and when he had done anything wrong he stuck to it, and said he didn't care, so the neighbors thought that he was very brave and would do wonders when he came to be a man, and some of them hoped he would be a great traveler and stay long in

distant lands. When the tailor's son saw the proud boy he danced in front of him, and made faces, and provoked him sorely, until, at last, the proud boy turned around and suddenly boxed the ears of the tailor's son, and threw his hat into the road; and the tailor's son was surprised, and without waiting to pick up his hat ran away and sat down in the carpenter's yard and cried. After a few minutes the proud boy came to him and returned him his hat, saying gently:

"There is no dust on it; you deserved to have your ears boxed, but I am sorry I was so rude as to throw your hat on to the road."

"I thought you were proud," said the tailor's son, astonished; "I didn't think you'd say that—I wouldn't."

"Perhaps you are not proud?"

"No, I am not."

"Ah, that makes a difference," said the proud boy politely. "When you are proud and have done a foolish thing you make a point of owning it."

"But it takes a lot of courage," said the tailor's son.

"Oh, dear no," answered the proud boy; "it only takes a lot of cowardice not to;" and then he turned his eyes down again and softly walked away. — L.C.

The Church Piano

"I'll never play that old piano again!" declared Gladys Marshall. "It's just a disgrace for our church to have an old out-of-date instrument like that and expect good music. And as for inviting musicians from outside to come and use that old rattletrap, or to play to its accompaniment, it's nothing but an insult!"

Her complaint was not wholly without reason. She had invited Miss Schlegel over from Randolph to play at the district convention of the King's Daughters, and Miss Schlegel, as every one knew, was just back from the conservatory, and had something more than a local reputation as a violinist of promise. Gladys had played her accompaniment, and the piano, which had long been the subject of complaint, was more out of tune than usual, and Gladys was humiliated.

"I'm going straight to Mr. Benson, and hand in my resignation as Sunday-school pianist," said Gladys; and she went.

The minister listened to the outburst, and said:

"I don't doubt, Gladys, that the piano is every thing you say. And I am sorry that the trustees do not see their way to the immediate purchase of a better one. And it may be that your indignation is needed to hasten the coming of a new instrument. I will see what I can do to help the matter."

"Meantime shall we have no music? Suppose that still for a year and a day we must have the old instrument, tuned and patched a little, but still unsatisfactory? We must have music—yes, and we must have you; and what's more, you must have the work! For you need to be doing something for others. You have done it all your life, and to drop out now—we simply can't let you."

"Does it ever occur to you that the Lord does a good deal of playing on imperfect instruments, such as you and me? And I don't doubt He often wishes we produced better music than we do. But, Gladys, hard as it is to keep us anywhere nearly at concert pitch, He is patient. So the anthem of the ages swells in spite of the fact that some of us are badly out of tune!"

"And do you know that noble poem, 'Opportunity'—the story of the man who could have fought bravely if he had had a better sword, and the king's son who picked up the poor, broken fragment that the grumbler had thrown away, and with it fought so successfully that he turned defeat into victory?"

"Do you remember Watt's painting, 'Hope'? She sits blindfolded on the top of the world, you remember, the strings of her harp all broken but one; and she makes the best music she knows how on that one string, hoping all the while, I doubt not, for a better harp."

"Come, we will start a movement for a new piano. Meantime we will have the old one tuned, and there will be Sunday-school as usual next Sunday, and the King's Daughters will hold their meetings — Miss Gladys Marshall, pianist!"

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

ANNUAL MEETING

At the annual meeting of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, held at Toronto on 13th instant, the report of the Directors showed that profits of \$2,992,951.10 had been earned during the year, forming a record in the history of the Bank and indeed of any bank in Canada. After paying the usual dividends the shareholders received two bonuses of 1 per cent. each, which were paid in June and December. The sum of \$1,000,000 was transferred to Rest account, \$500,000 written off Bank Premises account and \$384,529.98 carried forward as unappropriated profits. The total assets of the Bank are now over \$260,000,000, an increase of \$14,000,000 during the year. In accordance with the plan adopted last year the Bank is issuing as a supplement to its report a review of business conditions in 1913, which covers the whole of Canada, Newfoundland, the United States and Great Britain, the countries in which the Bank now does business. This review is very highly regarded by business men generally and a copy will be sent to any address on application to the Head Office of the Bank.

After the reading of the report, the General Manager, Mr. Alexander Laird, addressed the shareholders as follows:

General Manager's Address

We have closed our accounts for the past year and have great pleasure and satisfaction in presenting you with a statement of the results of the Bank's business, which you will realize is the best record in its history, and should be a source of gratification to the shareholders and those actively engaged in its administration.

There was enough difficulty and perplexity in the general financial situation at the close of 1912 to make us apprehensive at the beginning of the past year. Canadians had some reason to hope for an early return to normal conditions, but were doomed to disappointment, and the continuance of the unfavorable influences then evident, and the aggravation of some of their worst features has made the history of 1913 memorable in the annals of international trade. While the year has been full of anxiety and much actual strain, there is cause for congratulation that, notwithstanding the long-deferred arrival of peace in Continental Europe, the uncertainty as to how the adjustment of immense war expenditures will be made, and the distressing delay in bringing order out of chaos in unfortunate Mexico, the general position of financial credit has, on the whole, been fairly well maintained. In our own country we were seriously disturbed lest we should have a failure of the crops, as this would certainly have added to our difficulties; but we were fortunate in securing an abundant harvest of excellent quality. This was marketed with extraordinary celerity and realized good values which enabled us to make a substantial measure of liquidation of our debts and largely increase our cash capital. Canada is so closely allied with and influenced by the movements of our neighbors to the south that there was great satisfaction when the radical and important measures initiated under the recent change of administration were brought to a successful conclusion without any serious disturbance in financial affairs. Taken as a whole, and keeping in mind all the adverse conditions, the past year has been marked by astonishing evidence of strength to meet great emergencies.

You will readily see from the statements included in the Report of the Directors that the Bank has had another satisfactory year in the matter of profits. After a very careful re-valuation of our assets, making liberal allowances for depreciation in securities, and providing for all bad and doubtful debts, you will be pleased to know that the Directors remembered the staff, to whose faithful and zealous efforts our success is largely due. Before closing the books a substantial sum was set aside out of the year's earnings and distributed as a bonus, leaving the declared net profits \$2,992,

951.10, being 10.88 per cent on the Capital and Rest combined. We were enabled to pay dividends amounting to \$1,800,000, including the usual dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, and extra bonus dividends of 2 per cent. for the year; and we have reason to hope that we shall maintain this rate until the Rest equals the Capital, and thereafter make the permanent basis 12 per cent., with whatever advantage may come with extra good fortune.

In our last report the urgent necessity for providing an extension of the Head Office and Toronto Branch premises was referred to; and arrangements have since had to be made for the temporary accommodation of some departments of the Bank outside the present building. We are now pleased to say that we have purchased the two properties adjoining, and will proceed to consider plans, although we do not expect to make much progress towards altering or erecting a building for two or three years. We have acquired property in Windsor, Ont., where a suitable office building will be erected during the coming year, and are also engaged in planning the erection of an adequate building in the City of Quebec. In both these places it was absolutely necessary to provide for our growing business. Bank Premises account now stands at \$4,281,481.60, and in this connection we would direct your attention to the item of \$979,915.61 in the statement under Real Estate. This includes bank premises acquired by the amalgamation with the Eastern Townships Bank, which will be disposed of in due course at considerably more than the book value. With this sale and the sums from time to time written off Bank Premises we should be able to keep this account within reasonable bounds and still show our properties at approximately 50 per cent. of their value.

We think it advisable to give you an assurance that in the midst of the troubled and dangerous state of affairs in Mexico our interests are being safeguarded and every precaution exercised in handling a difficult problem. Our Manager enjoys our full confidence and he has shown unusual ability and judgment under these trying circumstances.

We deemed it prudent to restrict the opening of new branches to the carrying out in some measure of a programme we had planned early in the year; and we consequently confined ourselves to districts where we had no representation except in some cases where we opened for the protection of other branches. The geographical distribution of branches and agencies as at 30th November, 1913, was as follows:

Alberta	53
British Columbia	41
Manitoba	23
New Brunswick	5
Nova Scotia	13
Ontario	82
Prince Edward Island	5
Quebec	82
Saskatchewan	57
Yukon	2
Total in Canada	366
Newfoundland	1
London, England	1
United States	4
Mexico	1

Total number of Branches ... 373

The number of the Bank's shareholders is now 6,026, as against 5,656 a year ago, an increase of 370. The following table indicates how widely our shareholders are scattered, not only in Canada, but abroad:

	No. of Shareholders	Amount Held
Ontario	1,468	\$1,077,350
Quebec	1,102	3,011,900
Maritime Provinces... ..	758	1,571,650
Western Provinces... ..	126	255,700
Great Britain	1,723	3,315,650
United States	684	2,599,550
Other Countries	105	168,200
Total	6,026	\$15,000,000

There has been a widespread agitation in the Central Western district as to the supposed need for greater recognition of the claims of farmers to accommodation from the banks, but investigation does not support this contention, so far as this bank is concerned. A carefully prepared statement of the business of this bank in the three western provinces shows the percentage of total deposits to total loans in this district to be 55.55 per cent., which means that for every one dollar on deposit in these provinces we lend two. A compilation of the figures of the business of this bank in Saskatchewan made at the request of the Royal Commission on Agricultural Credit, appointed by the Saskatchewan Government, gave the percentage of farmers' loans to farmers' deposits in this province as 278.29 per cent., while the percentage of farmers' loans to total deposits was 88.25 per cent. This means that for every dollar which the farmers of Saskatchewan have deposited with us, we have lent them nearly three. These facts should convince those interested in this important subject that our farming customers have been generously treated by us.

The decennial revision of the Bank Act was an important feature of the last session of Parliament. A most searching examination and discussion of every conceivable phase of banking as it affects this country, resulted in a measure evidently framed with the object of meeting every reasonable requirement, and the Act is generally regarded as a piece of unusually good legislation. The most prominent of the new features are the provisions for the creation of a Central Gold Reserve and the appointment of auditors for the independent examination of banks.

In view of what has been accomplished in spite of so many adverse influences and taking into account the natural disposition to look at the bright side of things after having passed through a trying period, it is not easy to forecast what the coming year will bring. We are inclined to the thought that with the correction and adjustment of important matters now pending—such as the settlement of European political and financial difficulties and the attempts to bring about a return of peace and prosperity to unhappy Mexico (an important factor in the situation)—we shall see a revival of better conditions and our problems may be easily solved. We fear there will be a slow recovery, and great circumspection will be required before we again sail in smooth waters. We are likely to have an accumulation of idle money in the financial centres, but this will probably not have any appreciable effect on rates for general business for some time to come, because of the depression in all first class securities and the difficulty of disposing of the large amount awaiting a favorable market. On the other hand, trade has been prosperous and is fundamentally sound, and while considerable restriction must be expected, we are hopeful that the coming year will be one of reasonable prosperity.

The adoption of the report was then moved by the President of the Bank, Sir Edmund Walker, whose address follows:

President's Address

At our last annual meeting for the first time we presented the information at our disposal regarding industrial conditions in Canada, and in the foreign countries in which we do business, in the form of an appendix to the ordinary report to our shareholders. The advantage of presenting the views of our chief officers regarding the various districts directly to the shareholders, instead of compressing them into the addresses of the President or the General Manager, seemed clear, and we think the experiment has justified itself and may be adopted hereafter.

A year ago the tide of expansion seemed still to be in flood, although in some quarters a check was either in plain sight or had here and there made itself felt. Money for certain purposes, notably in connection with real estate, was not so easy to obtain as in former years, yet little heed was apparently paid to the oft-repeated warnings of bankers and others who tried to forecast the future, although at the end of the year we must conclude that, after all, such warnings did have some beneficial effect. Clearly

SAVE-THE-HORSE

(Trade Mark Registered.)

BOOK FREE



Why We Make a Contract to Cure

Mr. W. C. FRALEY, 502 Fisher St., Salisbury, N. C., Mar. 27, '13, writes: I used 2 bottles and cured two horses and one pony of bone spavin two years ago and they are sound as a dollar.

FOUR YEARS AFTER—STILL SOUND
Mr. H. G. PUTNAM, dealer in Coal, Danvers, Mass., Oct. 6, '13, writes: Four years ago, I sent for Save-the-Horse for thoroughpin and made a cure. The horse has done a good day's work almost every day since on coal wagon.

WE ORIGINATED the plan of treating horses Under Signed Contract to Return Money if Remedy fails. You risk nothing by writing; it will cost you nothing for advice and there will be no string to it.

OUR LATEST Save-The-Horse BOOK is our 18 Years' Discoveries—Treating Every Kind Ringbone—Thoroughpin—SPAVIN—and ALL—Shoulder, Knee, Ankle, Hoof and Tendon Disease—Tells How to Test for Spavin; how to locate and treat 58 forms of LAMENESS—Illustrated.

OUR CHARGES for Treatment ARE MODERATE. But write and we will send you—BOOK—Sample Contract and Advice—ALL FREE to (Horse Owners and Managers—Only).

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Druggists everywhere sell Save-The-Horse WITH CONTRACT, or we send by Parcel Post or Express paid.

RUB IT IN AILING FEET and you will find walking a joy. TOE-KOMFORT

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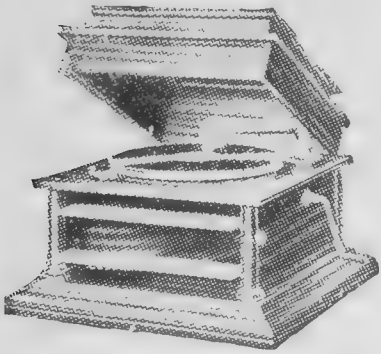
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Send a dime and addresses of two other flower growers and I will send you:
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pensive theatres and concert halls of the larger cities.
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COLLARS

we have come through a time of difficulty
in a most creditable manner, and we can
look forward to the future cheerfully if
the spirit of prudence which now char-
acterizes our people remains unchanged
at least until another good crop has been
marketed. Much of that part of our ex-
pansion which went too far reminds one
of the diseases through which the young
have to pass. We are doubtless glad if
they escape them entirely, but we have
no reason to expect that they will be so
fortunate. Some undue speculation in
real estate, and some over-building in
connection with public improvements, is
inevitable amidst such astonishing growth
and prosperity, and it would be foolish
to expect anything else. We are now
realizing more accurately the value of
real estate and through the process we
are gaining an experience which is
absolutely necessary to the founda-
tions of a sound prosperity. The
Western country as a whole will not
again have to suffer from this particular
ailment of young communities. We have
repeatedly deplored the fettering of the
country by the high rent-charge which
inflated real estate values impose, and
the unfortunate effect of such a rent-
charge on the cost of living, and if there
is now to be a pause in the upward move-
ment of values, there will in any event
be a corresponding gain to all landless
people.

Immigration has not yet been much
checked by the curtailment of industry;
indeed, except from the United States,
there has been a large increase during
the year. The British immigrants exceed
in number the combined total of those
from Europe and Asia and very much ex-
ceed those from the United States. The
largest increase as compared with the
figures of previous years, however, is in
the division which includes all countries
except Great Britain and the United
States. Here the increase, December
figures being estimated, is 32 per cent.
From Great Britain the increase is 8 per
cent., while from the United States there
has been a decrease of 17 per cent. There
is thus a total increase of 6 per cent., as
against 13 per cent. in the previous year.
The total number of immigrants, Decem-
ber figures again being estimated, was
417,709, as compared with 395,804, the
revised figures for 1912. The total for
1913 is made up as follows: British, 156,-
873, United States, 115,805, all other
countries, 145,031. These figures are
again eloquent in explaining the con-
ditions of our foreign trade, the total of
which for the year ending March,
1913, passed the billion mark for the first
time, being \$1,085,175,000. The imports
were valued at \$691,943,000 and the ex-
ports at \$393,232,000, showing the largest
excess of imports we have ever had,
namely, \$298,711,000. In the six months
of the current fiscal year ending Sep-
tember, the complete figures for which
have been published, there is some im-
provement in the proportion of exports
to imports, and since September a great-
er improvement has taken place. As to
our exports we are glad to report an in-
crease during this period in every group,
while there has been a decrease in many
of the classes of imports.

We again draw attention to the large
proportion of our imports which consists
or iron and steel in various forms, not
only as raw materials, but as manufac-
tured goods. The total value is about
\$140,000,000. May we once more point
out that in the main these are articles
used in building or in equipping the
country for its future, and that such pur-
chases differ in effect from the import of
foodstuffs and other rapidly perishing
objects? At the same time we regret
that the greater part of these iron and
steel goods is not made in Canada now,
as certainly will be the case in time. To
the extent of which, by making these
goods in Canada, we could have lessened
the debt represented by the securities we
have sold to pay for the difference be-
tween imports and exports, we have bur-
dened ourselves for a long time to come.
Of course, while workmen are busily en-
gaged in other things, as they have been
in Canada, it may be said, that they are
not available for more work in iron and
steel, but as soon as railroad and other
building lessens in volume, not in the
aggregate but in proportion to other in-
dustries, we may hope that we shall be
able to make in Canada the larger part
of the iron and steel goods now imported.

The increased output of our coal and
iron mines, of our blast furnaces and of
our manufactories, which would result,
would be of inestimable value to the
country as a whole.

It was evident to any student of the
situation a year ago that Canada, and
other borrowing countries, would be put
to a severe test during 1913. What we
were not prepared for was that this
country should be singled out as, in some
measure, chief among the sinners of this
kind. It is well, however, to remember
that when money becomes scarce in the
great markets of the world the chief
borrower is always told that he has ob-
tained too large a share and that he must
stop borrowing for the time being. We
had scarcely realized that Canada had
become the chief borrower, or practically
so, and somewhat resented being held
responsible for a situation created by the
combined financial requirements of all the
active mercantile nations of the world.
However, we have had our warning and
shall doubtless act upon it.

The fact remains that under all this
pressure England has taken more of our
securities this year than ever before. She
has patiently remembered that we are
obliged to finish the many sound and im-
portant enterprises, public, semi-public
and private, which had been undertaken
before the financial clouds began to
gather. That such enterprises will com-
mand the money of the investor in pre-
ference to loans for the rehabilitation of
foreign countries devastated by war, or
in preference to securities based upon
ventures, we need not doubt, and out of
the vast sum available each year in the
markets of Europe for new investments,
we may be sure of getting a generous
share. We shall have to face a keener
analysis of the nature of the security
offered, and the necessity of paying
higher rates to the investor, and we shall
do well to abstain during the next year
or so from seeking to market any un-
necessary securities, in order that we
may do what we can to restore the bal-
ance between the investment resources of
the world and the securities offered for
sale. It is pleasing in this connection to
see that the higher rates of interest of-
fered have opened the markets of the
United States to our securities to an ex-
tent quite unusual in the past.

Now that we have come to a slight
pause in the growth of North America,
it is well to bear in mind some of the
more important things accomplished
during this period of expansion. In Can-
ada, in addition to growth in many other
directions, we have in sight the comple-
tion of two new transcontinental railway
systems, and while they have been build-
ing, the existing system has success-
fully established its claim to rank as
one of the foremost railway systems of
the world. As regards the United States
the Panama Canal is practically finished;
a tariff adjustment, the mere thought of
which would have created panic a few
years ago, has taken place, leaving the
outlook in this respect a certainty in-
stead of an uncertainty; a currency and
banking bill, for which the country has
been waiting about twenty years, has
been passed, and a more reasonable atti-
tude has been adopted towards the ques-
tion of railroad rate adjustment. These
are all events of the greatest importance
which must profoundly affect the
future of the two countries, and so far
as Canada is concerned we may surely
feel that we are now entering upon a
new and more important phase of indus-
trial life for which our equipment is more
adequate than ever before. No more
positive evidence of the need and value
of such equipment could be offered than
the ease with which the present year's
crop has harvested, moved and ware-
housed. This has been done in a manner
which would have seemed impossible
only a few years ago, and the value of
the smoothness and rapidity with which
the work was handled can scarcely be
estimated.

In connection with the opening of
the Panama Canal, there will be held
at San Francisco in 1915 the Panama-
Pacific International Exposition, for the
purpose of impressing upon the world the
vast change in its commerce likely to
accrue from this new waterway. It
is peculiarly gratifying to know that in
this exposition Canada will take a very
prominent place. It is proposed to
erect a building covering 65,000 square

feet, considerably larger than the Canadian building in any previous exposition, and in this space the natural products of our country in agriculture, horticulture, minerals, forestry, fish, game, etc., will be adequately displayed. We understand that it is the intention of the Government to make this one of the best exhibitions that has ever been placed before the public in the interest of this country.

We turn to the Clearing House returns with unusual interest at such a time as the present. There are now twenty-two Clearing Houses in Canada, but leaving out two with records for part of the year only and comparing the figures of the twenty in operation a year ago, we find that there have been ten increases and ten decreases during the year, as compared with increases in every Clearing House the previous year. The increase in the total is 1.27 per cent., as against 23.74 per cent. a year ago. Increases appear in the figures of seven eastern and three western cities and decreases in those of eight western and two eastern cities. After the phenomenal increases in 1912 we may be glad that we have held our own in 1913. Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, three cities which account for 72 per cent. or the total, all show increases.

The building permits of the four cities were as follows:—

1911.	1912.	1913.
Montreal—		
\$14,580,000	\$19,642,000	\$27,032,000
Toronto—		
24,374,000	27,401,000	27,038,000
Winnipeg—		
17,550,000	20,475,000	18,621,000
Vancouver—		
17,652,000	19,388,000	10,423,000

We have made the comparison for three years in view of the contraction which has begun in some cities. Toronto has just kept even and the decline in Winnipeg is trifling. The marked contraction is in Vancouver, and this no doubt represents conditions in many other western cities. In Montreal, however, there is a great increase in value, although the number of permits is practically the same. The figures for Montreal always exclude large suburbs, the building in which last year is said to approximate \$10,000,000 in value.

The comments of our Canadian, United States and English officers upon the trade and financial situation are so clearly set forth that I hesitate to repeat in any form their conclusions. It may be well, however, at such a difficult time to sum up the case as concisely as possible. The world has two problems before it: (1) How to render available a supply of money sufficient for the carrying out of such physical betterments as must be financed by the sale of securities? (2) How to enlarge the credit facilities of the world for those shorter term transactions which consist of the manufacturing and distributing of perishable goods?

The first problem can only be comfortably solved if there is sufficient money saved—that is, profits withdrawn from active use in business, or income not expended by the owners, etc.—to provide for the necessary borrowings of those who are expanding money on permanent improvements. For some years the world has been more extravagant than in any period known to history since Roman times, and this extravagance has been accompanied by a rise in prices which has made it very hard for those who are not extravagant and who are the most regular in saving money in ordinary times, to put by the usual margin against life's contingencies. When securities cannot readily be sold because of a shortage in these savings, the money necessary for the short term transactions above referred to is used to some extent, but the strain produced by this cannot continue indefinitely, and such permanent improvements must lessen in volume until savings catch up and the equilibrium has been restored. The situation during the past year, however, has been aggravated by many other factors. In many countries, notably in Canada, where large sums are being expended on permanent improvements, there is a relatively small number of those who have savings to lend, and the wants

of all the borrower in all such countries have exerted upon the lending countries of the world a combined pressure greater than ever before known. On the other hand, to the extravagance of individuals represented by motor cars, palatial houses, social display, etc., beyond the capacity of their incomes, have been added colossal expenditures in war and on armaments, and for many purposes which are useless from an industrial point of view. Armaments are necessary as part of the police system of the world, but the money sunk in their creation is none the less a sad burden to the industrial world. We have thus come to a time when, coinciding, as they do, with the hoarding of money by timid owners consequent upon the Balkan and Mexican troubles, the unusual requirements coming from an almost world-wide prosperity cannot be fully met. All business activities, therefore, throughout the world, must be lessened in volume until things right themselves, which they will do quite speedily if people generally are willing to profit by the lessons to be drawn from recent experience.

In accordance with the provisions of the revised Bank Act, Messrs. T. Harry Webb, C.A., and Mr. James Marwick, C.A., were appointed Auditors of the Bank for the ensuing year. The usual resolutions of thanks to the Directors and to the staff of the Bank were passed, Mr. William Davidson, K.C., taking occasion in the course of his remarks as the mover of the resolution of thanks to the Board to draw attention to the strength of the statement presented to the shareholders of the Bank. He added: "It shows that the Canadian Bank of Commerce is in a position of very great strength and one which enables it to meet any emergency which may arise. I think also it will be seen that this Bank, in common with many other large institutions in the Dominion of Canada, has done much to avert what might have been a very serious financial crisis during the past year or eighteen months in the history of this country." At the election of Directors the retiring members of the Board were re-elected without change.

Protection?

A bride and groom had been much troubled by the stares of people at hotels wherever they went. So when they arrived at the next hotel the groom called the colored head-waiter.

"Now, George," he said, "we have been bothered to death by people staring at us because we are just married. We want to be free from that sort of thing here. Now, here's two dollars; and remember I trust you not to tell people that we are just married, if they ask you. Understand?"

"Yas, sah!" said George; "I un'stand." All went well that day. But the following morning when the couple came down to breakfast the staring was worse than ever. Chambermaids in the hall snickered; the clerks behind the desk nudged each other; everybody in the dining-room stared. When the couple returned to their room it was only to see a head sticking out of nearly every room down the long hall.

Angered beyond control, the groom went to the desk and called for the head-waiter.

"Look here, you old fool!" said the groom didn't I give you two dollars to protect my wife and myself from this staring business?"

"Yas, sah, you did," said George. "Pon me soul, I didn't tell, sah."

"Then how about this staring?" asked the irate groom. "It's worse here than anywhere. Did anybody ask if we were married?"

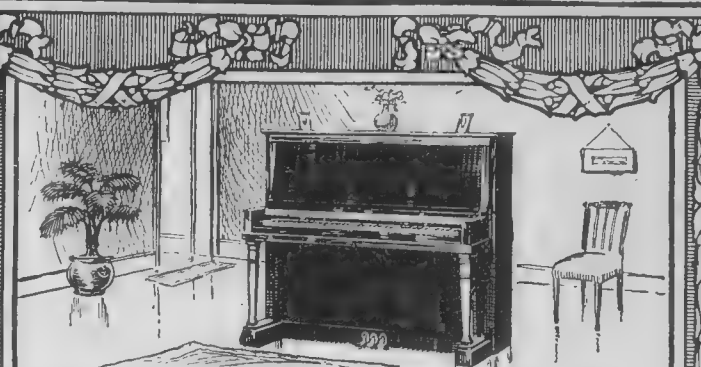
"Yas, sah; several folks did," replied George.

"Well, what did you tell them?"

"I tole 'em, sah," replied the honest negro, "you wuzn't married at all."

The Great-West Life Assurance Company reports a year of much expansion in 1913. Applications for over Twenty-seven Million Dollars were received. The interest earnings on investments were the best on record, and collections most satisfactory.

The Life Insurance outlook for 1914 is considered excellent.



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The Dominion Piano is a really beautiful instrument. But its beauty goes deeper than its appearance, for you will be equally charmed with the purity and sweetness of its exquisite tone—and this latter quality endures throughout the life of the Piano.

Then again, every Dominion Piano is guaranteed for ten years.

Apart from these great qualities, the further advantage of purchasing a Dominion Piano lies in the fact that you save about \$100 on the transaction. The difference being in the price of a Dominion Piano and of a professionally recommended instrument of equal merit.

If you are thinking of buying a Piano don't purchase any instrument until you have seen our catalogue.

In fact, the best thing to do is to write for it now.

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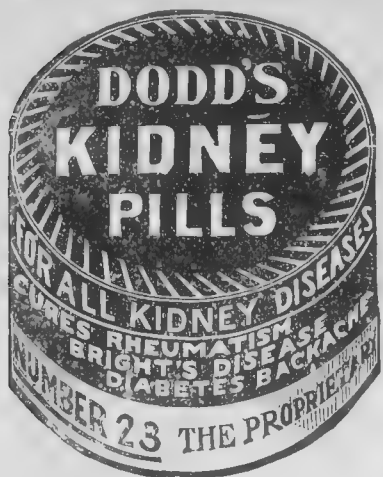
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I want you to let me send you a free test reading of your life. I will point out the way to success, marriage, love, health, wealth and business affairs. I will open your eyes by making for you wonderful revelations of past, present and future and by telling you secret facts known only to yourself. I will prove to you that psychometric astrology is an accurate science: it will tell you of changes to come and mistakes to avoid, whether friends are false or true. It will answer questions about present or future marriages, divorces, friendships, etc. It will tell you what profession to follow, and how to secure your full measure of success and prosperity.

If you are in trouble, perplexed, or at a loss what to do to secure your greatest desire, I want you to let me help you. I have taught many the way to success and happiness. A well-known actress says she owes her success to me. I foretold the future for a prominent politician. My system of astrology found a fortune for a successful business man. I will send you full details of these and other cases. What I have done for others I can do for you.

Send me your full name and address, stating whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, and exact date of birth, put 2c. postage on your letter and enclose 10c. (stamps, not coin), to cover part expenses of typing, return postage, etc., and I will send you specially prepared free test reading at once. Write plainly. Address: Charles Amhoff, 81 Shaftesbury Avenue, Apt. 332-C, London, W., England.

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We have in our possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and safely, should have a copy. So we have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write us for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and we are convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

We think we owe it to our fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what we believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop us a line like this: Interstate Remedy Co., 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and we will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but we send it entirely free.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

ENGAGEMENTS.

A group of girls asked me to give them a little talk on "engagements." This is a more serious topic than many girls realize. Three weeks ago an engaged girl accepted an expensive set of furs for a Christmas present from her young man friend and a week later broke her engagement. She even laughed about the affair. Is it any wonder that men lose faith in girls? Playing with the hearts of men is dangerous. A young man asked a girl to attend a dance with him. "No," she replied, "I have given up dancing. I believe it is not right." "I'll wager you will go to the annual ball," he remarked "you cannot resist the temptation to attend that." He had little respect for her will power. This girl actually asked a friend if it were right for her to go to that ball. She was not strong enough to decide for herself. Everywhere men tell me that they meet so many weak girls. "Show me the girl who has will power to resist my temptations and I'll ask her to marry me!" exclaims one young man who laughs at the lack of decisive strength of his girl acquaintances.

Then another girl tells me she has been engaged three times in one year and tosses her head proudly because of her popularity.

Another girl tells me that she is not sure whether or no she likes the young man who wants her to marry him. Then scores of young men hesitate to ask a girl to marry them because they feel the girls have tastes too extravagant for them to satisfy. There is such a condition, girls, as peaceful poverty. Love will make the simple cottage pleasant. I am not going to discuss this subject until next month. In the meantime I ask my readers to write me letters giving their opinion of these examples of weakness in girlhood.

THE BEAUTY PAGE.

When a girl I studied every beauty department I could find for a sure recipe for freckles. I washed in the morning dew seven months, I bathed my face in lemon juice and butter milk and even pasted white of egg over my face but the stubborn freckles would not leave. I had a wrong idea of beauty. A girl friend who desired red cheeks put a tiny mustard plaster on each cheek. She had a wrong idea of beauty. We were all meant to be beautiful—every girl in this big wide world, but generations of pinched waists and feet, of the brain over heated with false hair, the vital organs cramped, the free step impeded and the form dwarfed. We have crippled the feminine idea of the "woman beautiful." Queen Elizabeth, though dressed in one of her magnificent gowns, flashing with myriads of jewels and wearing one of her three hundred wigs, was not beautiful. No—she spat upon her attendants. The insanity of fashion and outward adorning paints and powders and false ringlets after a while reveal a character false and ugly. With time come wrinkles—then the soul shines through and reveals the whole history of ourselves.

Browning says:

"There is a vision in the heart of each of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness,

To wrong and pain, and a knowledge of its cure.

And these embodied in a woman's form."

The recipe for womanly beauty is embodied in four words—justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness. Without these characteristics a woman is ugly. There are women who minister justice—nothing more—they are cold. Others have wisdom but are not tender. We admire wisdom but very often cannot love the wise woman—she may lack

sympathy. Justice—a strict performance of moral obligations; mercy—forbearance to inflict harm under circumstances of provocation when one has the power to inflict it; wisdom—knowledge and the capacity to use it; tenderness—to be anxious for another's good—these develop a girl into a beautiful woman. The highest method of acquiring beauty is the development of one's own inner life. Expression is the fascinating charm in every girl's face. In the scales of society—beauty of manner, beauty of speech, beauty of achievement, beauty of character—these outweigh natural facial features. "The Samson of soul power is a beautiful woman." Muscular force is weak under the power of a charming woman. Men like to be in the atmosphere of the presence of a sincere woman. A face may attract the eye but unless there is something else to win the heart we tire of it. The mother of Francis Willard gave her this motto to follow through life. "Womanliness first—afterward what you will." A recipe that will make any girl beautiful is included in the following quotation:

"May you walk as through life's road.

Every woman can,

With a pure heart before God

And a true heart unto man."

GREAT BUILDERS OF CANADA.

Fifty years hence I imagine an historian busy at work on a book entitled "Great Builders of Canada." On the page describing the contents of the volume I would read the word "Women." It must be a book of golden deeds—full of incidents, of hardships, ambitions, struggles, and attainments. One chapter describes a woman like Agnes Deans Cameron who penetrated far into the northland to bring back specimens of vegetation and trophies from the people of the cold who have helped in the creation of Canadian life. Another chapter will be devoted to the noble pioneer women who have endured the privations of poverty and suffered and toiled that they might rear boys and girls to cultivate a land of promise. Then a chapter will be devoted to women who have righted the wrongs of their sisters, who have lifted them up from helplessness into protection and justice.

In the book will be the names of women who have cleaned cities by wiping out dishonest food, unsanitary homes, and wicked haunts that lure the young. There will be chapters devoted to women as teachers, college presidents, professors, inventors, newspaper women, dentists, doctors, lecturers, artists, publishers, architects, designers, civil engineers, business managers, scientists, dramatists, composers, women in real estate and politics and women farmers. Canada is a field of opportunity for ambitious girls. It is full of promises for the future—a future which you and I must help to make. Our sex is playing a prominent part and "The Girl of Canada" is a great motive power in the building of a nation that is before the eyes of a watching world. The great questions of the day, political, social and moral—we must help in the solution of them. Do I hear girls say: "I have no chance." Do not wait for opportunities—make them.

A CONVINCING REFERENCE.

An untidy girl is an extravagant girl. An untidy girl will do her work carelessly. Wherever one sees a girl clean and neat in her dress one sees extra carefulness in her work.

Slovenly girls produce slovenly work. This is the reason many girls cannot obtain work. An untidy girl wears out more clothes than one who is systematic in the care of her dresses, gloves and boots. I went into a girl's room the other day. A white kid glove was un-

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer, that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally.
S. T. MORRIS, Manager,
1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

How I Cured My Superfluous Hair

A Friendly Scientist Showed Me How to Cure It Forever

I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW TO GET RID OF YOURS TOO

For a long time I was sorely troubled by a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair on my face and arms. My face was indeed a sight

from the exasperating growth and I grew almost to hate myself for my unsightly appearance. There are many things advertised for Superfluous Hair, and I think I tried them all but never with any result, except to waste my money and burn my skin.

But notwithstanding all my years of disappointment, to-day there is not a sign of Superfluous Hair on my face,

arms or anywhere else. I got rid of it through following the advice of a friendly scientist, a Professor of Chemistry at an English University. The treatment he advised is so thorough, simple and easy to use that I want every other sufferer in America to know about it. It worked such a change in my appearance and my happiness, that I gladly waive my natural feelings of sensitiveness, and will tell broad-cast to all who are afflicted how I destroyed every trace of hair, never to return.

If you are a sufferer and would like to have full details, just send along your name (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and address, and a two-cent stamp for return postage, and I will send you in full detail the advice and instructions which resulted in my own cure after all else failed. Address your letter, Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 382 B.C., No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

Note: Mrs. Jenkins as her photograph shows, is a lady of refinement, and for years was well-known as a Society Leader in Scranton, Pa.



Had Salt Rheum. Could Scarcely Do Work.

Skin diseases are invariably due to bad or impoverished blood, and while not usually attended with fatal results are nevertheless very distressing to the average person.

Among the most prevalent are: Salt Rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Rash, Boils, Pimples, and Itching Skin Eruptions.

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Mrs. Ellwood Nesbitt, Apsley, Ont., writes:—"I had Salt Rheum so bad I could scarcely do my work. I took two treatments of doctor's medicine, but they did me no good. A friend told me his wife had had Salt Rheum, and that Burdock Blood Bitters had cured her, so I got a bottle, and before I had it all taken my hand was better."

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For Gray Hair

I Will Tell You Free How to Restore to Your Hair the Natural Color of Youth

No Dyes or Other Harmful Method.
Results in Four Days.

Let me send you free full information about a harmless liquid that will restore the natural color of your hair, no matter what your age nor the cause of your greyness. It is not a dye nor a stain. Its effects commence after four days' use.



The photo on the left shows me at age 27, gray and old looking. The other shows me at age 35, many years younger in appearance.

I am a woman who became prematurely gray and old looking at 27, but a scientific friend told me of a simple method he had perfected after years of study. I followed his advice and in a short time my hair actually was the natural color of my girlhood days. This method is entirely different from anything else I have ever seen or heard of. Its effect is lasting and it will not wash or rub off or stain the scalp. It is neither sticky or greasy, its use cannot be detected; and it will restore the original natural shade to any gray or faded hair, no matter how many things have failed.

Write me to-day giving your name and address plainly, stating whether lady or gentleman and enclose 2 ct. stamp for return postage and I will send you full particulars that will enable you to restore the original color of youth to your hair, making it soft, fluffy and natural. Write to-day. Address Mrs. Mary K. Chapman, Suite 382-G, Banigan Bldg., Providence, R.I.



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WINNIPEG, MAN.

der the bed and one side had been soiled by the dusty floor; a slight rent in her silk blouse had not been mended and soon the entire sleeve was ruined. Her skirt was divorced from the waist and she sat in the corner—discouraged and broken hearted because she had lost her position. Every person a girl meets takes a mental photograph of her personal appearance and though her dress may be simple and tidy she creates a much better impression than if her dress be costly and careless. If a girl wants a position, a neat tidy personal appearance is the most convincing reference she can carry.

THE GIRLS IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

Probably the largest club in Winnipeg, except the Canadian clubs, is the Dickens Fellowship. Of all English novelists the one who makes us most familiar with characters of all types is Charles Dickens. A lady in Edinburgh once asked him, "May I touch the hand of the one who has filled my life with so many friends?" It is said that Charles Dickens put as much care and energy into his short stories as into his larger works. His heart was in his work because he wept and laughed with his characters. Dickens believed that mental rest comes best after bodily exertion and after intellectual excitement he would walk twenty miles. He was full of energy and enthusiasm because of this physical exercise. Some of the characters created by Charles Dickens are as dear as life long friends. He was a master of humor and pathos. I wonder if the girls and young women who read this page are familiar with the girls and young women in the stories of Dickens. There was dear Little Nell who guided a gambling grandfather. She had more courage and spirit than many grown women. When her grandfather told her of his misfortunes she replied bravely: "Let us be beggars and be happy." Finally old in sorrows, trials and sufferings, her delicate body gave out, and how we love the dear little girl as we read of her kindness to the wandering old man.

Then there was the Blind Girl who lived in a poor environment oblivious of her surroundings. So tenderly and carefully did her father protect her that he led her to believe their home was comfortable and his clothes were warm and whole. Optimism reigned supreme in the little old wooden house. When the Blind Girl was told that her father was not a fine smart man with a blue coat, but a spare worn out grey-haired man, she threw herself down on the floor beside her father, took the grey head to her heart and exclaimed: "There's not a gallant figure on this earth that I cherish so devotedly." She was a lovely example of filial love.

Jenny Wren, the Doll's Dressmaker, who sat stitching all day, is a dear friend of mine. She was patient and unselfish because she supported herself and her idle, worthless father. Beautiful thoughts were shut up in her crippled body. Her mind was full of fanciful pictures. She could smell rose leaves lying in bushels on the floor and birds sang sweetly to her—all in fancy. Little Jenny Wren teaches us lessons—lessons of gratitude for our common blessings. These are some of the girls we learn to know in the novels written by Charles Dickens—sweet, patient, lovable, self-sacrificing girls they are and very respectful to the aged as well as loyal to their superiors.

THE UNIT OF PROSPERITY.

The unit of prosperity is the copper. A successful young woman asked me: "Why are so many girls without any money to tide them over a period of illness? My friends usually have a bank account." This girl had been in this country a short time only. She has been paid a low salary yet she has a nice bank account and I directed her to a bank here where she may continue to deposit her weekly savings. I find that the girls belonging to her nationality are very thrifty. Some girls complain because they are asked to economize yet they envy the woman in the

prosperous home. Lack of thrift in girlhood is the reason why some women to-day are starving while others are happy in an environment of plenty. One girl came to me saying: "Mrs. Hamilton, I cannot save—my wages are too low." "My dear girl," I replied: "How much did that feather on your hat cost?"

"Five dollars."
"Five hundred coppers," I emphasized the word coppers. "How many picture shows do you attend in one week?"

"About three."
"Thirty coppers," I added. "You are wearing a thin pair of silk stockings. How much did they cost?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I got them at a bargain sale for fifty cents."

"Cashmere are warmer and wear longer and cost only thirty-five cents. I put down on paper fifty coppers more. I see you have a box of chocolates. It must have cost twenty-five coppers."

"Six hundred and five coppers might have been saved from this month's wages. Six hundred and five that I have counted—you have no doubt spent more needlessly." People say to me: "Can a girl live on seven dollars a week?" I say it depends largely on the nationality of the girl. Thrift involves self denial and frugal living—it is a good plan to follow the rule. "Spend less than you earn."

IN THE TOWER.

Be a woman in the tower of character and you shall see opportunities. Down on the level and in the depths of indecision, laziness and weakness—the scum of life blurs the vision and, like a fly on a sheet of sticky paper, the feet will become so entangled in the glue of failure that you drop in despair. Look up and you shall be lifted up. They speak of the under-world—where the dregs of character live. Then there must be an upper-world where the cream of character lives, works, and thrives. Let us live in the upper-world—in the towers where we see only truth, prosperity, joy and love.

THE LITTLE VOICE.

One time as I stood lost in wonder before the great Falls of Niagara, I exclaimed to my friends: "Wonderful, wonderful, is it not the most wonderful thing in the world?" "Oh, no," she replied, "the still small voice is far more wonderful." The still small voice speaks within to warn us against the falsehood that whispers in our hearts or the angry word, and like a little fairy clock its steady tick tock says, "Be good, be good, my girl—your sins will come back to you." If selfishness would bid us keep what we should gladly share the inner voice begs us to give from our storehouse of blessings.

The still small voice is a friend that if heeded will keep every girl out of trouble. When a criminal is suspected of a crime detectives immediately get in touch with his associates and these associates are carefully questioned because they have been in his company as in the case of Krafchenko. When the still small voice within urges one to give up an associate who poisons her mind—obey! How may a girl test an associate? A true friend inspires her—a false friend poisons her mind.

The proceedings at the annual meeting of The Canadian Bank of Commerce held in Toronto in the early part of January will be found in another section of the magazine. A year of exceptional progress is recorded and the business outlook is extremely promising. The venerable head of the institution, President B. E. Walker, gave, in his annual address, words of advice and encouragement. In this connection the bank has issued a booklet dealing with the Dominion by provinces and with the products and industries of each. The amount of knowledge contained in this little booklet will help anyone interested in the affairs of the country, and readers of The Western Home Monthly will do well to apply to the Secretary of the bank or at any of its branches for a copy.

She Was Helpless For Two Years

Why Mrs. Baldwin Recommends
Dodd's Kidney Pills

She Could Find Nothing to Cure Her Rheumatism Till On a Neighbor's Advice She Tried Dodd's Kidney Pills.

St. Walburg, Sask., (Special).—"I can truly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills for any one suffering from Rheumatism." These are the words of Mrs. W. A. Baldwin, a highly respected resident of this place. And Mrs. Baldwin gives her reasons.

"I was nearly helpless with rheumatism for two years," she states. "I got medicine from the doctor, and tried several other remedies but nothing helped me. Then one of my neighbors advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I bought four boxes, and they helped almost from the first. I have used nearly two dozen boxes and am nearly cured."

That rheumatism is one of the results of diseased kidneys is again shown in Mrs. Baldwin's case. She had headaches, stiffness of the joints and backache, her sleep was broken and unrefreshing, and she was always tired and nervous. Her limbs swelled and she was always thirsty. These are all symptoms of diseased kidneys. When she cured her kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills the symptoms vanished—and so did the rheumatism.

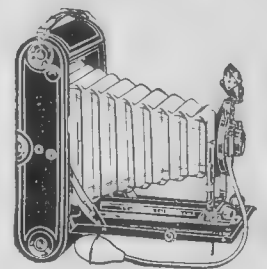
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WINNIPEG PIANO

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The Women's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

Unless all signs fail there will be a Provincial election within the next three months. It is just possible that the Grain Growers hope to form a party and get into power themselves, when they will proceed to grant a franchise to women. As that is rather a large undertaking, it would have seemed not a bad idea to have made some plans whereby their organization might have been effective in helping the women with the present party in power. As a matter of fact, while no doubt a very great number of members of the Grain Growers' Association are not opposed to women having a vote, they are not yet impressed with the fact that it is important, and to them Hail Insurance is of infinitely more consequence than votes for women, the dower law, or any similar reform.

Again I say what has been said so often before, "Women of Manitoba, you will have to get busy on this matter yourselves, if you do not you will be just as far forward twenty years hence as you are now."

more than ever interesting this spring. The crowds which attended last year were so large that President McGregor and Manager Smale have decided that this year the women's section will be held in the Armoury building, which is just across the street from the Winter Fair. Already Manager

Brandon Smale has his plans drawn up for putting in larger equipment and generally making it more comfortable for the women who attend and special attention will be given to making it easy for the women to follow the cooking demonstrations. These demonstrations will this year be in charge of Mrs. Chas. Gray, of Chicago.

Mrs. Gray, who before her marriage was Grace Viall, is a Ph.B., Ed. B. of the University of Chicago, from which institution she graduated in 1906 and immediately took up the work of Instructor of Home Economics in Rockford College for Women, Rockford, Ill. She spent three years there with great success, and then accepted the Head of



Cabbages at Rosthern, Sask., on the experimental farm.

On the subject of the Grain Growers I might say that there were this time a few women delegates at the general meeting. I had a little talk with them and found that they were strongly in favor of a women's section of the Grain Growers' Association similar to the one which was organized last year in connection with the Saskatchewan Grain Growers. They stated that while they were interested in many of the questions discussed by the men's section, there were things in connection with their own work in the homes and the rearing of children and matters of that kind in which they were naturally more interested, and they felt that a women's section covering part of the time, might be very profitable and would in no way interfere with the men's meetings, in fact it would help them, as the women attending the meetings of their own would naturally spend some time at the men's meetings also, and in that way their outlook would be broadened beyond the more immediate home interests. On the other hand the men would have a chance to drop in and hear discussions of some of the home problems, which, while more directly in the province of the women are of vital interest to the men also.

I am quite sure of one thing, and that is, that while the men's association may seem somewhat lax in the matter of pushing equal suffrage, they would be quite willing that the women should have meetings of special interest to them. I believe that if some of the women would take the matter up with Secretary McKenzie, it would not be difficult to arrange a meeting for next year.

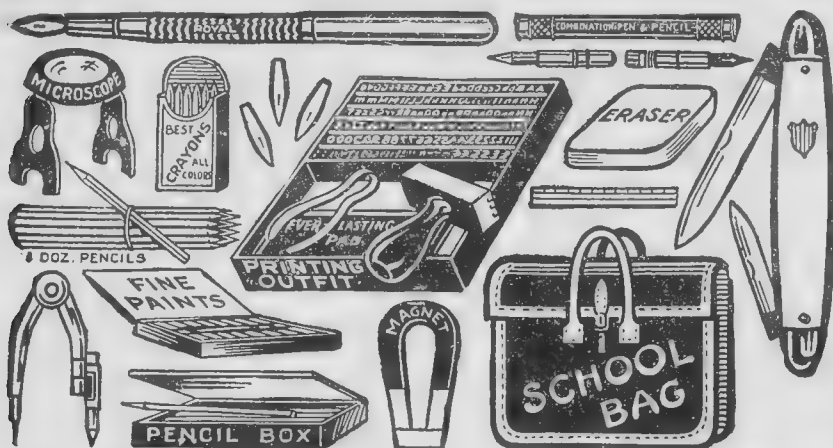
The women's section of the Winter Fair at Brandon, which opened so auspiciously last March, promises to be

the Home Economics Department of the Illinois Women's College at Jacksonville, where she spent a year. From there she went to the position of Associate Professor of Home Economics in the Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa. The head of this section is Miss McKay, well known in Manitoba, her family having lived for years at Birtle and she herself having delivered almost the first lectures on Home Economics in connection with the Manitoba Agricultural College.

While at Ames, Miss Viall, now Mrs. Gray, had a great deal of experience in college extension work and has addressed many meetings and given demonstrations before thousands of women from the farms of the State of Iowa. Miss McKay, in speaking of her coming to Manitoba said "I am sure Mrs. Gray will be a great success at the Brandon Fair, she is so broad in her outlook; so vivacious, so sympathetic and so eminently practical that I am sure she will capture the hearts of the Manitoba women. I am only sorry that I cannot go along with her and help."

In addition to her work as a teacher of Domestic Science, Mrs. Gray, both before and since her marriage, has been a Chautauqua and extension lecturer. She is National Vice President of the Associated Clubs of Domestic Science. She is on the Faculty of the "People's Institute of Domestic Economy." She is a regular contributor to the "Country Gentleman" and a contributor to the "North American," which has a very large syndicate connection, through which her articles go practically all over the United States.

Mrs. Gray has made one trip through Canada, having, with her husband, who is the secretary of the Aberdeen Angus Association of America, visited the sum-



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mer fairs of Winnipeg, Brandon, Saskatoon, and Edmonton in 1912. On that trip she was much attracted by the opportunity for developing Domestic Science work at the fairs.

Visited and as she was due to visit Canada friends in Brandon she was quite willing to make her visit coincide with the dates of the Winter Fair and help the Board in the matter of Domestic Science demonstrations.

Owing to the fact that practically all the Domestic Science teachers are very busy with their own work at that season, the Board was finding difficulty in securing help along this line and are warmly appreciative of Mrs. Gray's willingness to come to their assistance.

I am glad to be able to give readers of the Monthly a picture of Mrs. Chas. Gray. The likeness is excellent, both of mother and child.

In addition to the demonstrations of cooking there will be addresses by a number of prominent women speakers, and other features which have not been fully determined upon. However, the farmer women of Manitoba will make no mistake in putting down March 2 to 6 in their diaries, and keeping these dates open for the Brandon Winter Fair.

The very name at the head of this page suggests thought and meditation



Mrs. Charles Gray, of Chicago University, who will act as Domestic Science Demonstrator at Brandon Winter Fair

and the result of that thought and meditation, in some of the quiet homes of the prairies would, I feel sure, be of great benefit to other women, both in country and city homes.

I would like to feel that this year, 1914, will be one of progress. I will try earnestly to do my share, but there is a share which the readers should do also. This question of writing to the page will not be mentioned again during the year, because it has frequently been mentioned before. Each year, however, brings new readers and I would not like anyone to feel that they were not welcome to send a letter to express an opinion or offer a criticism. Let us have the benefit of your "Quiet Hour."

The date for the Short Course in Nursing at the Manitoba Agricultural College is set for February 3, and, therefore, will be well on its way before it reaches many of my readers. I would like to say a word of commendation for those who have

Short Course planned this course in Nursing. There will be six lectures given on Maternity Nursing, three by Dr. Mary Crawford, and three by Dr. Helen Douglas; while Dr. A. W. Moody will deliver a lecture on first aid. There will be other addresses on personal hygiene, care of children and invalid cooking. The course will last two weeks. There are, I understand, women being sent from the more remote districts of the Province, by the women of the district clubbing together to bear the expense, and this seems to me a splendid thing, and there is no doubt the course will be repeated.

There is nothing so appalling in the life of the pioneer as the lack of ability

to help in the time of illness, especially at times of birth. I so often go back in mind to a statement made by Dr. Jas. W. Robertson, when he assisted at the inauguration of the Victorian Order of Nurses. He said, "It is a very simple thing to die. I am not concerned about the people who must die anyway, but I am concerned with the people, and particularly the women, who must live and suffer for lack of proper help, especially at the time of child-birth. As a nation we are vitally interested in the birth of every child, and it should be one of our first duties as a nation, to see that the mothers are provided with proper help at these trying periods.

Help that will insure not only the life of the infant, but the full recovery of the mother."

Two sons of the Emerald Isle were tramping along a country road. Suddenly Pat pointed to a thicket by the wayside. "Can you tell me, Mike, what the name of them berries would be?"

"I can indade," says Mike. "Them are blackberries, me lad."

"Gad," says Pat, "I don't see how they can be blackberries when they're red."

"The more fool you. Sure any idiot would know that blackberries are always red when they're grane."

The usual crowd of small boys was gathered about the entrance of a circus tent in a small town one day, pushing and trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near watched them for a few moments, then walking up to the ticket-taker he said with an air of authority:

"Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

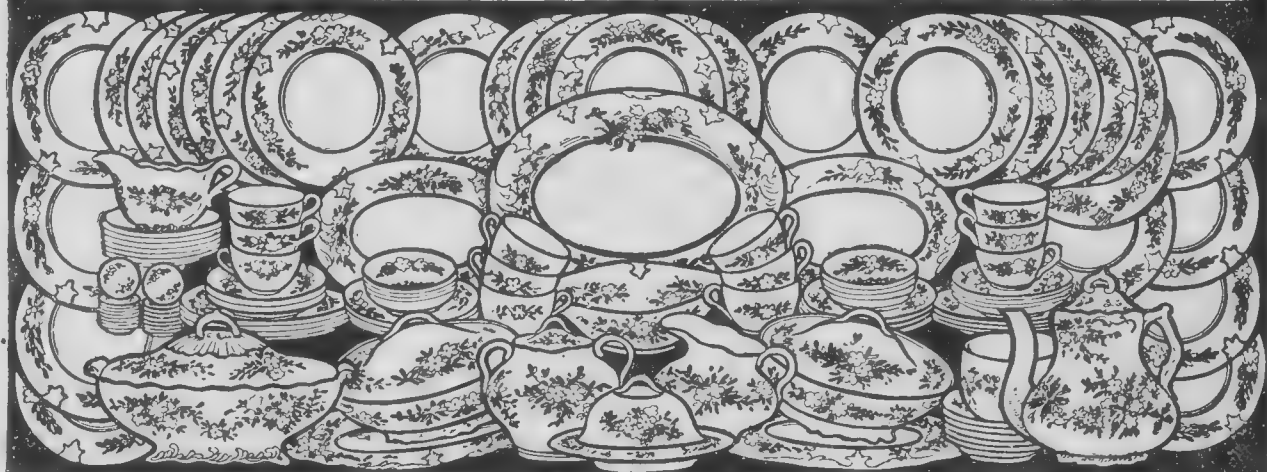
The gateman did as requested, and when the last one had gone he turned and said, "Twenty-eight, sir."

"Good," said the man, smiling as he walked away, "I thought I guessed right."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

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From your own opinions and the conversations and experience you have when getting your eight subscriptions, we will ask you to answer a set of questions we have compiled giving us your advice and suggestions on improvements in "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD" which we have under consideration for 1914. We want to give our readers what they want, how they want it and when they want it, and we are sparing no effort to make "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD" the very best friend of every member of every Canadian home. We cannot go among our people when they subscribe and ask them what they like best about "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD," or what they would like to see published in this great magazine, so we ask you to answer our questions, which deal with these very points. Thus by telling us just what your friends say about "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD," and what they like best in it, you will help us to keep it in its position of household favorite.

You can easily give us the information we seek after having spoken to and secured eight new subscribers, for which we reward you handsomely, and it is for the value of these suggestions and your advice to us that these 150 magnificent 97-piece dinner sets are being awarded.

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Poultry Chat

"A Critical Period in the Poultry Yard."

H. E. Vialoux

Now that February is with us again and old Sol's rays daily increase in warmth, and that delicious feeling of spring, no time should be lost in making many preparations for getting "fertile eggs". The success or failure of the poultry breeders whole season rests on fertile eggs and the resulting strong chicks.

The average farmer or his wife, who often attends to the hatching and rearing of the chicks, does not care a fig for fancy feathers, or show birds, they leave that to the pure-bred fancier. The practical chicken raiser hopes to produce better chickens, and more of them, of as uniform age, size and quality as possible, to furnish meat and eggs, to bring in a good all-round profit. I was very pleased to note that the farmers' crates of live birds sent in by the hundreds this season to the central farmers' market, Winnipeg, were a very superior class of chickens, as a rule, type, breeding and fleshing showed a marked improvement over former years. Undoubtedly much better f wls are being produced in our Western country.



White Orpington, which won 1st Prize at Toronto, property of C. Scheiter, Fonthill, Ont.

The magnificent show of dressed poultry, held in Brandon in December, 1913, rated second to none in the whole Dominion proved this conclusively, and the reign of the "scrub hen" is over. The making of a breeding pen is very essential to the production of satisfactory eggs for hatching purposes. In early spring a pen is easily made in any hen-house by the use of mesh wire and lathes, or other light pieces of board.

Arrange the pen so the doors can be opened through the main hen-house, except when in use for breeding. Select 12 to 15 of the best one and two year old hens you have, pick out good blocky birds that have not been forced into winter laying. Do not have them too fat, or they will be lazy. Look out for the fowl with bright eyes; always on the alert of a kernel of grain in the litter. Give them a thorough dusting with insect powder, and provide a deep dust bath in the pen and heaps of chaff and straw.

Only dry grains, oats, wheat and some barley should be fed, buried deep; leave off mash, but a box of dry bran is always useful. Grit and oyster shell, of course, have their place and plenty of water.

A dose of epsom salts, one tablespoon in two quarts of mash, fed when the hens are hungry, is often of value, and never does any harm, coming spring. Secure the best well matured cockerel you can of your favorite breed, and if the flock is not pure bred, at least select a pure-bred rooster, and breed up as much as possible. Keep to one type of a utility breed, however, whether you prefer barred rocks, orpingtons, or R. I. reds, do not let your flock degenerate into a patchwork of everything in creation.

Before introducing the cockerel as "cock of the walk" pen him up by himself a few days, and feed him well. In ten days or two weeks the eggs from this pen should be very fertile.

CLASSIFIED COLUMN

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of poultry, farm property, farm machinery, or if you want help or employment, remember that the classified advertisements columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

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If pullets compose the pen, and well matured early birds, sometimes do yeoman service, select a rooster one or two years old to mate with them.

If it is possible to secure two good male birds to change about in the pen every few days use them by all means, feeding the cock off duty very well in the meantime.

Of course, this changing of males will not do for "live breeding," but, as I before remarked, there is little time for that on the average farm.

By the time March has blustered in after her usual fashion, and fine weather has come to stay, get some of the broody hens, trained for hatching, in as comfortable a place as possible.

The laying hens that have been turning out eggs, all winter get very broody towards the end of March and early April, and will set well. In our northern climate I do not advise setting eggs either in an incubator or under hens before the 20th of March. Our nights are too cold, and the chicks are a great care if hatched too early. Of course, on a regular poultry ranch where there are brooder houses and all conveniences, incubating can be attempted much earlier. I have not mentioned feeding green cut bone to breeding hens, as I am not much in favor of it, except to stimulate egg laying, which it certainly does. I do not think its use conducive to fertility of eggs.

Sprouted oats, on the other hand, are splendid at this season, when a handy oat sprouter is used the green food is easily grown.

Oats can be sprouted well in a greenhouse; also with very little trouble, using shallow seed boxes. All the cellar vegetables should be fed to breeding hens with a generous hand, using them raw, of course; cabbages are particularly good.

Not only does the green food produce more fertile eggs, but it will prevent egg eating in a great measure.

Egg eating is a most annoying habit amongst fowls, and sometimes one or two hardened sinners are the offenders. If that is the case, cutting off "their head behind their ears" relieves the disease. When the sun is bright at noonday give the hens a run out of doors, and some straw to scratch in; this helps to cure egg eating and feather pulling, and a little green cut bone helps also. Some time before the incubator is needed look it over and note the needed repairs, etc. Then give it a thorough scrubbing inside, and disinfect, cresol a spoonful in a quart of hot water, makes a useful solution for this purpose. If a new machine is to be purchased look up price lists, and order now, as delays are dangerous when the hatching season is with us. Personally, I am in favor of a machine constructed for use in the West, where the climate is dry and the nights cold in spring. The cabinet is a reliable machine, and built in Winnipeg.

Eggs for hatching may be kept two weeks but the fresher they are when set the better as a general rule. Keep them in a crate or tray, and turn them every day or so. The temperature should be 40 to 50 degrees.

Eggs for hatching should be often gathered from the nests two or three times a day.

By following the simple rules outlined in this chat I have had splendid results, eggs testing 90 per cent fertile in April, and as good hatches as in May, when conditions are ideal.

Preserving Fence Posts

Wood-rot, in all its forms, is due to the action of fungi working under suitable air and moisture conditions. In fence posts these conditions are most favorable at or near the surface of the ground, and hence it is there that decay first starts. Some woods, like the cedar and tamarack, are more resistant to fungus attack and may last, as fence posts, from eight to ten years. Unfortunately, however, the supply of these woods has grown very scarce and the farmer is faced with the alternative of importing durable material at a high price or of applying preservatives to the common nondurable woods which grow in his own wood lot. As the latter alternative is not only cheaper, but also much

more effective, it is of considerable economic interest to the farmer to know how these wood-preservatives are applied.

Creosote, a "dead" oil of coal tar, is perhaps the best preservative for this purpose, as it does not dissolve out of the treated wood, when in contact with moist earth. It costs from eight to fifteen cents per gallon.

There are two methods of applying the creosote, but before either method can be applied it is necessary to have the posts well seasoned if the best results are desired. This seasoning is best accomplished by peeling the bark from the posts and then stacking them in loose piles in the open air for several months, so the amount of water in the wood may be reduced to the smallest per cent possible.

The Brush Method consists in applying the creosote like a coat of paint to the lower portion of the post, up to a point six inches above the ground line, the creosote being first heated to one hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit. Two or more coats may be applied, time being allowed between each application for the creosote to soak into the wood.

is not available, a simple and effective apparatus can be made by boring two holes, about two feet apart, in the lower half of one of the staves of a water-tight barrel, and screwing into these holes two pieces of iron piping three to four feet long, which are connected by a shorter vertical pipe with two elbow-joints, thus forming a complete circuit somewhat resembling the handle of a mug.

The barrel is then filled with enough creosote to cover both upper and lower pipe holes, and a fire is kindled under the lower horizontal pipe, which heats the creosote in the pipes and creates a circulation which continues until all the creosote within the barrel is at boiling point. The posts are then placed in this boiling liquid for about five hours, after which they are immediately transferred to another barrel of creosote or else the fire is put out and they are allowed to remain in the tank until the creosote becomes thoroughly cooled.

In this process the preliminary heating drives some of the contained air out of each wood-pore, and when the posts are allowed to cool in the creosote, a partial vacuum is then created in each pore,



Submissive to the gentle touch

What is known as the Open Tank Method, while more expensive, secures deeper penetration and gives better results, especially when the posts are split or checked. The creosote is heated to boiling point in a metal tank, and if such

which draws the creosote into every fibre. Poplar posts, which ordinarily last but three or four years, after the above treatment will last twenty years, and the same applies to all other tree species in Canada.

NOTICE

Can any of our rivals show better results than the following? And just think of the price, \$7.00 for a complete hatcher. Brooder and hatcher combined, \$8.50 f.o.b. Toronto.

We carry in stock incubators from 50-egg capacity to 1,200. Model Improved Sanitary Hovers. Model Colony Brooders, Bone Mills, poultry fencing.

The Firs, Murrayville P.O., B.C., October 20th, 1913.

C. J. Daniels, Esq., Mgr. Model Incubator Co.,

Dear Sir:—I am sending you a few lines to let you know that I had very good hatches with the Cycle Hatchers I got from you. I hatched out over 600 chicks, had an average of 44 chicks from every 48 eggs set—that is what I put in—48 eggs in each machine. I will want a few more machines—will send for them soon if you are still in the business.

Yours truly,
WM. JEFFERSON.

ONE MONTH LATER

C. J. Daniels, Esq., Dear Sir:—Please ship me as soon as you can 4 Cycle Hatchers by freight to Milner, B.C., same as the last you sent me. Money order enclosed.

Yours truly,
WM. JEFFERSON.

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This Beauty GOLD PLATED SIGNET BRACELET, fancy embossed pattern, expands to fit any arm. Put up in lovely PLUSH lined box. We give it FREE for selling only \$3.00 worth of the loveliest PICTURE POST CARDS, BIRTHDAY, VIEWS, COMICS, FLORAL; also THANKSGIVING, XMAS cards and booklets: VALENTINE and EASTER in their proper season. These cards are of such fine quality and ARTISTIC COLORING and designs that you will have no trouble selling at 6 for 10c. and win the BEAUTY BRACELET and also a couple of FLASHING GEM SET PINS, and we are going to make every one of our successful agents a present of a MAGNIFICENT WATCH, GENTS' OR LADIES' size, stem wind or set, according to our big advertising plan, which will be sent to you the same day we receive the \$3.00. Write to-day and we will send you the cards. Address COBALT GOLD PEN CO., Dept. B 64 Toronto, Ont.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

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Bovril is a combination of the stimulating extractives with the nourishing and strengthening constituents of beef. It is a wonderfully warming winter beverage. It builds up the weak constitution and strengthens the strong one; it guards against colds, chills and influenza.

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WE INVITE Every Thin Man and Woman Here

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Don't be the "Skeleton at the Feast." Sargol makes Puny, Peevish People Plump and Popular

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight.

How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspeptics, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two-year-old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people, is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 5-P Herald Building, Binghamton, N.Y.; today and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c. box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of upbuilding. Many users declare they have increased their weight at the rate of one pound a day.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtues of this wonderful preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh

130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy 'for me'."

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headaches. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c. package of these wonderful tablets. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, give Sargol a chance to make you fat. We are absolutely confident it will put good healthy flesh on you but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c. in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you what you may some day say was one of the most valuable packages you ever received.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that the 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter today, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 5-P Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and, **PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.**

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Temperance Talk

Who Killed the Plan?

Who killed the plan?

"I," said the Critic,
"I know how to hit it,
I killed the plan."

Who killed the plan?

"I," the Bore said,
"I talked it dead,
I killed the plan."

Who killed the plan?

"I," said the Sloth,
"I lagged and was loath,
And I killed the plan."

Who killed the plan?

"I," said Ambition,
"With my selfish vision,
I killed the plan."

Who killed the plan?

"I," said the Crank,
"With my nonsense rank,
I killed the plan."

—Amos R. Wells.

I stood in the fading daylight, with a full moon looking down upon one of the most beautiful and picturesque scenes I have ever looked upon. Bill looked up after he got his pipe going, and said, "All right, Jack, unhitch yer jaw, an' let her go. I'll bet she's a bird of a story. Keep still, Scotty."

This is the story and absolutely true:

Boys, it seems but yesterday that I was a bare-foot boy at my mother's knee; wild, reckless, impulsive, misunderstood and abused by everybody but her. She understood me, and although the wildest, I was her favorite. My father's intemperance deprived me of even the rudiments of a school education, and when on her death-bed, she said to me: "My poor wild boy, did you know that your mother was going to Heaven?"

Boys, that was the first great sorrow of my life. Down on my knees by her bedside I wept as I had never wept before. As I sobbed; "Mother, dear, no one cares for me but you; no one in all the world but you understands me. O, I am afraid I will go wrong."



Making Maple Syrup in Ontario

Why Captain Jack Didn't Drink

After Bill had taken his drink, he said: "Here Jack." I was still on my hunkers broiling my venison. "Here, Jack, take a swallow of this hallelujah juice. It'll make you feel as if yer soul had angel wings an' was on the trail to paradise."

"No, thank you, Bill, I don't drink." "O, go 'long; ye do on special occasions. An' this is a special—a Fourth of July celebration. Why can't you?"

"Because I never took a drink of intoxicants in all my life."

And Bill laughed. Everybody laughed as Shorty said: "What do you think of that? A frontiersman that never took a drink. Come on Jack, don't you spring that kind of a joke on us again. Throw your mouth into a sort of yearning attitude an' down 'er."

And he shoved the demijohn toward me. As I was rising with my meat in my left hand, partly broiled, the demijohn came into my right hand with such force as to overbalance me. I sat down on the ground with both hands full. Everyone laughed, and Shorty said: "Well, if the outside of the jug is going to act like that, what 'ill the inside do when it gets mixed up with his inwards?"

My head was aching frightfully as I arose to my knees, placed the meat on the lid of the coffee-pot, and, holding the demijohn up, I said: "Boys, do you really want me to drink?"

"Sure," said half a dozen.

"All right, boys, if you insist. But, before I drink, will you listen to a little story?"

"Sure we will," said Bill. And, as I stood up and placed the demijohn on the stump of a decayed tree, Bill threw some wood on the fire, pulled his pipe and began to fill it, while Shorty rolled a cigarette. Finally, as Bill lit his pipe from a coal from the fire, he looked up as

How beautiful she looked, her big brown eyes aswin in tears, her white curls and her white face on the pillow, and, as she placed her hand on my head, she said: "Don't cry, Johnny, dear, your mother will meet her boy Johnny in Heaven, if he will give her a promise to take with her."

"I will promise you anything you ask, mother, and I will try to keep my promise." "Then promise me never to touch intoxicants, and then it won't be so hard to leave these two little sisters in your care."

Boys, I gave that promise to mother, and she went to Heaven with a smile on her face, still holding my hand, and as God is my Judge, amid all the temptation of a frontier, army, or social life, I have kept that promise, even when men who were called "bad men" have put a six-shooter in my face, when they considered it an insult to refuse to drink with them. I have folded my arms, and, looking into the muzzle of a gun, said: "You can shoot and you can kill me, but you can't make me break a promise that I gave to a dying mother."

And I've seen a man who had killed his man put his six-shooter back in his belt, take a glass of liquor he had poured out and throw it on the floor, after I had mentioned that word "mother," then take my hand and say, "Pard, I beg your pardon; I had that kind of a mother," and walk out of the saloon. That man is living to-day. He never took another drink.

As I concluded my story, I picked up the demijohn, and, holding it up, said: "Boys, I said I would drink if you insisted, shall I?" Quick as a flash there was a shot; the demijohn was shattered; part of the liquor went into the fire, a blue blaze leaped up. I pulled my own six-shooter, for I did not see where the shot came from, when, from behind the fire

and smoke, Bill Wild stepped out, the smoking pistol still in his hands and tears on his bronzed cheeks, as he said:

"Nobody can drink when you talk like that. Say, Jack, that's the kind of a mother I had back in the sunrise country. I was jest like you—a wild, reckless boy. I started wrong when I smoked my first cigarette as a newsie, then I got to readin' dime novels, and one time I went to see a Wild West dime-novel play with real western men killing Indians. Later I got to drinking and one day when crazed with liquor I shot a man and had to run away. The only consolation my good mother had was that the man did not die, but I never saw her again. She's up there with your mother, and when that shot goes ringin' through the canons of heaven she'll hear it, Jack, and it'll tell her that her wild boy has signed the pledge at last. There's my hand. I swear to God an' mother an' you, I'll never touch the poison stuff again."

And he never did.—Captain Jack Crawford in the Y.M.C.A. paper.

Leadership

Well pleased are all those who have labored so long

To banish that tempter whose hand is so strong

The brightest of prospects to mar;
The heart and the conscience to action are stirred

Because by the people a voice has been heard

Which calls them to "Banish the Bar."

Throughout this great province the people have seen

How dreadful a fountain of ill it has been;
Its evils are known from afar.

And men who are striving for all that is best

Have heard and are heeding the earnest behest

Which bids them to "Banish the Bar"

The heart and the home and this land that we love

Are placing this question all questions above,

And earnestly pressing the war;
And therefore a welcome is given to-day
To leaders and statesmen who earnestly say,

"We purpose to Banish the Bar."

No longer must flourish this traffic which thrives

By blighting and blasting the fairest of lives.

The people say, "Anxious we are;
We promise by efforts and ballots and prayer

To follow the leaders who bravely declare
Their purpose to Banish the Bar."

—T. Watson.

A Scathing Arraignment

By Rev. W. A. Bartlet, Chicago.

What thief takes pictures, furniture and comforts from the home? The saloon.

What sends a mother out to scrub? The saloon.

What turns a deaf ear to a pleading wife? The saloon.

What impoverishes but never helps? The saloon.

What is the only business built up by debauchery? The saloon.

What fills the jails, reformatories, and prisons? The saloon.

What hides the thief, hold-ups, and murderers? The saloon.

What constantly defies the law? The saloon.

What costs the county, city, and state more than all other things? The saloon.

What backs up dance halls and houses of ill-fame? The saloon.

What bribes legislatures, cities, and corporations? The saloon.

What fills the court with criminals, young and old? The saloon.

What ruins the body, mind, and soul? The saloon.

What makes a man make a fool of himself in public? The saloon.

What makes a man a demon in private? The saloon.

What fools the citizen by talk of revenue? The saloon.

What would reduce our taxes and replenish pocket-books and banks? The abolition of the saloon.

Play and Health

Play and health are closely related. The old proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is founded upon sound common sense. Don't let your boyish and girlish propensities die as the years creep upon you and cares seem to increase. Your mental attitude toward life makes all the difference in the world as to how fast you grow old. If your work is sedentary, have a garden and keep some hens and let the care of these furnish you part of the play which you need. Play is but a form of relaxation. An avocation, something you can follow as a hobby, something entirely different from your regular, everyday work is needed to keep you interested in life. I know a physician who delights in the use of tools. He puts

in some spare hours daily, when his busy life allows, in gardening, carpentering, and doing odd jobs which require the use of tools. An office man has a chicken farm where he spends all his spare time. He raises only pure bred chicks, and he sells eggs and roosters at fancy prices for breeding purposes. If your business is such that you are not confined to one place all the year around, and your family can be persuaded to agree to the plan, rent a little cottage somewhere and lead the simple life for a few months. An Eastern business man and his wife kept house by themselves in a tiny cottage near San Francisco last winter. They raised flowers and vegetables, loafed in the sunshine and both gained in weight and health to a marked degree. If your work

keeps you busy the year around, do not be discouraged. Start a garden in the back yard. Learn the use of tools at some technical school. Take up amateur photography. (This latter can easily be made to pay the expense of indulging in it and more, too.) Study flowers and birds. A good flower book and bird book for amateurs can be secured at any book store and will keep you busy for a season. Try fishing and hunting in season, not with the idea of replenishing the larder to any great extent, but purely as recreation. Put mind, attention, purpose into your play. It is only by the use of all our faculties that we truly know life. Only those who abandon themselves fully to work and play develop their powers to anything like normal capacity.

What and Why Is the Internal Bath?

By C. Gilbert Percival, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism. Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practiced, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, has as their inspiration the ever-present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system, and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been recognized as a menace, and Physicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and

is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means: causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 259, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in The Western Home Monthly.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

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when you own a Hall-Borchert Dress Form—adjustable to the exact measurements of your own figure, and to any little peculiarities in the shape of your bust, hips, waist, shoulders or back. You become an expert costumer—the fit is as perfect as if you had patronized the most expensive tailor.

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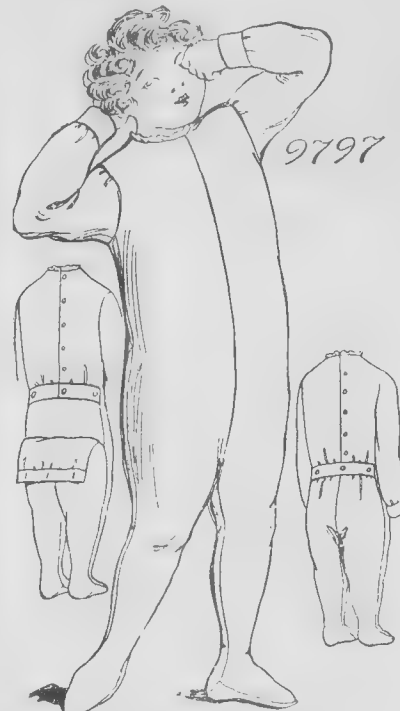
9572.—A Simple Easily Made Garment. Ladies' Combination. Brassiere and Petticoat (In Raised or Normal Waist-line.)

This model may be developed in lawn, cambric, muslin, nainsook, or silk. The skirt and brassiere may be finished separately. The petticoat is a one-piece model, with seams that terminate below knee, height in plaited extensions. The closing of brassiere and skirt is at the back. Flouncing may be used for the petticoat which has a straight lower edge. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

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of brown satin. The sleeve is in bishop style, and finished with a deep cuff of the lace. The collar too is of lace. The skirt forms a wide plait over its centre, and at the back has a deep hem tuck. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 10 year size.

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9797.—A Practical, Comfortable Design. Child's Night Drawers.

Suitable for domest or canton flannel, flannelette, cambric, nainsook or muslin. The garment will be found very desirable, as it affords protection and covering and is most comfortable. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 6 year size.

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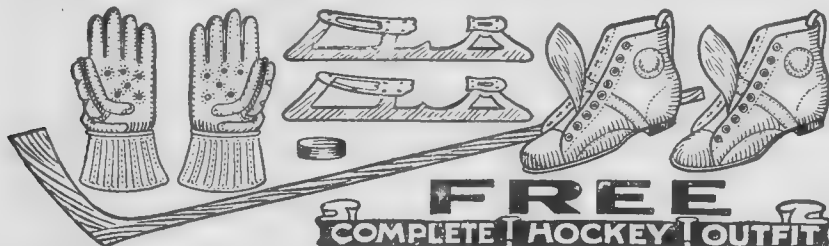
9815.—A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl. Girl's Dress.

Tan colored French serge with trimming of ecru lace and brown satin is here shown. The right front of the waist is shaped at the closing and trimmed with fancy buttons and loops



9802.—A Pretty Style for the Little Girl. Girl's Dress in Empire Style, with Long or Short Sleeves.

Here is a charming design for a simple dress, that may be elaborated by trimming of lace or embroidery, or may be finished with hand embroidery or feather stitching, lawn, chambray, gingham, challis, albatross, nainsook,



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BOYS—Don't pay \$5.00 or \$6.00 for a hockey outfit, when you can get, **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, the magnificent outfit complete, consisting of a pair of splendid, strong, polished steel, hockey skates (all sizes), a good lively puck, and a strong, well made rock elm hockey stick, and in addition every boy can secure as an extra present, a dandy pair of well-padded hockey gloves with fingers and wrists protected by cane splints covered with leather, or a pair of strong, heavy hockey boots with specially padded ankles and reinforcements across the instep. **WITH THIS SPLENDID OUTFIT YOU WILL BE THE BEST EQUIPPED PLAYER ON THE TEAM.**

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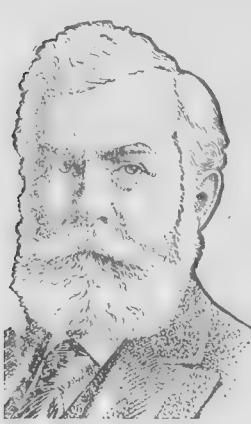
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Spanking does not cure children of bedwetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

dimity, or mull, dotted Swiss or all over embroidery may be used. The round yoke of the front is especially nice, and the Empire effect is always pleasing for tiny girls. The style is easy to develop and will look well either with long or shorter sleeves. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years, and requires 2 1/4 yards of 27-inch material for a 4 year size.

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9794.—A Practical Suit for Mother's Boy. Boy's Blouse Suit with Straight Trousers.

Blue galatea with stitching in self color is here shown. The model is good for madras, gingham, galatea, linen, linene, serge, velvet or corduroy. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for an 8 year size.

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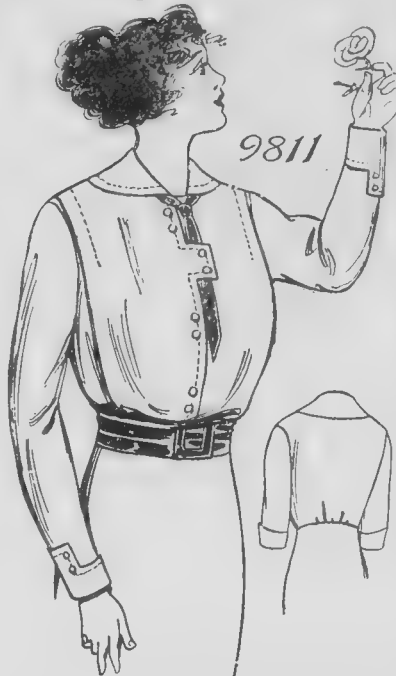


9804.—A Simple but Stylish Gown. Ladies' Costume.

Gray woollen poplin with trimming of green satin and fancy buttons, is here portrayed. The skirt is finished with a girle of the satin. The blouse waist is closed at the side and may be worn without the chemise. The close fitting sleeve has a neat cuff. The new

plaid or checked suitings would lend themselves nicely for this style, which is also desirable for velvet, corduroy, eponge, prunella, serge or broadcloth. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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9811.—A Popular Model. Ladies' Skirt Waist, with Long or Shorter Sleeve.

Lingerie, materials, madras, crepe, lannel, satin, silk, velvet or corduroy may be used for this design, which shows some new style features. The tab closing may be button trimmed. The low collar is comfortable. The sleeve may be in either length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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Blue silk crepe in a new shade with facings of white and with shadow lace for the tucker, was used to develop this stylish creation. The waist is made in Japanese style with surplice fronts. The skirt is in barrel shape with the fulness laid in dart tucks. Ladies' waist pattern cut in 5 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure, and ladies' skirt



9814-9806.—A Charming Gown for Dinner or other Occasions.

A Firm With a Reputation



Ten years ago we established our mail-order department. Since that time we have had many competitors, but none have been able to give Western customers a service as good as ours and so it is that all orders for switches, pompadours, curls and, in fact, all kinds of hair goods come to us now just as they did ten years ago, when we had the field to ourselves. Our Catalogue will explain the advantages of buying from a firm with a reputation.

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The Great English Discovery "Crystolis" Grows Hair in 30 Days.

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In Europe "Crystolis," the new English Hair Grower, has been called the most wonderful discovery of the century.

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We do not care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, matted hair, brittle hair or stringy hair; dandruff, itching scalp or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRYSTOLIS" at our risk.

We give you a binding guarantee, without any "strings" or red tape, that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that "Crystolis" will do all we claim for it—and what's important, we have plenty of money to back our guarantee. \$1,000 has been deposited in our local bank as a Special Fund to be forfeited if we fail to comply with this contract. Cut out the coupon below and mail it to-day to reslo Laboratories, 5B St., Binghamton, N.Y.

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The Creslo Laboratories, 5B St., Binghamton, N.Y.

I am a reader of The Western Home Monthly. Prove to me without cost how Crystolis stops falling hair, grows new hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalps and restores prematurely gray and faded hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and

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Begin tonight the treatment below best suited to your skin. Use it persistently and regularly and your skin will gradually take on that firm texture and velvety smoothness you have always coveted for it.

1st—For very tender skins. Wash with Woodbury's Facial Soap in the usual way, rinsing the lather off after a very short time.

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3rd—For hard, dry skins. Just before you retire, rub Woodbury's lather into the skin and then, while it is still damp, cover it with a rubber tissue, or other waterproof material.

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Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.

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For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland. Write today for samples.

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd., 101M Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

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HAVE extended their Hair Goods Department and have engaged as manager

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Shiloh

The family remedy for Coughs and Colds. Shiloh costs so little and does so much!

pattern 9806, cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure; furnish the models. It will require 6 yards of 40-inch material with 1 1/4 yards of 27-inch material for the tucker for a medium size.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.



9523

9523.—A Pleasing House or Calling Gown. Ladies' Dress, with or without Chemisette and with Long or Shorter Sleeve.

Brown checked gingham, with trimming of tan chambray is here shown. The design is appropriate for all wash materials, and will develop equally well in silk or cloth. Green linen, with white embroidery for trimming would make a cool dainty frock. Blue and white wash silk finished simply with stitching, and worn with a chemisette of fine lawn would also be pleasing. The fronts of the waist are cut low and finished on one side with a smart rever. The neck opening reveals the chemisette, which may be omitted. The skirt shows a new back, with dart tucks, the fulness of these tucks may be arranged in gathers. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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Ladies' Coat, No. 9800, and Ladies' Skirt, 9801.

The coat shows one of this season's smartest styles. The raglan sleeve is a new feature. Dark green zibeline combined with white velour would make a splendid development. Checked reversible cloakings in green and tan or black and white would also be effective. The style is also good for plush, caracul, black moire, and broad cloth or corduroy. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It may be finished in 3/4 or, shorter length, and requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a 34-inch size. For shorter length 5/8 yard less. The skirt may be developed in raised or normal waist line and will serve as part of a costume, combined with any of our pretty waist models or as a separate skirt. Serge, voile, panama, velvet, satin, corduroy and crepe are all equally suitable. The right front is shaped over the left, and the back has a new finish. It is dart tucked at the top. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

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9800-9801.—A Stylish Combination. Comprising Ladies' Coat, No. 9800 and Ladies' Skirt, 9801.

Caleb's Courtship

Hadn't no time fer courtin' when I was young and spry, For what with workin' an' savin', I let the years go by, Then I was buyin' an' buildin', an' farm work never gits done, Till at last I counted my birthdays and found I was fifty-one. "High time," sez I, "to be choosin' a suitable partner for life," So I jest sot down an' considered where I'd better look for a wife.

I wanted her young and harnsome, of course, an' stedly and neat, Smart at makin' an' churnin'; quick with her hands and feet; But slow with her tongue (for talkin' jests wastes a woman's time), An' as savin' with every penny as ef 'twas a silver dime; An' ef she was good at mendin' and scrubbin' an' cleanin' house, I made up my mind to take her, ef she was poor as a mouse.

Waal, it cost some time an' trouble to diskiver a gal to my mind, There was lots of 'em to choose from, but the best was hard to find, At last after lookin' an' thinkin', I settled on Eunice Stout, The Deacon's youngest darter—nineteen or thereabout. Pretty, yes, as a picter, and made the best butter, too, That ever was sent to market. Sez I, "I guess she'll do."

Whenever I stop to the Deacon's, she's as busy as a bee, Allus a-workin' an' doin', yes, that's the wife fer me; But now that I've done my choosin', I sez to myself, "what next?" I didn't know much 'bout wimmen, an' I'll own I was perplexed; So I asked advice of a neighbor—that was the biggest mistake— Things mightn't hev gone so crooked ef I'd never said nothin' to Jake.

But he was twenty years younger, an' the gals all liked him, ye see, So I asked his advice about Eunice—jest like a fool as I be; Sez he: "Why, man, it's as easy; you must take her out to ride,

You must bring her home from meetin' an' stick close to her beside: You must go to see her of evenin's, you must buy her some pretty things, A book or a breast pin, mebbe some ribbon or some rings.

Then tell her her cheeks are rosy, tell her her eyes is bright; Tell her you love her dearly, an' dream of her at night; Tell her—but here I stopped him, "it's easy talkin'," sez I, But I never did no courtin' an' I'm half afeard to try; I'll make you an offer, Jacob; ef you'll go with me tonight, Kinder keep up my courage and see that things go right.

Tackle the Deacon, mebbe, an' show me how to begin, I'll give y'a yearlin' calf; I will, as sure as sin is sin. Waal, the bargain was struck, me an' Jacob went to see Eunice together, Jake, he talked to the Deacon 'bout crops an' cattle an' weather; Eunice, she kep' very quiet, just sot an knitted away, An' I sot close beside her, a-thinkin' of something to say.

Many an evenin' I noticed when she went fer apples an' cake, Inter the pantry 'twas allus, "Come, hold the candle, Jake," As if she counted him nobody; then she'd give me a smile, Soon 's I offered to help her, an' say 'twasn't worth my while. I'll own 'twas quite surprisin', how long they'd have their stay, A-pickin' out those apples, an' Jacob told me one day.

They was tryin' to find the best ones, so's she could give 'em to me, An' surely that was flatterin', as anyone could see.

Once I bought her a ribbon; Jake said it oughter be blue; But a brown one's far more lasting, an' this one was cheaper, too; An' once I took her a-ridin', an' that wasted half a day— An' I made up my mind that walkin' was pleasanter, anyway.

Waal, I'd been six month's a-courtin' when I sez to Jake, sez I, "It's time that we were married; here's Thanksgiving drawin' niph, A first-rate day for a weddin', an' besides to say the least, I can make that Thanksgiving turkey do fer part of the weddin' feast." So that night I screwed up my courage to the very stickin' p'int, You wouldn't never mistrusted I shook in every j'int.

We was comin' along from meetin', sez I, "I'd like ye to say, That ye han't no objections, Eunice, to be married Thanksgiving day." She turned an' looked at me, smilin' an' blushin' an' jest as sweet, I skursely knew fer a minnit ef I stood on my head or my feet, Then "I haven't the least objection," sez she, as I opened the gate, But she didn't ask me to stop, she sez only, "It's ruther late."

I looked all around fer Jacob, but he'd kinder slipped out of my sight, So I figured the cost of a weddin' as I went along home that night; Waal, I got the house all ready, an' spoke to the pa'son beside, An' early Thanksgiv'n mornin', I starts to hev the knot tied, But before I came to the Deacon's, I was walkin' along quite spry, All rigged in my Sunday best, of course—a sleigh came dashin' by.

Thar were that Jacob a-drivin', an' Eunice sot at his side, An' he stops an' sez: "Allow me to introduce my bride." So that was the end of my courtship; you see I started wrong, Ask'rg advice of Jacob, an' takin' him along; Fer a team may be better at ploughin' an' hayin', an' all the rest, But when it comes to courtin', w'y a single boss is best.

Drugs Have Killed More People Than War, Pestilence and Famine.--Dr. Jno. M. Goode

"Medicine not a Science" but "An Ineffectual Speculation."—These and Other Unsparing Criticisms of their own Profession are made by Eminent Physicians.—Prominent Doctor Tells Why Drugs Don't Cure.—Electricity the Remedy of To-day.

SHALL WE THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS? Has medical science made no progress, and are all drugs poisons?

"The science of medicine is founded upon conjecture and improved by murder," declares one of the greatest physicians in the world, Sir Astley Cooper, M.D., physician to the Queen of England.

"Drug medicines do but cure one disease by producing another," asserts Dr. Martin Payne, professor in the New York University Medical College.

"A mild mercurial course and mildly cutting a man's throat are synonymous terms," says Professor Gilman, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons.

More and more eminent physicians are declaring each year that medical science has made little progress since the beginning of man.

Dr. M. O. Terry, formerly surgeon-general of New York, announced recently that in his opinion very few of the cases diagnosed as appendicitis were that disease at all, and says that in many cases where operations were performed for appendicitis a short vacation or a series of morning walks would have prevented the serious turns taken by the disease.

Dr. Osler, of "chloroform-age," fame, says: "Pain in the stomach nowadays is always appendicitis, and is recognized by the physician's wife over the telephone."

Dr. M. J. Rodermund, of Milwaukee, goes farther than either of these. He declares: "It is an absolute impossibility for the appendix in a man to become obstructed. I have witnessed and assisted in thirty-four operations of so-called appendicitis, but never have I seen a diseased appendix. Yet I have seen a number of healthy, blooming young men and women sent to the angels just because the surgeons wanted the fee of three to five hundred dollars. I mean just what I say; that it was absolutely the fee only, and the surgeons made no bones about saying so before the operation was performed."

NINETY PER CENT NOT APPENDICITIS

Dr. A. B. Stockman quotes the statement of a physician at a meeting of physicians in Boston. This doctor has performed more operations for appendicitis than any other American doctor. He declared at the Boston meeting of doctors that 90 per cent of the cases in which he operated for appendicitis proved not to be that disease at all.

"We always tell a patient and his friends that the operation was successful," he said.

The Conviction of Experience

I declare, as my conscientious conviction founded on long experience and reflection, that if there were not a single physician, surgeon, midwife, chemist, apothecary, druggist nor drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail.—James Johnson, M.D., F.R.S.

A physician, writing recently in one of the magazines, said that the practice of medicine was no science at all, and that no one could say that any cure had been made by medicine, because nature worked its own cure. There was great power in the human body to throw off disease, and in the majority of cases where the patient recovered, it was not because of the medicine given, but in spite of it.

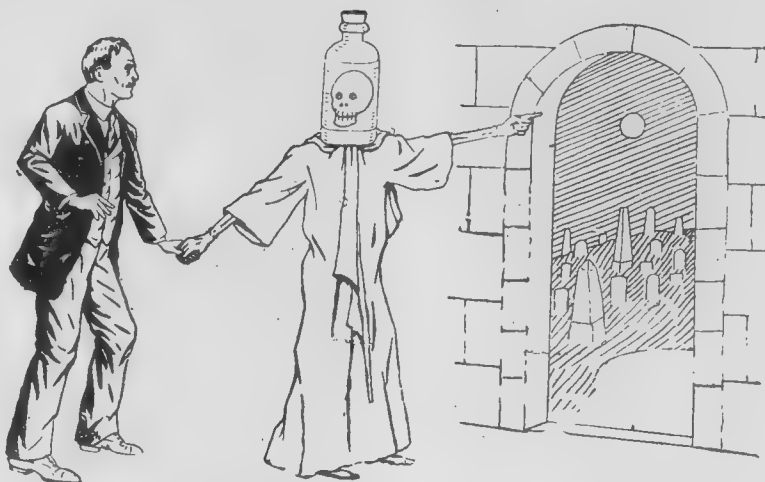
Medicines are Poisonous

In their zeal to do good, physicians have done much harm; they have hurried to the grave many who would have recovered if left to nature. All our curative agents are poisonous, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality.—Dr. Alonzo Clark, Professor in New York College of Physicians and Surgeons.

This writer urges the medical fraternity to drop the nonsensical mystery with which it seeks to surround itself. Rhubarb will do as much good when ordered in English as in dog Latin, he says. Senna will not be a bit more agreeable as "Fol Sen," nor cream of tartar as "Bitar. Pot." A mixture to be taken at bedtime might just as well be written that way as "Mist.h.s.Sumda." And pure water would be equally as efficacious if written that way as when written "Aqua Pura."

SCORES PRESCRIPTION NONSENSE

"This nonsense about the writing of prescriptions is on a line with all other frauds of the medical profession," says this writer. "It is a business of pretensions, misrepresentations and frauds."



Where the Drug Bottle Leads To

Even such a high authority as The London Lancet said in a recent issue:

"In medicine and surgery, as in all arts and sciences, methods become general, they lapse into disuse, to be revived possibly at a later period and then to achieve a popularity which attaches to a supposed new thing."

Some of the most eminent physicians were asked recently to give their opinions of medicine and medical doctors. A few of the replies are here given:

Dr. C. E. Page, Boston, Mass.:

"From the time in which the Father of his Country, affected by a simple and readily curable malady, pharyngitis, was killed by bleeding, up to the most recent catastrophe (February 3, 1907) of a needless operation for appendicitis, which killed a distinguished New York statesman, such operations have killed no end of good men and women."

Prof. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was for many years one of the medical faculty of Harvard Medical School, said before his class:

"The disgrace of medicine is that colossal system of self deception in obedience to which mines have been emptied of their cankerous minerals, the vegetable kingdom robbed of all its growth, the entrails of animals taxed for their impurities, the poison bags of reptiles drained of their venom, and all conceivable abominations thus obtained thrust down the throats of individuals suffering from some fault of organization, nourishment, or vital stimulation."

Prof. Valentine Mott, the great surgeon, says: "Of all sciences, medicine is the most uncertain."

Dr. Abercrombie, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh, says: "Medicine has been called by philosophers the art of conjecturing; the science of guessing."

Dr. Jacob Rigelow, formerly President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, says: "The premature death of medical men brings with it the humiliating conclusion that medicine is still an ineffectual speculation."

Prof. Gregory, of the Edinburgh Medical College, said to his medical class: "Gentlemen, 99 out of every 100 medical facts are medical lies, and medical doctrines are, for the most part, stark, staring nonsense."

Dr. Albert Leffingwell, of the American Humane Association, says: "I do not believe that the average length of human life would be diminished by an hour if all the drugs of Christendom were dumped into the sea—barring, perhaps, half a dozen."

SAYS DRUGS MUST GO

M. A. McLaughlin, the man who proved that he was five years ahead of Professor Loeb in discovering that "electricity is life," says that the present system of drugging must be abolished.

He is the inventor of the most successful device for electrifying the human body. His experience has been broad covering a period of twenty-two years.

He is recognized as one of the leading authorities on electrical treatment, and thousands of cured people attest the success of his remedy.

Talking to a reporter yesterday, he said: "The old school doctor has had his day. His method belongs to the mystery and superstition of the dark ages."

"The physicians of to-day are doing just what the doctors a thousand years ago did—dosing sick and suffering humanity with poisons."

"Any man who thinks for himself knows that poison cannot build up health. They will give temporary relief by stupefying the

nerves, but they don't remove the cause of disease. As long as the cause remains no cure can be effected.

"If you had a real fine watch and some part of its mechanism broke, would you try to mend it by filling it with oil? No, you would take it to the best watchmaker you knew and have him find the cause of the trouble and repair it."

"Your body is far more delicate mechanism than any watch. It is the most complicated machine on earth, yet when some vital part breaks down or fails to work properly, you try to make it go by doping yourself with poisonous drugs."

"All your vital organs, including the heart, stomach, liver and kidneys, are run by a power called nerve force. Any doctor will admit that. Nerve force is just another name for electricity. When any of these organs break

The Best Doctor

No doctor can cure all diseases. That's all "moonshine". They are "pretenders".

If you can't cure a man tell him so. Physicians use too many drugs.

I believe that the best doctor is the one who knows the worthlessness of medicine.—Dr. Wm. Osler in an address to physicians.

down or become inactive, sickness or disease results. Now you can't cure the trouble until you remove the cause—repair the part that is broken down. The only way to do this is to give nature the power to do it. All you need is motive power, electricity. You can't get that from drugs. My method is to restore this electricity wherever lacking, and pain and disease will disappear. That's the natural way of curing."

"When I say that my remedy cures, I don't ask you to believe me until I prove it. I have one or more cured patients in nearly every town on the map. I'll send you the names of those near you, and you can ask them about my treatment."

"I know that many people are sceptical about testimonials, and they have a reason to be. Quacks and patent-medicine makers have fooled the public so often by printing bogus letters that it is hard to believe any. Every testimonial I publish is genuine, and I have a standing reward of \$1,000 for proof that any of them were bought."

DON'T TRY TO FOOL NATURE

"Few people realize the danger in drugs until their health is gone or their nerves and vitals wrecked by poisonous mixtures."

"Then you can understand how useless it is to try to fool nature with stimulants, narcotics and poisons."

"The ostrich hides its head and thinks he is out of reach of the hunter's rifle. Some people do things just as absurd."

"You cover up the symptoms of a disease and imagine you are cured. Just as soon you stop using the drug the trouble returns worse than ever."

"You have got to remove the cause before you can cure any ailment."

"If you have a splinter in your finger the only way to get rid of the pain and inflammation is to get the splinter out. Of course, you could take morphine or cocaine and relieve all pain for a while, but that wouldn't remove the splinter which causes it."

"The reason for nearly every chronic ailment or disease is a want of vitality and energy by some part of your body machinery."

WOMEN SAVED FROM BUTCHERY

"Thousands of women submit to dangerous operations which could easily be avoided by the use of my Belt. But the average woman imagines that the only thing to do after drugs fail, is to resort to the surgeon's knife."

"Most female complaints are the result of low vitality, or weak, impoverished nerves. Where there is a deficiency of vital nerve force there is bound to be sluggish action of the organs affected, and then disease."

"My Electric Belt saturates the nerves with a gentle stream of electric life, enabling them to keep up a vigorous and regular action of all the organs of the body. It builds up vitality and strength in every weakened part, thereby removing the cause of disease."

"A great number of people suffer from pains and aches called rheumatism, or lumbago, or neuralgia, caused by impoverished nerves crying for aid. The life of these nerves is electricity and nothing else will cure them. I can send a gentle current from my Belt so that it will convey the life direct to the ailing part and relief is often felt in an hour. I frequently cure such cases in ten days."

ABOUT CONCERNS WHO ADVERTISE

"There is a whole lot of prejudice against concerns who advertise, due no doubt to the large number of quacks and schemers that have foisted worthless treatments on the public during the past few years."

"If it were not for this prejudice I would not be able to handle all the business that would come to me. The many fake electric belts and batteries advertised by charlatans have made everyone skeptical, but I know that I have a good thing, and I'll hammer away until everybody knows it."

"Any organ of the body, any part that lacks the necessary vitality to perform its natural functions, can be restored by my method."

"It gives strength; it makes the blood rich and warm; it vitalizes the nerves and puts vim into the brain and the muscles; it just makes a good man out of a bad one in every way."

"With my Belt I cure rheumatism in its worst forms; I cure pains and aches, weak nerves, general debility and any other trouble which can be cured by restoring strength."

"No matter where you live, you can be treated as successfully as if you were here at my office—as this is a home remedy."

Mr. Wm. C. Allan, 639 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man., says:

"Dear Sir—I wish to tell you that I am in splendid health and strength. Under Providence your Belt made a new man of me. I gave it away when I was cured, and I know that it fixed the other fellow, too."

Mr. J. F. Worley, Gull Lake, Sask., writes:

"Dear Sir—When I got your Belt, nineteen months ago, my stomach bothered me so that I could not sleep at nights, and my head hurt me so that I thought I would lose my mind; I thought I would sure go crazy, and my limbs would cramp so that I would have to get out of bed and rub them; so when I received your Belt I did not wear it more than three nights till I could lie down and sleep all night, so the money I paid you for your Belt is cheerfully yours. If this will help you any, you can use it, for I think that electricity is the proper way of curing all chronic diseases. Wishing you the best of success."

BOOK WORTH \$1.00 FREE

To any man or woman who will mail me this coupon I will send free (closely sealed), my finely illustrated book regarding the cause and cure of disease. This book is written in plain language, and explains many secrets you should know.

Don't spend another cent on doctors and their worthless medicines.

My Belt cures to stay cured. You should know about it.

Don't wait another minute.

Cut out this coupon right now and mail it, if you can't call. I'll send the book without delay, absolutely free.

Free Test of my Belt to those who call.

Office hours.—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday until 8.30 p.m.

Put your name and address on this coupon and send it in. Cut the coupon out this minute and save it.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN,
237 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Dear Sir—Please forward me one of your books, as advertised.

NAME

ADDRESS

The Stronghold of Cleanliness



Write to The Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto, Canada, for our Booklet "Hints to Housewives."

Woman and the Home

The Browns

(By Frances.)

When the day is dreary;
You feel low-down and weary,
And all your crystal goblets—
Fall, spilling, upside down;
When life is just a series—
Of vexing quirks and queries,
Then—talk of yellow, pink or rose,
But, don't say "Brown!"

When the rain falls tripping;
And wind so wild and-whipping,
Goes right into the chimney,
And gambols like a clown;
You listen to the clamor,
Heart, tapping like a hammer,
But, just think hard of pleasant things—
And—don't hear, "Brown!"

When your head is aching;
Your nerves unstrung and shaking;
And Fate brings in some fresh woe
All other ills—to crown;
When Old Despair chants dirges,
And winks, and kind of urges,
Why, then, 'tis time to chase the
"Blues,"
And, "Old man Brown."

When Sorrow enters, stealing—
And you lose sense and feeling;
No Beacon-flash spells "Courage!"
From where, the headlands frown;
Somewhere, is Light undying,
Gold-kissed and Death-defying:
In amethyst and gleaming pearl—
There is no Brown.

Suggestions for St. Valentine's Hostess

By T. Celestine Cummings.

St. Valentine's Day furnishes opportunity for an elaborate table display of cakes and dainty viands in rose color or red. The expense and much of the work may be spared the giver of the entertainment if refreshments are served from trays. The waitresses may be a decidedly attractive part of the occasion in their white crepe paper aprons rounded at the corners and finished with a frill of the paper headed with a row of red paper hearts. Each guest is handed a pretty napkin, decorated with hearts and cupids, folded three-corner-wise, and tucked in paper bands crossing a big red paper heart.

Novel cakes, ice-cream, sandwiches and ices may be served from a buffet made attractive with a floral center-piece of roses or pink carnations. Hearts may be cut from pink paper, two tied together on each side of the point, and the half of a St. Valentine couplet slipped into the opening. Partners for supper will be found by matching these couplets. Tie the hearts together with pink or white ribbon, and scatter them between dishes or on the buffet or table and let the guests help themselves.

Little novelties for the table are easily made. For instance, ordinary blanc mange, when molded two inches deep in a large, flat-bottom tin, may be cut into heart shapes. Arrange, points up, around a mound of stiffly whipped cream, and decorate with tiny hearts cut from cherries. Around the base of the hearts scatter a wreath of hearts cut from red jelly. Use white and pink lace paper doilies.

Sandwiches made thin and cut in heart shapes are pretty. After the filling is in, stack them on a lace paper doiley, heart part up, and stick in each a sprig of celery foliage.

After the cakes for a St. Valentine party have been smoothly iced with plain icing, long sprays of roses may be drawn in a design upon the icing—after it has become firm—by pressing through a cornucopia of stiff paper some of the leftover icing which has been tinted pink with strawberry syrup from canned fruit. As the stream of icing is pressed

through the tiny opening, move it along to form the design. For the leaves and stems the icing should be colored a delicate green. Another pleasing effect is to cover the cake first with the plain icing, then pipe on a pink rose in the center and a row of pink icing hearts around the edge.

It is easy to make little souvenirs or prize gifts with a few simple materials, such as crepe paper, pasteboard, silk and ribbons. There are heart calendars and photo frames made with rose-covered crepe paper. Rose satchets and pen-wipers, ribbon rose ornaments for the corsage or the hair, and others, will readily suggest themselves. Fans that are decorative are very acceptable as little gifts. Make a round fan of pasteboard covered with a big, flat paper rose on either side, and a ribbon decorated handle, first gilding the handle with gold paint.

For a part of your entertainment a decided novelty would be to have a "Sale of Hearts." This idea is suggested by a custom in vogue in olden times of conducting important auction sales by the light of a candle. The auctioneer lighted the candle and measured off an inch below the flame by inserting a pin. The bidding then began, and continued until the candle had burned down to the pin line; the bid that was "on" then became irrevocable.

Make a centerpiece of a tall white wax candle set in a silver holder, with sprays of paper bleeding hearts around the holder. An end of pink baby ribbon is tied in a bow around tiny silver arrows, one for each guest. These arrows are stuck into the candle in the space between the pinmark and the holder. The ribbons lead to each place where they are tied to heart-shaped bonbon boxes.

Before leaving the supper table, pass small squares of paper and pencils to the guests with the request that each of them write a list of their personal charms and slip it into the bonbon box. When all have done so, the auctioneer—a bright, witty man—lights the candle and "places a heart under the hammer" by reading these lists. The owner's high valuation increases the bids accordingly, but the instant the arrow falls from the candle, the sale of that heart is made, and the owner must disclose his or her identity. The fun and excitement of the sale is perceptibly increased when a man finds himself the owner of another fellow's heart, and for the girl making such a purchase, single blessedness is predicted.

A "Washington" table was planned along original lines by a hostess who declared she was tired of the "annual cherry tree" and hatchets. Her decoration was beautifully patriotic, and, as a concession to the occasion, cherries were attractively conspicuous.

She cut a roll of scarlet crepe paper in two pieces, placing the strips on the white cover with the outside edge rippled. A roll of white crepe paper stamped with cherries for a border was placed in the center of the red, allowing the red to show four inches beyond the white paper. A handsome epergne was placed in the center of this, the base filled with fruit, the vases with scarlet and white carnations mixed with a feathery green. The cream was served in scarlet crepe paper cases, the handles wound with red ribbon, and a cluster of candied cherries on anglica stems was tied with the bow.

A Patriotic cake and Washington pie were a feast for the sight as they were placed at each end of the table. The cake was a simple angel cake mixture baked flat in a large tin, and, when cold, cut into diamond-shaped blocks and iced with white icing, with a cluster of cherries on each.

The Washington pie was a delicate pie-crust baked in a star-shaped tin two inches high and filled with candied cherries and anglica. The top was covered with a thick meringue and placed in the oven to become firm. Cherries, dotted the meringue, and a little flag stood up in the center.

Winter Rashes Demand Use Of



Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Frost bites, chappings, chafings, red, rough and tender faces and hands, eczemas, itchings and irritations incidental to winter sports are promptly relieved by warm baths with Cuticura Soap, followed by gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-n. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston. Tender-faced men shave in comfort with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Liberal sample free.

Don't Wear a Truss!



C. E. BROOKS, the Discoverer

Sept. 10, '01. Sent on trial to prove it. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today. C. E. BROOKS, 1705 State St., Marshall, Mich.

A Message to Every Skin Sufferer

All skin troubles, from slight ones like chilblains and face spots, to severe cases of eczema, rashes, bad legs and hands, are cured by Antexema. It stops irritation instantly, and a permanent cure quickly follows. Antexema is a cooling, non-poisonous, creamy liquid, cleanly to use and scarcely visible on the skin. Give up useless, messy ointments. No bandages required with Antexema, which has 30 years' reputation in Great Britain, and always succeeds. Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Of all druggists in Canada. Prices in Britain 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Wholesale from Antexema Company, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. (Eng.)



Antexema
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

Smoke of Herbs For Catarrh.

A Simple, Pleasant, Reliable Way and it Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, flowers and seeds (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or cigarette. Simply draw the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhale into the lungs or send it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way.



It is not unpleasant, is harmless and can be used by man, woman or child.

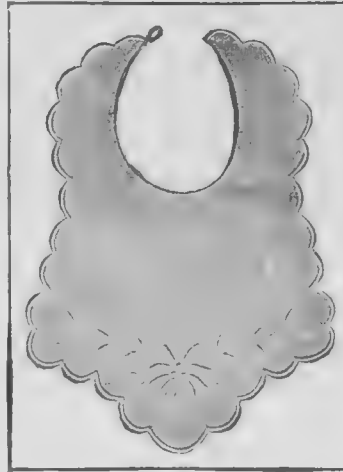
Just as catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to the affected air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the usual treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and cannot reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, you should try this smoking remedy.

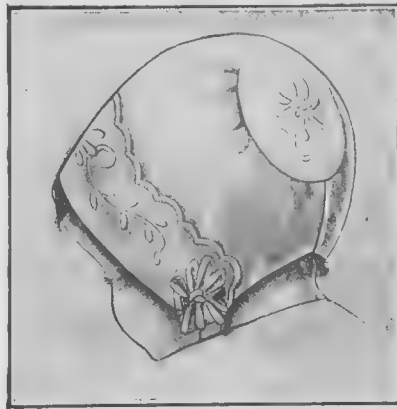
A free trial package, together with an illustrated booklet which goes thoroughly into the whole question of catarrh will be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 151 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada. This trial will demonstrate to you that it is an exceptional remedy and as it only costs \$1.00 for a full size box it is within the reach of every one. Send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

Embroideries for Spring

OUR readers are usually interested in embroideries adapted to baby wear, and these have a charm which few women are able to resist. The elaborate lace trimmed garments are now a thing of the past and the reason for this is not hard to understand, as they were difficult to launder and very often when soiled did not withstand even the first visit to the tub. This is now changed, and almost all articles excepting those intended for elaborate occasions are made from simple materials, and an effective design easily embroidered is the only decoration required. This idea has been carried out by the set we illustrate, which has been stamped on corded pique, one of the most satisfactory materials for children's use as it wears and launders beautifully. All the garments excepting the No. 74 are stamped on pique but this is a small infant's dress and it requires lace insertion for making up, fine lawn is the most attractive material. No. 75, infant's wrapper, and No. 79, infant's shawl, are stamped on woollen voile, as these are needed for extra warmth, but the smaller articles, consisting of booties, bib, cap, saque and the child's dress are matched on pique. All the garments excepting No. 73 are intended for baby wear, but the latter measures 24 inches from shoulder to the lower edge and may be used for a child up to two or three years of age.



No. 71.—Bib. On Pique\$.25
Materials to embroider are included.



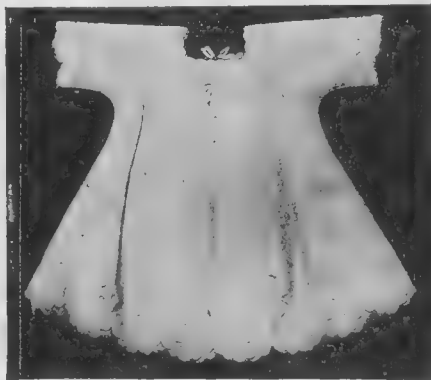
No. 69.—Cap. (See No. 71)\$.35



No. 74.—Infant's Dress\$.85

No. 6403 shows an attractive design for the March birthday pillow top. Violets in their attractive colorings are tinted, and the lettering carries out the sentiment. These souvenir cushions have met with a warm reception, and we shall continue to show these until the series have been covered.

The design illustrated is simple, and arranged for solid embroidery, carried out in over and over or satin stitch, and a lesson sheet describing this and many



No. 73.—Child's Dress\$.90



No. 75.—Infant's Wrapper, on Cashmere\$1.25
Silk to embroider is enclosed.

other stitches is enclosed with each article. All the articles illustrated, with the exception of the cushion top contain materials to embroider, and are put up in convenient package form, and may be supplied post paid on receipt of the prices quoted.



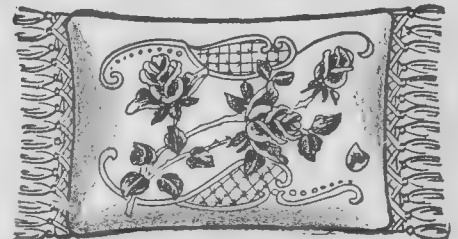
No. 70.—Booties\$.25



A New Idea IN Underskirts

A perfect fitting garment made in one size only and without any alteration—the one size fits all waists 20 to 28 inches. Made in Blackeye moire and Egyptian taffeta (both guaranteed) in Silks and Satens.

"FROM ALL BEST STORES"



No. 211, ROSES
TINTED IN SHADES OF PINK, BROWN AND GREEN

GIVEN Pillow Top and Back

This handsome conventional design pillow given away absolutely free in order to introduce Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss into every home. Pillow Top is made of Pure Linen Russian Crash; stamped and hand tinted ready to be embroidered. Outfit sent free and prepaid if you send us 35 cents to cover the regular retail price of 6 skeins of Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss to commence the work with and 5 cents for postage. Outfit includes:

One Pillow Top, size 17 x 22 inches, stamped and hand tinted on pure linen Russian crash.

One Pillow Back.

One Easy Diagram Lesson, showing you just exactly how to take every stitch.

Six Skeins Belding's Royal Silk Floss.
ALL SENT FOR ONLY 35c. AND YOUR DEALER'S NAME.

HOW TO GET THE COMPLETE OUTFIT.

Just enclose 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer. This exceptionally attractive offer is made to introduce BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS into every home in Canada, and may be withdrawn any time.

SEND TO-DAY. Do not delay. Just send 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer and we will send you the entire outfit. Write TO-DAY.

Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, Dept. 306, MONTREAL.

A. W. BERRY, Homespun Manufacturer, Bundoran - Ireland

The Bundoran Homespun is the latest in Irish Hand Weaves, so well adapted for Ladies' and Gents' garments.

For excellency of finish and beautiful colouring they are unrivaled.

Being made from pure native wool their durability is assured.

Gents' suits to measure (measures easy to take), delivered in Canada from \$12.00; ladies' costumes from \$13.50. Cut lengths at lowest prices. Write for patterns.

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?
STUDY drawing at home under Expert Faculty. We have successful students in every part of the world. Turn your Talent into money. Our Students are filling high salaried positions. 14 years successful teaching. Endorsed by high authorities. 18 Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing. Teachers' Normal and Applied Art. Profit or Culture. Thoroughly Equipped Residence School. Artist's Outfit FREE to Enrolled Students. SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART, 809 Applied Art Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

THE GATE THAT SERVES YOU BEST



THE PEERLESS

Braced Like a Steel Bridge

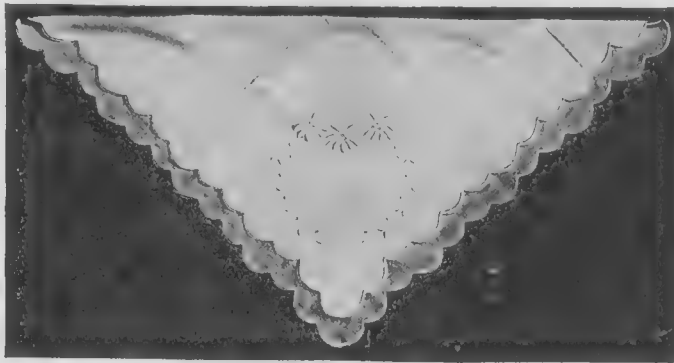
JUST as the engineer strengthens the points of strain in a big, mighty bridge, so we have designed braces, stronger than was necessary, to make our gates stiff and rigid. They can't sag—they can't twist—they are a great improvement over gates made the old way.

Peerless Gates

are made of first-class material. Frame work of 1½ inch steel tubing electrically welded together. Peerless pipe braced gates are all filled with heavy No. 9 Open Hearth galvanized steel wire—built for strength and durability—weather proof and stock proof.

Send for free catalog. Ask about our farm and poultry fencing, also our ornamental fence and gates. Agents nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in open territory.

BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO. Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.



No. 76.—Infant's Shawl on Cashmere\$1.25
Silk to embroider is enclosed.

supply made up garments unless specified. Allow at least a week from the time the order is received, for filling, and please mention the design number as well as the garment required, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake.

The Fresh-Air Crank

Again he has us on the rack
And pains us more and more,
For now we have to call him back
To have him shut the door.

—Lippincott's.



No. 6403—March Birthday Cushion, front and back\$.60
Lace to edge75
Silk to embroider75
Fringe for ends (if preferred)60

Save the Soil Moisture

There are still some farmers who have learned nothing from the people who farm in semi-arid countries—and there are some who have learned a great deal from them. Crops are now made where before the Campbell system was known none could be made. The system is so simple that it can be learned by any one, and so easy of application that it is strange that it is not in use in all districts. By "bottling" the water two years' rainfall is made to do duty for one year's crops.

This "bottling" is done with the harrow—just a plain harrow.

It is well known to all thinking farmers that when water falls it either goes into the ground or runs off. That which goes into the soil is useful, and to use this to best advantage is the problem of all farmers who live in sections where droughts are liable to come.

When water sinks into the soil it makes a pathway for itself, and this pathway is open. Millions of pathways, or pipes, are formed in the soil, and these later drain the soil of its water and pump it

out into the air. Now to stop these "pipes" is the only art about the Campbell system. The crust, which forms on the top of the soil after a rain, keeps the pipes open, and when the crust is broken, and a dust mulch placed on the soil, the water is "bottled" and stays in the soil until it is taken up by the plants. The "dust mulch" is merely the stopper for the water bottles which were they to remain un-stopped, would dry out. The soil on which a crust is permitted to remain is soon drained of its water. If the crust be broken and a dust mulch made, then the water serves the crops instead of passing off into the air.

To Handle Balking Horse

A balking horse that lies down when you want him to pull is about the most exasperating animal in creation.

What would you do in a case of that kind? Whipping does no good. Try all the tricks of the jockey and some horses refuse to move. Would you be cruel to a beast that has a bad trick simply because some senseless driver has over-loaded or abused the poor animal. No friends, don't be mean just because the animal is.

Sometimes a balking horse is started by diverting his attention a moment by picking up a foot or adjusting the collar—anything that makes him forget that he has a grudge against you. Sometimes the load is too heavy or stuck in a chuck hole. Rest the team a moment, fuss around the balking horse a bit, swing the team to right or left quickly, and have someone give a lift at the wheel. Don't teach a good horse to balk just at that critical moment by whipping him when he's doing all he can. If he refuses to go then—well, the David Harum method never fails. Tie the horse right there and wait till he is ready to go. Wait all night, next day, too, if necessary. Try him now and then—if the load is not actually stuck so no horse can start it—and as long as he refuses to start again, tie him and let him stay alone. Take the other horse to the barn, of course. If where no one will interfere—out in the field or timber—then you don't need to stay and watch. But if some humane person is liable to come along and upset your cure, then you had better stay around where you can explain the situation. One good lesson usually cures a persistent balker.

Making Potatoes Pay

A well-drained clay loam is considered best for potato growing. Alluvial soil is also good. The production per acre will be in proportion to the amount of available plant food and moisture in the soil. Select a three-year rotation, for the scab germ lasts but two years. I use a fertilizer with 10 per cent actual potash. This we have applied as high as 1,500 pounds per acre, but usually use 500 to 800 pounds directly into the row.

Select your seed potatoes in the Fall and keep over winter at a temperature of 38 degrees, as this will retard sprouting in the spring. Plough seven to ten inches deep and cultivate once a week. Do not roll. Plant in rows three feet apart. Spray one to five times with a mixture of one and one-half pounds Paris green and 50 gallons of water. For five years the cost per acre of growing the potato has been \$45 to \$50 with us.

Summary of points necessary for success:—

(1) Good seed. (2) Clay loam well drained and of good fertility. (3) Break land early and deep, but do not pack. (4) Store crop in cool, dark place. (5) Do everything on time. (6) Square dealing.—J. F. Keller.

Miller's Worm Powders are par excellence the medicine for children who are found suffering from the ravages of worms. They immediately alter the stomachic conditions under which the worms subsist and drive them from the system, and, at the same time, they are tonical in their effect upon the digestive organs, restoring them to healthful operation and ensuring immunity from further disorders from such a cause.

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Newton, Mass.



Co-Operation helped me to earn \$1,250.00 during my university vacation, 1911, as a representative of The Dominion Co-Operative Realty Co., Ltd.
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R. H. L.,
Maple Creek, Sask.



"We very much regret the death of Mr. H. S. Percival, about November 1, 1911, who, as our representative, earned \$5,887.00 by selling Real Estate in 1911."



I hereby state that I earned \$3,681.00 in less than six months by selling Real Estate as a representative of The Dominion Co-Operative Realty Co., Ltd.
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Seattle, Wash.

**The Dominion
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114 9th AVE., EAST CALGARY, ALTA.

About the Farm

Selling the Cream and Milk

One should get a pretty high price for the whole milk in order to make it pay to go on selling it year after year. Not only should he get a pretty high price, but he must have the nerve and courage to invest a part of the income so derived to the purchase of fertilizers in some form to maintain his land under this yearly strain; or he must invest pretty heavily in mill feeds to bring back to the land in some way some outside fertilizing material to offset the loss to the land of this wholesale milk selling.

It is the same with the cheese making. In both these cases the cows are simply machines through which the product of the farm is run, and the main product of these machines is exported and all the concentrated fertility lost to the farm. In the early days before the establishment of the great milling centres, when every farm had to produce its own feeds for the cows, the selling of whole milk for both cheese and milk had some startling effects on the soil in older states. Farmers could scarcely believe that the keeping of cows assisted in depleting the fertility of those states. Soon after this came the general establishment of creameries that enabled the farmer to haul home his milk with the loss of only the butter fat; then came the individual separators that left the milk in fine condition right on the farm. And then, best of all, came the vast commercial supplies of mill feeds from the great milling centres of the Northwest, the liberal use of which enabled the cheese men to go on again, safely and profitably.

But the liberal buying and feeding of these outside sources of fertility in the feed stuffs used, does not tell the whole story. The farm needs this milk itself in order to carry on certain side lines such as pig raising, veal making, and the production of poultry, meat and eggs. Nothing can take the place of the milk for these purposes, and the greater profits often lie in these side lines, or by-products.

Use a separator, sell butter fat only, leaving the milk on the farm—this is the safest proposition for the fertility of the place.—W. D. Boynton, Gig Harbor, Wash.

Paralysis In Pigs

Weakness of the hind quarters is a condition frequently seen in growing pigs. It is a form of paralysis, and the exact cause cannot be stated for all cases.

One of the most plausible explanations of paralysis in young pigs is improper feeding. A deficiency of mineral matter, especially lime salts in the diet, is believed to be responsible for the majority of cases. The shortage of lime salts results in the improper development of the bones of the growing pig, and the condition known as "rickets."

On the other hand, the diet may be all right, well balanced and wholesome, and yet the pigs may not be able to assimilate their feed and get the proper nourishment from it. In this case the fault lies with the digestive organs. Pigs raised in damp quarters may develop weakness of the hind parts, often said to be of a rheumatic nature. In this case the remedy is self-apparent.

So it is evident that paralysis, rickets, malnutrition and rheumatism are similar conditions, as far as symptoms are concerned. The same general line of treatment is indicated in all these conditions. Good, wholesome feed, a well-balanced ration, plenty of fresh air and sunshine, with dry, clean, roomy, well-drained and ventilated pens, are the first requisites.

Then see that the pigs have access to a supply of mineral matter in the form of charcoal, bone meal, crushed limestone, wood ashes, and salt. For medical treatment, tonics are indicated, nux vomica being generally accepted as the best. The bowels should be kept moving freely by laxatives, as constipation is generally present. If treatment is started early, recovery may be expected; but quite often these conditions are allowed to progress too long before receiving proper attention, and then treatment is usually of no avail.

The Value of Trees

Professor J. Bowman, in his book on the "Principles of Soils in Relation to Forestry," deplores the reckless timber cutting which has taken place in America during the last twenty-five years. The effects of deforestation are, he says, that the rain beats directly upon the soil, the retarding influence of the ground litter and tree roots is withdrawn, and more

rapid soil removal occurs. When once these evil effects have been allowed to take place mankind is deprived practically for thousands and even millions of years of the favorable conditions that preceded the epoch of destruction. In a hundred years it may achieve such baneful results that Nature will compensate only during a geologic period of hundreds of thousands of years.

Dead Leaves

Researches have been made to ascertain the manner in which the dead leaves fallen from trees in forests and bush

return to the soil the plant food exhausted by them when growing. Of course, in order that a forest may continue to flourish the trees must find in the soil supplies of nitrogen, phosphate and potash, and these constituents are continually being returned to the soil by the medium of the fallen leaves. It has been found that in a period of 255 days a dead leaf gave up 62 per cent of the nitrogen, 74 per cent of the phosphoric acid, and 90 per cent of the potash that it contained when it first fell to the ground.

Warts are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.



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A. L. Dickinson, of Friendship, N. Y., says: "I am working a pair of horses that cleaned out several men. I got them for \$110, gave them a few lessons, and have been offered \$400 for the pair." Fred Bowden, R. R. No. 2, Keokuk, Iowa writes: "It's worth many times its cost." I have many similar letters from graduates all over the world.

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To Develop a Persistent Milker

Our endeavors to develop our dairy heifers into persistent milkers start when the heifer has its first calf. We take great care in milking the heifers, using them as quietly as possible so as not to get them in the habit of kicking. Many a heifer is spoiled during its first year from lack of such care. If the heifer shows signs of drying too soon, we still continue to milk her even if the quantity of milk does not pay for the time spent. We know, however, that we will be doubly repaid during the next period of lactation, for she will then keep up the flow until the proper time to stop.

A cow that has got into the habit of slackening in her milk flow too soon after calving can be made into a good milker by persistent care. We bought a cow four years ago that in her first season of milking was almost dry in six months. We still milked her, however, and she is now a grand milker.—W. T., Ont.

To Print Butter

When printing butter up into bricks, do not put the butter into the mould but first scald the mould and rub well with salt, then set in a basin of cold water between each pound you make. Make the butter solid in the butter bowl and take the mould and cut the mould full out with the mould itself and smooth off with the ladle, push out on to the wet butter paper and roll up.

Don't Market Dirty Eggs

Dirty eggs of three kinds:—

1. Plain dirties, those to which soil and manure adhere.
2. Stained eggs, i.e., dirty eggs that have been washed.
3. Smeared eggs, those that become covered with the contents of broken eggs.

The producer is largely to blame for the first two classes of dirty eggs. A dirty egg is a disgrace to the person who sells it. The hens should not be blamed for the appearance of dirty eggs. They almost invariably lay clean eggs, and they prefer to lay them in clean, cool places.

Dirty eggs should never be marketed. They are repulsive to the trade, and they seriously detract from the appearance of good eggs and cause the entire shipment to sell at a lower price. This may not be apparent at the country store, where severe competition forces the merchant to take all or lose a customer, but the dealer is obliged at considerable expense to remove most of them, and must therefore discount the price he pays accordingly.

It is not wise to wash market eggs.

Washing removes the natural bloom and gloss, and makes the eggs appear old and stale. Clean nests should be provided, thereby reducing the number of dirty eggs to the minimum. About three per cent. of all eggs marketed show contamination in this form, and it is particularly apparent in the wet seasons, spring and fall.

So readily do eggs absorb odors that in the early days of artificial refrigeration many packers incurred heavy financial loss through having stored their eggs in chambers containing citrous fruits, fish, &c. In all modern cold storage houses large separate rooms are provided in which eggs alone are stored

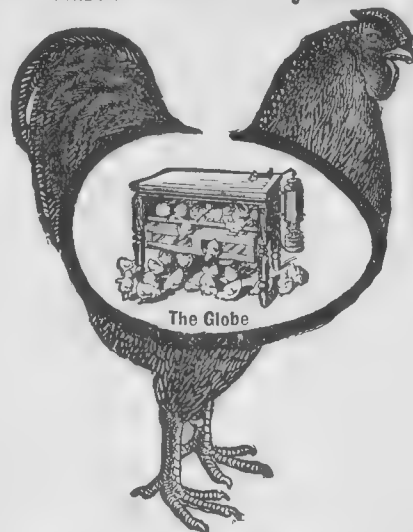
Composition of the Egg

According to a large number of analyses made of domestic eggs at the various agricultural stations, an egg weighing two ounces has the following percentage of composition: Shell, 10.5; water, 6.8; fat, 9.3, and of ash, 0.9. A side of beef contains on an average about the same percentage of protein, but a larger percentage of fat. Eggs belong to nitrogenous group of foods, and would naturally and properly be combined in the diet with material supplying carbohydrates (sugar and starch), such as cereals, potatoes, etc.

There is four per cent less of protein, and six per cent less of fat in eggs than in sirloin steak; half as much protein and one-third as much fat as in cream cheese; twice as much protein and ten times as

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The Globe

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This valuable book has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c. C. C. Shoemaker, Box 968, Kresport, Ill. Your money back if not satisfied.

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much fat as in oysters. Fuel value: about one-third that of rich cheese, and two-thirds that of beef. It is the protein or nitrogenous matter that builds up and repairs the tissues of the body, while the fat supplies energy.

It has often been claimed that the white of an egg is pure albumen, but that it also contains phosphoric acid and sodium chloride or common salt, has been proved. The fatty part of the egg, also phosphorus, calcium, magnesium, potassium and iron, are contained in the yolk. There is also sulphur in the egg, which, no doubt, accounts for the dark stain left by eggs on silver.

Medical science says that raw eggs are more quickly digested than cooked ones. Soft-boiled, roasted and poached eggs are more quickly and easily digested than when fried or hard-boiled. The stomach will digest a raw egg in from one and a half to two hours. Soft-boiled and roasted require from two and a half to three hours, while hard-boiled or fried must be allowed from three and a half to four hours for digestion.

The Barred Plymouth Rock

By Prof. George C. Watson

This variety probably originated in Massachusetts something more than forty years ago. It is said to have sprung from the cross of a Dominique cock and



Corn growing at Camrose, Alta.

a Black Java hen. The Barred Plymouth Rocks combine largely the qualities of both these breeds. They more nearly approach the Java in size, but retain many of the good qualities of the Dominique. While they do not have the color of either parent, yet they more nearly approach that of the Dominique.

These fowls approach the Asiatics in size, the Leghorns in egg production, and constitute one of the most useful varieties. They also produce flesh of an excellent quality. It is maintained by some breeders of Plymouth Rocks that the quality of the flesh approaches that of the Dorking. They are blocky fowls, have large, full, plump, well-proportioned bodies, yellow shanks and skin. The flesh is of good texture and flavor. The cock weighs 9½, the hen 7½, cockerel 8, pullet 6½ pounds. They are early maturing, considering their size, are good layers, hardy both as little chicks and mature fowls. They are excellent mothers, kind and persistent sitters.

The laying capacity is considerably above the average of fowls. Authentic records are reported of more than two hundred and thirty eggs per year from single birds. The pullets make excellent winter layers, but for greatest egg production in the winter time fowls should not be kept longer than two years. They are easily kept in confinement and are adapted to nearly all climates. Probably no breed better combines these two qualities—egg-production and the yielding of a large amount of good meat for the table.

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

Eggs Bought for Hatching

When your eggs arrive, allow them to rest quietly for a day to give them time to settle. Examine them carefully. Some dealers are in the habit of sending out the eggs which they discard themselves. No dealer should send out a thin-shelled egg. The thin shell may be detected by holding the egg, encircled by the thumb and forefinger, to the lamp, or by using the tester. A good shell is even, and shows very few light spots. A thin shell is full of such spots; the larger the light spots the thinner the shell.

Sometimes the shell is good otherwise but has a belt, as it were, of thin material encircling the egg where its circumference is the greatest. Often in such cases the shell is a little deformed, showing a slight ridge on the outside, just as if the hen had broken the egg shell at that point while it was finishing its journey through the oviduct, and had patched it up just before laying. Such eggs invariably give trouble, and many are broken if hens hatch, or they dry out before hatching time if hatched by incubator.

Make sure too that your eggs are not from pullets that have just begun to lay for the first time. Such eggs are generally small in size and rather slender or narrow or thin at the greatest circumference. Chicks from these eggs are weak, and for lack of room cannot turn around in the shell, and cannot crack it all the way round. Not being able to move, they

often make a rather large hole where they are pipped, but cannot get out. Round eggs are preferable to oblong for this reason.

If you buy eggs to establish a laying strain, be sure you get good size, shape, good shell, and good color. It would be advisable to insist on these points in your order.

—J. M. Zurbrigg.

Color in Eggs

A professor at Liverpool has been carrying out some tests in regard to nutriment value of white and brown eggs. A number of eggs were selected which had been laid in one day on a mixed poultry farm. They were graded according to color, and then the eggs were carefully analysed in the laboratory. Nineteen-tenths of the contents of every egg is pure water, and so of no food value whatever, but in the remaining portion is packed away some of the most nutritious food known. This was carefully analysed into its constituents, and the amount of fat, which is the really nutrient element, was estimated or weighed.

Some remarkable results were discovered. The darkest egg, one laid by a Buff Orpington, was found to contain 10 per cent more fat than the lightest colored egg. Moreover, the amount of fat was found to increase with the deepening in color of the shell. A very big white egg might contain as much nutrition as a small brown one, but, weight for weight the darker egg was always the best.

The professor who has been carrying out the experiments seemed genuinely concerned about the chickens. "This fat

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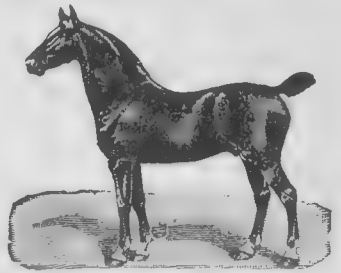
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JOHN WELLS, HARVARD, Nebraska.



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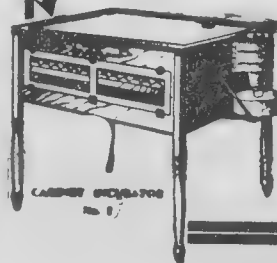
then, if you are satisfied, pay from \$10 up (depending on style)

Cabinet Incubators are built to hatch strong, healthy chicks; and will bring a chick from every fertile egg. No other machine on the market will give you the same satisfaction, for no other-machine is built just the same way. The Cabinet Incubator is built for Canadian Poultrymen, and it suits them.

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THE BRETT MFG. CO. LTD.

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is all the embryo has to live on," he said, "and it appears as if some of the chickens stand a much bigger chance of avoiding scragginess than others. They get a better start in life. But we shall probably find when we consult practical men that the dark eggs are laid by the bigger breeds of birds, and thus the chicken which had most nourishment in the egg grows up to be the biggest fowl."

Poultry Hints

Feed your fowls liberally; give variety; but do not overfeed.

The shell of an egg being porous, it will quickly absorb odors, and these will affect the flavor.

It is not good for a fowl to be carried by the legs unless you are carrying it to the plucking shed.

The sex of eggs cannot be foretold, not one of the old-time theories in this particular having been proved.

The eggs from hens that are not mated will remain in a fresh condition twice as long as the eggs from mated hens.

The vices of feather pulling and egg eating are always more common in overcrowded flocks than in quarters where there is plenty of space for the fowls to exercise.

One can always start poultry keeping very cheaply. It does not call for many houses and fixtures. Common sense counts more than cash; in fact, the business cannot be conducted without it. A few dollars invested in pure bred stock, a place free from dampness and a good beginning has been made—Poultry.

Too highly stimulating food is apt to cause liver troubles.

Small potatoes make an excellent addition to the soft mash for fowls.

Sometimes it is necessary to look backwards as it is to look forward, and is as profitable.

Overfeeding of green bone is apt to produce leg troubles, diarrhoea, bowel complications, and worms.

Notes on Swine

After farrowing, sows should be kept separate for about a month.

When pigs are growing, grazing is im-

portant, and is conducive to health and profit.

Twenty-four hours after farrowing sows will need no feed. A little water, slightly warmed, is all that is necessary.

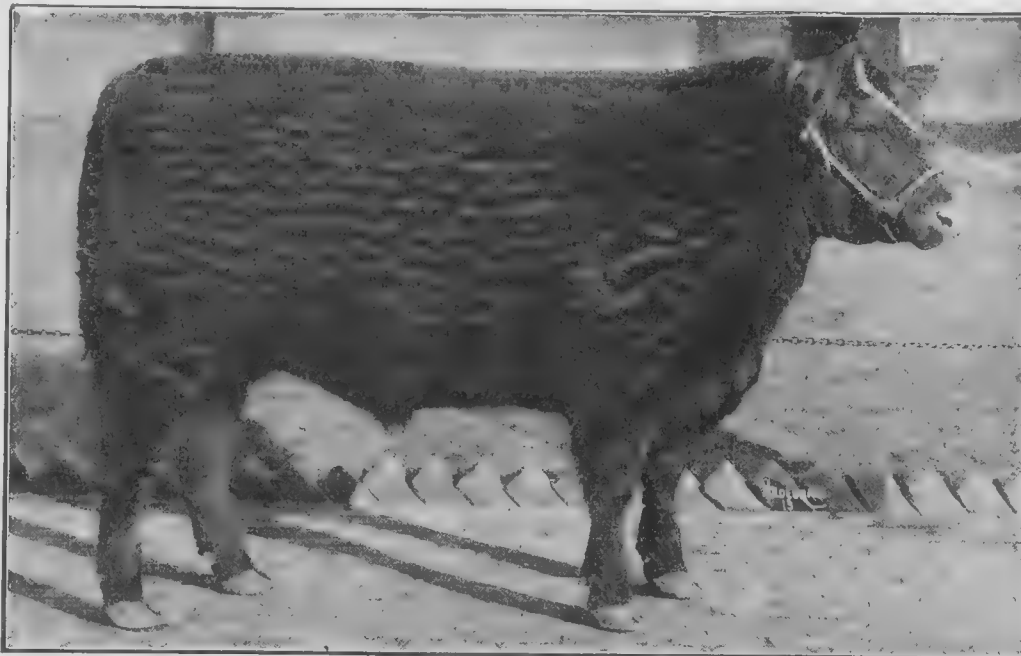
Potatoes are good for hogs, but they are best when cooked and mixed with some meal into a mash and fed warm.

With hogs as with all other stock no single breed possesses only good qualities.

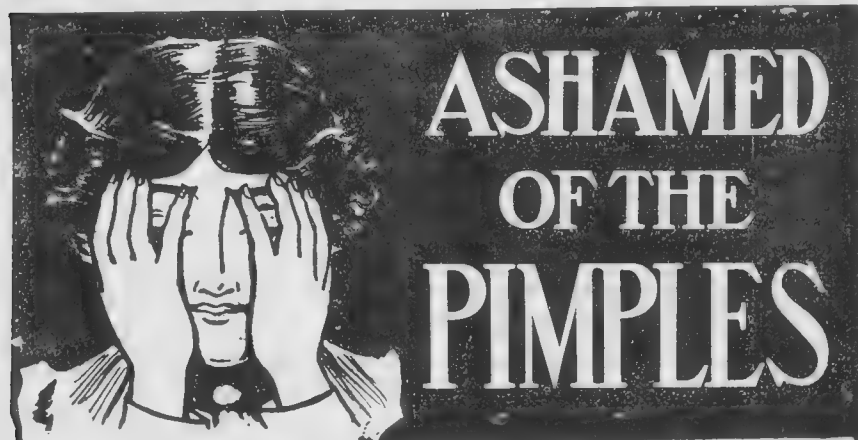
As a rule, the quieter the sow can be kept during farrowing the better will be the results.

Value of the Plow

Good cultivation is equal to a dressing of a good fertilizer. This axiom is strikingly confirmed by the result of some experiments reported by the Government agriculturist at the Cape. The experiment was carried out in the following manner. At the experiment station a piece of land was selected, divided into plots, and uniformly dressed with a complete fertilizer. After being plowed, as stated below, a cultivator was run over the land and oats sown with the drill.



Glencarnock Victor II., owned by J. D. McGregor, Brandon. In 1912 he headed his class at the International Live Stock Exposition in Chicago. In December, 1913 he returned and was awarded Grand Championship by the Scotch judge who declared him to be one of the best he had ever judged.



ASHAMED OF THE PIMPLES

Pimples and disfiguring skin diseases are particularly distressing to young ladies and gentlemen. The embarrassment is so great that you feel ashamed to appear among your young friends in society.

Fortunately, there is a cure for such annoying skin diseases by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. So much is heard of this great, soothing, healing ointment as a cure for eczema and the more serious diseases of the skin that many overlook it when bothered by pimples, blackheads, roughness of the skin and skin irritations.

It is surprising what Dr. Chase's Ointment will accomplish in a few days when applied frequently. Instead of merely covering up the disfigurement, and further aggravating the inflammation, it soothes and heals the skin, and leaves it soft, smooth and velvety.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Miss Carrie Altwater, Bittern Lake, Alta., writes:—"I was entirely cured of pimples and blackheads some months ago by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. As I have also found this ointment a splendid treatment for sunburn and chapped hands, I would not be without it in the house. It is the best I ever used."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers. Sample box mailed free, if you mention this paper. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

The old-time pig-sty should be banished forever. It has given the hog his reputation for filth, and has no place now on the modern farm.

Pasture makes the cheapest hog feed on the farm and clover makes the best hog pasture. Sow clover seed liberally this spring.

The old sow that has been a good breeder and a good mother should be retained. Keep her as long as she can eat well.

Youngsters should be farrowed in dry quarters. A warm house keeps the sow quiet at farrowing time. An old stove and a little fuel often save a lot of pigs.

When pigs are kept eight months, when fully as good weights could have been obtained at six months, the profit is anything but what it should have been.

The most conservative course is to select the breed most popular in the vicinity and improve upon the common individuals by the use of improved boars.

The main object in the first few months of a pig's life is to produce bone, muscle and growth—sort of get him in shape to carry a big load of corn to market.

Never keep your brood sows closely confined. A reasonable amount of exercise is necessary in order to strengthen her muscles and give tone to her system.

If the trough for the sow is made flat and shallow, and the slop fed the sow is sweet and warm, the pigs will begin to eat at three weeks old; but if the food is cold and sour they will refuse it as long as the plans of nature give them warm sweet milk.

Gives Wheat Bran before Calving

Prof. J. M. Trueman, of the Connecticut Experiment Station, has great faith in putting a cow on wheat bran as the only grain ration ten days before she calves. On this point he said in a recent address: "I stop the full heavy ration and put her on wheat bran ten days before calving, and a liberal supply of her other feed unchanged to any extent has practically assured me good conditions at calving time." As a further testimony on this point, he says: "I have never had a cow with milk fever that was fed on bran ten days before calving. I never had a cow retain the afterbirth that was fed on bran ten days before calving if she delivered her calf at full time and was given all the warm water she wanted to drink right after calving."

Each successive plot however, had received one more ploughing than the previous one, and the yields rose correspondingly in steadily ascending order.

Plot 1.—Once ploughed yielded 750 lbs. oat hay per acre.

Plot 2.—Twice ploughed yielded 1,000 lbs. oat hay per acre.

Plot 3.—Thrice ploughed yielded 1,880 lbs. oat hay per acre.

Plot 4.—Four times ploughed yielded 3,800 lbs. oat hay per acre.

It is stated that equally striking results were obtained from the barley and wheat plots planted during the past year although the plots were each ploughed and harrowed once only, but each succeeding plot was cultivated once more than the previous one. The results of these experiments emphasize the importance of careful tillage, and show that, although manuring is highly important, yields can be still further and profitably increased by extra ploughing or cultivating. In India, where the peasants often find it difficult to obtain fertilizers, and labor is cheap, they depend largely on obtaining good crops by increased cultivation, and will frequently plough their land four or five times.

See Through Him

An Irish soldier in the Spanish-American war took sick and was reduced to a skeleton before he was allowed to return home.

"Well, I see you're back from the front," remarked an old acquaintance, whom he met.

"Is that so?" inquired the Irishman. "I knew I was awful thin, but I didn't know I was as thin as that."

Self-Disgraced

In Boston, as everyone knows, the Symphony concerts are viewed in the light of sacred ceremonies. In this connection the story is told of two little girls of a certain family who returned from the Music Hall "in a state of mind." One of them carried an expression of deep scorn; the other an air of great dejection.

"What is the matter, girls?" asked some member of the household. "Was the concert fine?"

"The concert was all right," responded Eleanor. "The trouble was with Mary. She disgraced herself."

"Disgraced herself?"

"Yes, she sneezed in the middle of the symphony."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nerves Were Unstrung.

WOULD ALMOST GO OUT OF HER MIND.

Many women become run down and worn out by household cares, and duties never ending, and sooner or later find themselves with shattered nerves and weak hearts.

On the first sign of any weakness of the heart or nerves you should avail yourself of a perfect cure by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. Archie Goodine, Tilley, N.B., writes:—"When I was troubled with my heart, two years ago, I was very bad. My nerves were so unstrung, sometimes I would almost be out of my mind. I doctored myself with everything I could get, until at last I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they have cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful remedy, and will recommend it to all sufferers."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Every-one Who writes.

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., has discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He calls it Powderpaint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather proof, fire proof and as durable as oil paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Write to Mr. A. L. Rice, Manufacturer, 440 North St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a free trial package, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write to-day.



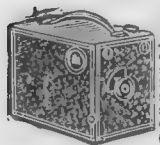
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CATALOGUE FREE.

Young People

The Empty Place

A homeless Bad Habit went searching one day

For a spot where it snugly could settle and stay;

It hung round Fred's door for three hours by the clock,

But never found courage to step up and knock.

The place was too busy and crowded, you see;

There was really no minute that seemed to be free;

There were lessons and games, there were books to be read,

And no time to be idle from breakfast to bed.

"I might push my way in," thought the Habit, "but then,

Every corner is filled; I'd be turned out again,

It's no use to hang round; this is no place for me!"

And it went off as downcast as downcast could be.

But Jim's door stood open not far down the road;

No crowd was about it, no bustle it showed;

The hall was deserted, the study was bare,

And the Habit stepped in with a satisfied air.

"Ah, here's what I want," it remarked with a grin,

"I can settle in peace, and grow into a sin.

Jim's life is so idle and empty, I see. That it's just the right home for an inmate like me!"

So it stayed and it grew till it filled the whole place,

And owned Jim in the bargain, and brought him disgrace,

Poor Jim! Other boys, too, should keep a lookout.

For many Bad Habits go searching about!

—Priscilla Leonard

Billy and the Dwarf

Billy was called a bothersome boy. His brothers and sisters thought him a bother because he was always teasing them. The neighbors closed their doors when they saw him coming, for he was sure to get into mischief. The chickens all ran into a corner of the yard when he came, for he was likely to chase them; and the kittens ran and hid, too, for he was not good to them.

Billy sat one evening on a hassock. He was lonely, and he was thinking.

"I guess nobody likes me," when suddenly a funny little man, about as big as his thumb, hopped upon his knee. "Do you want me to help you," said the funny dwarf.

"Yes," said Billy, "if you will make people like me."

"I will," said he. "But you must promise to do everything I say. I will get into your own coat pocket, and you must listen and obey."

Billy thought it would be very nice to have the tiny creature always with him, so he promises. Then he lifted him gently into his pocket.

Just then his father called: "Billy run into the house for my newspaper."

Billy was just on the point of saying, "Can't somebody else get it?" when the dwarf called in his sharp little voice: "Run, Billy, run on tiptoe." Then Billy ran on tiptoe, found his father's paper, and brought it with a smile.

Just then Billy heard the voices of his brothers and sisters, who had been to the woods for flowers and birch. They had gone without inviting Billy, for they thought he would be in the way. Billy ran to meet them.

"I think you're real mean," he was about to say, when the dwarf whispered, "Billy, share your apples."

Now, Billy had a bagful that his uncle had given him. He had meant to eat them all himself, but when he heard that tiny voice, he skipped away to the shed, got his bag of apples, and gave a big rosy one to each of his brothers and sisters. They were surprised, and they gladly shared their birch and flowers with the little brother, who had been so generous to them.

Early the next morning Billy remembered that the old hen had a coopful of fluffy yellow chickens. As soon as he dressed he ran out to see them. He found them, all running to hide under their mothers wing. One chicken lost its way, and Billy began chasing it. But the dwarf, still resting in his pocket, whispered: "Give them some breakfast, Billy."

Billy heard the little voice. Then he ran quickly and shelled an ear of corn for the mother hen. He mixed some Indian meal with water in a big yellow bowl for the little chickens. They all gathered around while he fed them, and, as he did not try to catch them, Billy knew that they were afraid of him no longer.

On his way to school that morning Billy met Sambo, a little boy in a big straw hat. Billy's hand went out to snatch the big hat and throw it over the fence, when the tiny dwarf called out: "Ask him to play ball with you?"

"Sam, Sambo, will you play with my new ball at recess?" said he.

"Yes," said Sambo. "Do you mean it?"

"To be sure," said Billy, with a smile.

The boys had a fine game of ball at recess, and in a few days Sambo had learned that Billy was always good to him now.

As Billy walked toward home that afternoon he remembered a pond where the fishes played. He whispered to his little brother, "Let's run away to the pond," though his mother had often said: "Never go to the pond unless I am with you." The tiny friend in his pocket said: "Go, ask your mother."

Billy's mother was sitting on the porch, and the boys, politely raising their caps, asked her: "Will you please go with us to the pond?" Mother was pleased to see the children so courteous, and she gladly left her sewing to go with them again.

One night Billy sat again on the big stone at the bottom of the steps. He was saying to himself: "Most everybody likes me, I guess."

The dwarf whispered from the pocket: "Shall I stay with you, Billy?"

"Yes," said Billy. "I will not let you go."

Billy grew up tall, straight and handsome, and, best of all, he grew to like every one, and every one liked him.—Elizabeth Stol, in "Kindergarten Review."

How Dogs go to Sleep

Every reader, we should think, at some time or other has watched a dog lying down and preparing to go to sleep. Most dogs, large and small alike, twirl or turn themselves round and round several times before they keep still. It is a strange habit, and people have puzzled their heads a good deal in trying to explain it. Some cats, too, have been noticed to have this habit, but not all of them, for cats are not quite so fidgety as dogs.

The famous naturalist, Darwin, had his idea about it, and many people think he was right. What he said was, the early home of the wild dog, ancestor of all other dogs, was on the prairies, covered with long grass, and to lie down comfortably the dogs had to turn round and round till they got a resting-place they liked. But then somebody who had travelled over several prairies pointed out that, supposing a dog did curl himself under the long grass, he would find it a rather difficult matter to get up again! There is to be seen, too, on some prairies an animal called the prairie dog, though it is not exactly like

Not a Corn



Last week that foot had corns. But the owner read of Blue-jay.

She applied it one night and the pain instantly stopped. In 48 hours all the corns came out. And those corns will never come back.

That's the story folks have told about sixty million corns. And tens of thousands tell it every day.

Some of them used to pare corns, merely to relieve. Some of them tried the old-time treatments until they gave up in disgust.

Now never again will they suffer from corns. When one appears, Blue-jay goes on it.

There is no more pain. The corn is forgotten. In two days they lift it out. No soreness, no pain, no trouble.

That sounds too good to be true. But remember, please, that a million corns a month are ended in this Blue-jay way.

Why don't you let it put an end to yours?

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
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Na-Dru-Co Laxatives

are especially good for children because they are pleasant to take, gentle in action, do not irritate, he bowels nor develop a need for continual or increased doses. 25c. a box, at your Druggist's.

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folly of youth, that has cured so many worn
and nervous men right in their own homes—
without any additional help or medicine—that
we think every man who wishes to regain
his manly power and virility, quickly and
quietly, should have a copy. So we have de-
termined to send a copy of the prescription
free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed
envelope to any man who will write us for it.

This prescription comes from a physician
who has made a special study of men, and we
are convinced it is the surest-acting combi-
nation for the cure of deficient manhood and
vigor failure ever put together.

We think we owe it to our fellow men to
send them a copy in confidence so that any
man anywhere who is weak and discouraged
with repeated failures may stop drugging him-
self with harmful patent medicines, secure
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tive, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy
ever devised, and so cure himself at home
quietly and quickly. Just drop us a line like
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you a copy of this splendid recipe in a
plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A
great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to
\$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like
this—but we send it entirely free.



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a dog, but more like a sort of mole)
which never lies in the grass, but throws
up a mound, by digging, upon the top
of which it sits or sleeps.

Another idea has been that dogs have
a fancy, when sleeping, that the head
should be in a particular direction to-
wards the sky, so they move about till
they think they have found this posi-
tion, north or south, or whatever it may
be.

There are other cases of this.
Some plants even seem to observe the
sun, and twine or creep to the east or
west, as may be their natural habit.
Some people who think themselves wise
say that even men and women, boys and
girls, should have their beds placed, if
they can, with the head to the north
and the feet to the south, because our
bodies move as the earth moves.

One naturalist says he is quite sure
that the dogs which twirl about most
are the smooth terriers and others with
short hair, while the long-haired or shag-
gy dogs generally drop to sleep at once.
so that, after all, it may be only a sort
of fidgetiness in many dogs and a few
cats which makes them go to sleep in
this fashion. At any rate no one is
really certain of the reason.

The Little Persian

Among the Persians there is a sect
called the Soofees, and one of the most
distinguished saints of this sect was
Abdool Kauder.



Rainy Lake, the new summering country, just opened up by C.N.R.

It is related that, in early childhood,
he was smitten with the desire of
devoting himself to sacred things, and
wished to go to Bagdad to obtain knowl-
edge. His mother gave her consent;
and taking out eighty dinars (a denomi-
nation of money used in Persia), she told
him that, as he had a brother, half of
that would be all his inheritance.

She made him promise, solemnly, never
to tell a lie, and then bade him farewell,
exclaiming, "Go, my son; I give thee to
God. We shall not meet again until the
day of judgment!"

He went on till he came near to Hama-
dan, when the company with which he
was travelling was plundered by sixty
horsemen. One of the robbers asked him
what he had got. "Forty dinars," said
Abdool Kauder, "are sewed under my
garment." The fellow laughed, thinking
that he was joking him. "What have
you got?" said another. He gave the
same answer.

When they were dividing the spoil he
was called to an eminence where their
chief stood. "What property have you,
my little fellow?" said he. "I have told
two of your people already," replied the
boy. "I have forty dinars sewed up
carefully in my clothes." The chief de-
sired them to be ripped open, and found
the money.

"And how came you," said he with sur-
prise, "to declare so openly what has
been so carefully hidden?"

"Because," Abdool Kauder replied, "I
will not be false to my mother, whom I
have promised that I will never conceal
the truth."

"Child!" said the robber, "hast thou
such a sense of duty to thy mother, at
thy years, and am I insensible, at my

age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give
me thy hand, innocent boy," he con-
tinued, "that I may swear repentance
upon it." He did so; and his followers
were all alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt,"
said they to their chief, "be the same in
the path of virtue!" and they instantly,
at his order, made restitution of the
spoil, and vowed repentance on the hand
of the boy.

The Spite House

(By Emily Rose Burt)

"You're mean, Kitty Perkins."

"So are you, Patty Parker, and if
you don't look out I shall take all my
things out of this playhouse and have
'em somewhere else. Then how would
your old playhouse look?"

To grandma, sitting on the veranda,
the cross voices were wafted loudly from
the corner playhouse under the plum-
trees, and grandma looked troubled.

"Kitty, Patty!" she called clearly.

At first Kitty and Patty did not hear,
their own voices were too loud, but
when grandma down across the lawn,
and stood in the doorway of the play-
house, they both looked up, just a little
ashamed.

"Did you ever hear about the old
Spite House in Marblehead?" asked
grandma smiling. "Come up on the
veranda and have a peppermint while I
tell you about it."

You Can Cure CONSTIPATION By The Use Of MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

A free motion of the bowels daily should
be the rule of every one, for if the bowels
do not move daily constipation is sure to
follow and bring in its train many other
troubles when the bowels become clogged
up. You get Headaches, Jaundice, Piles,
Heartburn, Floating Specks before the
Eyes, Catarrh of the Stomach, and those
tired weary feelings which follow the
wrong action of the liver.

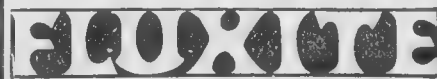
Mrs. Elijah A. Ayer, Fawcett Hill,
N.B., writes:—"I was troubled with con-
stipation for many years, and about three
years ago my husband wanted me to
try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills as they
had cured him. I got a vial, and took
them, and by the time I had taken three
vials I was cured. I always keep them
on hand, and when I need a mild laxative
I take one."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25¢
a vial, 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers, or
mailed direct on receipt of price by The
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The Rude Retort
Serves him quite right.
He should have bought
A tin of Fluxite.

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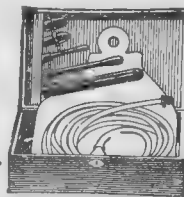
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Kitty and Patty were very quiet as grandma finished the story.

Then Patty said slowly, "I guess we don't want our playhouse to be a spite house. Come on Kitty—let's have dinner for the dolls."

"All right," said Kitty happily.

"And here are some pink peppermints for dessert," said grandma, as she kissed each little girl.—"S.S. Times."

Mirandy on Valentines

By Dorothy Dix

"Sis Mirandy," says Sis [Hannah Jane] to me, "is you gwine to sen' Bro' Ike a valentine?"

"Dat I ain't," I 'sponds, "I done been an' got my dose wid dis heah valentine business, an' whilst I don't pretend to be none of dese heah Lady Solomons in petticoats, I is got enough sense to know when I gits enough, an' when to quituate."

"Sis Mirandy," says Sis Hannah Jane, "I'se surprised an' disapp'inted to heah you say dem words, for I'se afeard dat hit shows dat you is one of dem women whut ain't a feedin' de fires of romance, an' de flame of love on de hearthstone, an' I tell you, Sis Mirandy, dat dem of us wives which am wise virgins, as de Scriptchers says, ought to be up an' doin', an' to be continually a pourin' kerosene on de fire of our husbands' love of we don't want to see de flames flicker out."

"Oh, Sis Mirandy," she goes on, "hit's becaze we wives talks to our husbands all de time 'bout de price of po'k chops instid of conversin' wid 'em on de subject of heart throbs, an' hit's becaze we meets 'em when dey comes home of an evenin' wid de odor of fried ham an' eggs 'round us instid of smellin' of violets; an' becaze we cuts out de poetry an' de hifalutin' sentiments an' sticks to de high cost of livin' an' de cook stove, dat our husbands cas'es sheep's eyes at gals dat ain't mo' dan half as ole as we is, an' dat weighs fifty pounds less."

"I tell you, Sis Mirandy, we wives is got to be mo' romantical."

"Well, Sis Hannah Jane," I 'sponds, "a lady of my figger ain't built on poetic lines, an' ef Ike is a pinin' an' a honin' any for romance, all I got to say is dat hit ain't affected his appetite none."

"Dat's all dat you sees," says Sis Hannah Jane in a pityin' tone of voice, "but may be while Bro' Ike is a puttin' away corned beef an' cabbage in his stomach, dat his heart is a hungerin' an' a thirstin' for some token of affection from you, an' dat love's young dream is still a-flourishin' in yo' bosom dest de same as hit was when he led you a blushin' bride to de altar."

"Sis Hannah Jane," I 'sponds, "when a man is got a wife dat gits up in de mornin' an' cooks his breakfast, an' washes his clothes, an' patches his britches, an' takes in a little washin' on de side to help pay de rent, he ain't got no need of tokens of sentiment from her. He's got a certificate of love from her dat's strong enough to draw money on at de bank."

"I ain't a 'sputin' yo' prognostication, Sis Mirandy," 'sponds Sis Hannah Jane, "but dat ain't de whereforeness of whut I is promulgatin'; which is dat dest de same as we laks a meringue on de pie, or icin' on de cake, so we laks a little poetry an' romance to be spread over de wuk an' de worry of married life, an' maybe ef we fed our husbands on mo' sugar plums at home dey wouldn't go rangin' 'roun' de confectionery shops dat is kept by odder ladies."

"Now," continues Sis Hannah Jane, "whut we wives want to do is to remember dat when a man marries us he don't lose his sweet tooth, an' dat he laks sentiment an' romance dest as well as he used to, an' for us to act accordin', an' my advice to you, Sis Mirandy, is to go down town an' buy de finest valentine you can git an' sen' hit to Brer Ike. Hit sho' will surprise him to fin' out dat his ole wife is dest his sweetheart still."

"Sis Hannah Jane," 'sponds I, "dat advice of yourn sounds good, but I done took notice dat de better dat advice sounds, de wus hit wuks out. I done heah dem things dat you'se been spressifyin' once befo', an' I done act on, an' hit mighty nigh lan' me an' Ike in de divorse co't. No, Sis Hannah Jane," I goes on, "ole folks lake me an' Ike ain't got no business mixin' up wid dis heah romantical truck. As I done tole you, I done been an' got my dose of dat valentine business, an' I knows when I'se got enough, an' I'se done quituate."

"Is you done sen' Bro' Ike a valentine?" inquired Sis Hannah Jane.

"Yassum, I is," I 'sponds, "one time when all de gals was a buyin' valentines, I jest thought dat I'd git one, an' send hit to my ole man, lak dey was sendin' to deir young ones, an' dat when he got to speculatin' 'bout who done hit I'd own up to de soft impeachment. An' I dest pictured dat he'd be tickled to death, an' dat we'd forget dat we was ole, an' fat, an' grizzled-haired, an' go back to de days when we was co'tin'."

"Yassum, dat was de way dat I thought hit would wuk. An' so I took de money dat I was a savin' to buy me one of dese heah weepin' willer fadders, an' I bought Ike a valentine dat was all hearts an' darts, an' roses, an' Cupids, an' poetry. Hit sho' was one gran' valentine, an' I went out an' mailed hit at night so he'd git hit de fust thing in de mawnin'."

"Wellum, hit come while we was to breakfast, an' instid of guessin' dat I was de onliest woman in de world dat would be fool enough to waste my money to send a valentine to a ole, bandy-laigged, bald-haired grandpa lak him, Ike looked kin' of sheepish, an' stuck de valentine in his pocket, an' de fust news I knowed, he'd done spruced up in his good clothes, an' I see him wid his hat on de side of his haid, a walkin' up de street past de do' of dat hussy, Ma'y Sue Jones, an' he was a grinnin' an' a smirkin' up at de window, an' I know he done think she sent him dat valentine."

"Yassum, an' dat warn't de last of hit. He keep a passin' by dat woman's house, an' a makin' a ole fool of hisself a wavin' at her, till I tell him dat I sent de valentine, an' he was dat mad when he found hit out, an' dat hit warn't from some odder woman dan his wife, dat he ain't speak to me for fo' days. Nawm, dat valentine ain't fanned de flames of love none in our house. Hit mighty nigh put hit out."

"Sis Mirandy," axes Sis Hannah Jane, "don't you think dat husbands would be pleased to git valentines from deir wives?"

"I think dat dey would ruther have de price put in a beefsteak," I 'sponds.

"But sholy, Sis Mirandy, you thinks dat husbands an' wives should keep up deir romantical feelin's towards each other," axes Sis Hannah Jane.

"Well, Sis Hannah Jane," I 'sponds, "I thinks dat most men gits married so dat dey can quit makin' love, an' climb down off'n de poetry shelf to whar dey feels at home. Whut a man wants wid a wife is somebody dat'll keep on lovin' him widout him havin' to hol' her han' all de time, an' tell her whut a angel she is, an' I done took notice dat dem wives which am good cooks don't git so many divorshes as dem ladies whose strong p'int is sentiment."

"Valentines an' love talk is all very well to tole a man into de holy bonds of matrimony, but when you gits him dere, de way to keep him from jumpin' over de bars is to fill him up wid good food, an' let him read his paper in peace."

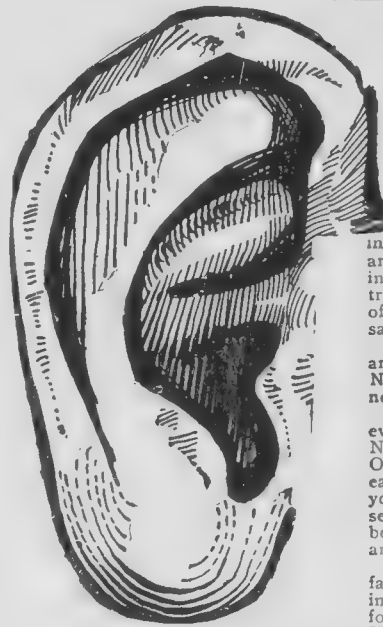
"Nawm, I don't hol' none wid married women sendin' deir husbands valentines, an' encouragin' romantical notions in 'em, for hit fills deir haid up wid de notion dat dey's still fascinators wid de women, an' is got a gift for love-makin' dat hit's a pity to waste on deir wives. De wise wife am de one whut prones hit into her husband dat she's de only woman in de world dat has got sense enough an' taste enough to know whut a wonder he is. Dat's de talk dat keeps him nailed to his own hearthstone. Not dis heah valentine foolishness."

In one of the public schools the other day, the teacher presented a problem for the scholars, which would require the use of fractions. She expected the answer, "I don't know." The problem was: "If I had eight potatoes how could I divide them among nine boys?" One bright-looking youngster raised his hand.

"Mash them," promptly replied the young mathematician.

Head Noises

How to Get Rid of Buzzing, Ringing Sounds in the Ears



Do you have buzzing, ringing noises in your head and ears? Is there a snapping in your ears when you blow your nose? Are there crackling, hissing, roaring sounds in your ears?

If you suffer from head and ear noises of any sort then you have Catarrh of the ear passages and your Eustachian Tubes—the passages from the throat to the ears—are closing up. You may have no discharge from the nose and throat—you may not even realize you have Catarrh in any form—but the delicate inner parts of the ear are steadily being destroyed. Those terribly irritating, uncomfortable noises show how dangerous the trouble is becoming. As they grow worse they often worry people into nervous prostration and insanity.

There's one thing certain—head and ear noises are always the forerunner of loss of hearing. Neglect the trouble in your ear passages and Deafness is the sure result.

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Is the sound sometimes a hissing one?
How long have you had the noises?
Is the noise sometimes a ringing one?
Have you had discharges from the ear?
Are the noises worse when you have a cold?
Do the noises ever keep you awake at night?
Is there a snapping sound in the ears when you blow your nose?

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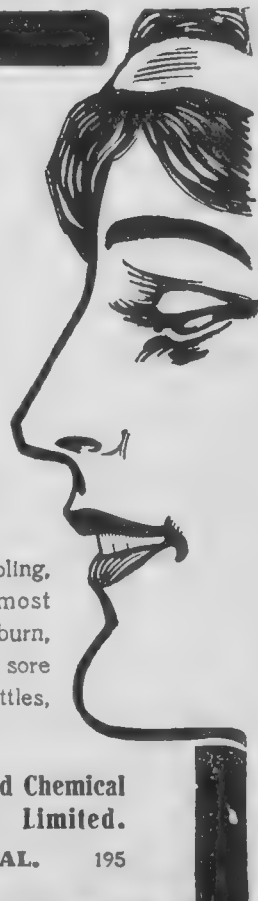
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All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write today for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, Ont.



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The Home Doctor

What about Clean Teeth

Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D.

You are satisfied, as an experienced mother, that the six-year-old child needs only a toothbrush and a paste or powder, and he will do the rest. You feel assured that all the terrors of infancy and the first teeth are past. No longer need you bother about the child's teeth. He is beginning the kindergarten and elementary schooling, therefore, you are relieved of responsibility. But—are you? Not a bit of it.

As the first teeth of the second or permanent set appear, there is added danger and grave responsibility upon the part of the mother. Heavier teeth and tougher food mean increased attention for their preservation. The molars or grinders require particular care in this respect. There is one of these on each side both above and below, thus there are four altogether. Only too often they appear without either the mother or the child being aware of their growth.

It, therefore, becomes the duty of the parent to watch carefully when the molars appear, to guard them from

with such a brush, remain soft, flabby, and unstimulated with the result that they are not strong enough to resist injury or invasion by microbes. On the other hand vigorous massage with stiff brushes in conjunction with hearty mastication, will both prevent and cure spongy or bleeding gums.

If the gums once become sore, tender, or spongy, the point where they may be insulted with impunity by the use of a hard brush must be approached slowly and gradually. The fingers and a soft cloth may be used to slowly toughen them. Then later after the gums seem to withstand considerable rough treatment, a stiff brush may be employed without tooth washes or other applications. In every instance the brush should be away from the gums; that is upward and downward and across their the upper teeth. Thus the interspaces between are cleaned of meat and other imbedden foodstuffs.

Children, and their elders, also, should at intervals while cleaning their teeth upward and downward and across their grinding surfaces, manipulate a few stiff bristles into the spaces between the teeth where any fiber is felt.



Laurentide Pulp Co's mill at Shawinigan Falls, Que.

decay, and to prevent their loss. Cavities may progress too far, if you merely await a black spot for evidence of trouble. The child must be taken every few months to your dentist, for his trained eye alone will discover impending trouble.

Several years before this, while the first teeth were the only sources of chewing, the little tacker should have become accustomed to the use of a toothbrush. My own child had acquired a remarkable dexterity with his little toothbrush before he was four years old. At such an age it is very necessary to have a small baby's brush with widely separated bristles, yet fairly stiff in strength. As far as it is possible, each child should be allowed a brush that suits its own mouth. No hard and fast rule can be laid down for that.

The brush should be used by the child in such a way as to brush the grinding surfaces of the teeth with briskness and vigor. Not only does this cleanse the teeth, remove the bacteria and decaying food, but it also polishes the teeth, exercises them, and stimulates fresh blood to come into their blood vessels. The little kiddies soon learn by experience, although a word of caution is at times desirable, to avoid brushing down into and upon the gums. Gums must never be wounded nor crowded away from hugging up closely about the teeth.

Spongy, soft and bleeding gums are usually the outcome of using an old brush which has become soft, or buying a new brush in the first instance that lacked fiber and stiffness. The gums

Bathing vs. Climate

Is bathing good for us? Well, I guess yes, that is, if it is taken as Mr. Wood suggests—ice cold. I have found this out from personal experience.

I came to this Southern, sunny (?) land from a cold, crisp climate. I had always practised the "Tub Night" system, and continued the practice after I came to New Orleans; when I had been here for eight years my vitality had gotten so low that I wasted away to ninety pounds; everybody, even doctors, said that I had consumption, but I came to the conclusion that it was malaria, so went back North. Six months there put me on my feet again, but I returned to New Orleans—circumstances compel me to live here—only to find that the same wasting process began again.

When my avoirdupois had dropped to one hundred and twenty pounds my path happened to cross that of one of those "cold-bath-every-morning" gentlemen of whom Mr Wood writes, and I decided to have a try at the same game. My work compels me to leave home about 5 a.m., so I couldn't see my way clear to a morning dip, but I joined an athlete association located near my place of business, and every day, winter or summer, after my day's work is done, I take a plunge in the swimming tank, where the water is kept at a temperature of sixty degrees. It was an awful ordeal at first, but I persevered, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing both my vitality and weight going up,

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Mrs. Doucette Tells of her Distressing Symptoms During Change of Life and How She Found Relief.

Belleville, Nova Scotia, Can.—“Three years ago I was suffering badly with what the doctors called Change of Life. I was so bad that I had to stay in bed. Some friends told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped me from the first. It is the only medicine I took that did help me and I recommend it. You don't know how thankful and grateful I am. I give you permission to publish what your good medicine has done for me.”—Mrs. SIMON DOUCETTE, Belleville, Yarmouth Co., Nova Scotia, Canada

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, back-aches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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Back in
Ten minutes*

Cramming down ill-chosen food, and rushing back to work, leads straight to dyspepsia, with all it means in misery

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and now I feel convinced that if it were not for my daily bath, I couldn't live in this climate.

I knew three doctors who went from Mobile, Ala., to Colorado with consumption; two of them came back eight months later corpses; the other is still there enjoying a healthy life, due, so he claims, to outdoor exercise; the other two men lay in their hammocks smoking, reading, and waiting for the climate to cure them, while he cured himself by the aid of the climate. I might also quote my father's experience. He was in such an advanced stage of consumption that the doctor ordered medicine only to ease his last days. He threw this medicine out of the window and asked to be taken to his uncle's farm, a distance of thirty miles from the city in which he lived. Every day he was taken out to the field where his uncle was ploughing. At first he was able to walk only ten feet or so, and then rest, taking deep breaths of the pure country air; each day he would endeavor to walk farther, until he was able to follow the plough the whole length of the field, and, after four months, to handle the plough by himself. Forty-four years later he died from pneumonia; he was cured thirty miles from the spot at which he was given up to die. So much for climate.

Concentration

Health and power are largely dependent upon concentration. A fainting person can often be restored by a slap in the face which establishes concentration. By concentration man becomes master of his physical being, and by concentration he overcomes obstacles from without. Nine-tenths per cent of thought energy is wasted in the ordinary human being through lack of concentration. Power is not focussed. It is allowed to dribble away in useless thoughts and idle dreamings. Without concentration one is led into all kinds of mistakes. The alert, concentrated mind sees the path ahead. Without concentration a man goes through life like a sleep walker, never more than one-fourth alive to what is going on about him. Concentration is the essence of all knowledge. Without concentration man is controlled by outward things. He drifts, a prey to every wind of suggestion that blows. By concentration he becomes, in great degree, master of his fate, captain of his soul. There is only one way to acquire concentration, and that is by practising it in connection with your work each day. Practise it in all the common acts of your daily life. Put your mind into the acts of your hands.—Health.

Back to Earth

Every man and every woman, too, would find fuller vigor through direct contact with the land. Every normal man has an instinct to own and work a strip of mother earth. Even the man who was born and has always lived in the city feels all the instincts and delights of the pioneer when he acquires possession of a little plot of earth and a few trees. He grubs and digs and cuts and prunes with ecstasy and his face gets tanned and his muscles swell and harden, and his peepsin and charcoal tablets are no longer needed for his digestion is perfect.

It is related of a good-humored celebrity that when a man once stood before him and his friend at the theatre, completely shutting out all view of the stage, instead of asking him to sit down, or in any way giving offence, he simply said, “I beg your pardon, sir; but when you see or hear anything particular interesting on the stage, will you please let us know, as we are entirely dependent on your kindness?”

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Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mutual development, and readers of the Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

Something for Everybody

Manitoba, Dec. 10, 1913.

Dear Editor—Although we have taken the W.H.M. the greater part of the time since it was started, this is my first letter to the correspondence column. I enjoy the paper very much, it seems to

This is a stock country, and nearly all the Indians ride, and white men do, too. They get about \$40 a month, all found. It is a hard life as you work early and late, and usually get only two meals a day and no rest on Sundays. I rode for a while, but am now stableman on the second biggest ranch around here. What really made me write this letter was to say a word regarding the letter headed "Too Strict." in the November issue. Now, I think the boarding schools in England are a lot to blame for the things put down as the fault of the parents. Out here in Canada and the United States the children are raised together, whereas in the Old Country the boys are herded together, and when you go home for your holidays, and meet a young lady, you act as if you had just come from the country. But apart from this there is certainly a false modesty in England, in fact, in Europe, which is altogether different from out here, where parents seem more frank. Well, Mr. Editor, I am wondering what will happen to this letter, as I see in your note at the head of the column that someone complains of the monotony in which we all write on the same sub-



Ballasting track. C.N.R. construction.

contain something for everybody. Though made up of many departments, each good in its way, I would like to mention two or three in particular. There are the pictures—a person may learn a great deal by simply looking over the W.H.M. pictures, which are always well chosen and clearly finished. The writings by Bonnycastle Dale are always interesting and instructive. Many of us would never have known about the Coast Indians if it were not for his pen and camera. Then there is the correspondence column, of course, everyone is interested in it. Some years ago, people when writing to this column would, in many cases, start off with a description of themselves. Then, perhaps mention their occupation, and close by wishing someone to write them. I have noticed a change in the last few years. Some very important subjects have been intelligently discussed—the letters show that some deep thinking has been done. I think it is fine for people to have a chance to compare their views of matters such as are taken up in the correspondence column. I also think that the W.H.M. is going a great way toward promoting good fellowship among its readers. Well, Mr. Editor, I must not take up any more space this time. I just want to get acquainted. Best wishes, and a prosperous New Year. Thistle.

Who is to Blame?

Quilchena, B.C., Dec. 1913.

Dear Editor—Although I have only had two copies of your paper I have decided to write you a line. I have been out from England four years now, and have been along the Pacific Coast, from Alaska to San Diego, California. Quilchena is eight miles from Nicola and forty-seven from Kamloops, and consists of a palatial hotel and small store.

ject, but I thought I'd send a line as I myself have suffered from the false modesty of my loving parents and the boarding schools. I leave my address with the Editor, and if anybody would like to know about this part of the world they can write me.

Rainbow.

Quite an Old Friend

Mellowdale, Alta., Dec. 13.

Dear Editor—As it is several years I think since I last wrote to the W.H.M. correspondence page, I have decided to renew old acquaintance again. The last time I wrote I received several letters from members, but they have all dwindled away now, for one reason or another, and as the evenings are very long now, should like a correspondent or two to help pass an evening now and again. Oh, yes, I'm one of those Western bachelors, though I can't say I'm lonely as my work keeps me too busy for that, but I think when one is held down to a place by his work that a good correspondent or two can prove very profitable. I have proved up a half section in "Sunny Alberta," 35 miles from the nearest railroad. I must congratulate you, Mr. Editor on the W.H.M. I have been a subscriber for quite a number of years now, and it certainly is surprising how the magazine has improved, and I certainly think it will be a hard proposition to improve on it any further. Wishing the magazine continued success.

"Sod Buster."

Coming to Canada

Yorkshire, England, Nov., 1913.

Dear Editor—For a long time I have been a constant reader of your grand Western Home Monthly, and should like to correspond with "A Farmer," or

A COLD Developed Into BRONCHITIS.

However slight a cold you have, you should never neglect it. In all possibility, if you do not treat it in time it will develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, or some other serious throat or lung trouble.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is particularly adapted for all colds, coughs, bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, whooping cough and all troubles of the throat and lungs. Three points in favour of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup are: 1. Its action is prompt. 2. It invigorates as well as heals, and soothes the throat and lungs. 3. It is pleasant, harmless and agreeable in taste.

Mrs. Albert Vait, Brockville, Ont., writes:—"Just a line to let you know about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Our oldest little girl is now six years old. When she was four months old she got a cold which developed into Bronchitis, and we tried everything we could think of and had two doctors attending her, but it was no good. One day I read in your almanac about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, so I tried it, and before she had finished one bottle of it, the dry hacking cough had nearly all gone. There is nothing equal to it, and we are never without it in the house."

See that you get "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it, as there are numerous imitations on the market. The genuine is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

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Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

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Every Woman
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MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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"Presbyterian Methodist" in your July number. I might say that I am a farmer's daughter, and like everything on a farm. I am looking forward to coming out in 1914 so would like some news of Canada. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, I will close by signing myself,

Yorkshire Lassie.

On a Farm All the Time

Man., Dec., 1913.

Dear Editor—I've long been a reader of your most valuable paper, and just picked up enough courage to write to your highly esteemed page. Father has taken the paper for many years. Now, I will write something about myself. I am a girl of 17 years, and have lived on a farm all my life, and wouldn't like to live any place else. I went to the city last winter, but city life and I don't agree. I am a music teacher, and have been teaching since I was 15. I am fond of dancing, music and outdoor sport. I saw that a girl 16 years old stooked this harvest, well, she's pretty good. I have run a binder this three years and like it fine. Father has a section of land and has been on it for over thirty years. Now, I think this letter is long enough for a start. I see where "A Batch" would like recipes. I have lots of them if he would like to write to me. I would also like to hear from "Dido." Wishing your club every success.

Silver Bell.

True Marriage Not a Failure

Alta., Canada, Nov., 1913.

Dear Editor—I would very much like to join your correspondence column if you would permit me to do so. I have read the letters in the W.H.M. with interest for the past two years. I see lately some of the readers are taking up marriage as a topic. I would like to give my opinion if I may. Some say that marriage is a failure. I cannot agree with them. God created marriage and can anyone say that anything that God created is a failure. Is anything more ennobling to a young man than the realization that he has won the love and respect of a respectable young lady. On the other hand, the young lady is happier than she ever was before. She loves with a sweet, true love. Can such love between two young people be anything but sacred? In course of time they marry. I suppose then they find that the other is not perfect, but true love will put up with many faults. We will now picture them in their new home—a little shack on the homestead, it is small, but tidy and warm. They help each other, and if any quarrels arise they are soon made up. In the evening the husband reads aloud while the wife darns his socks. Twenty-five years pass. Now a large house stands where the shack was many years ago. Everything speaks of prosperity. An old man and woman sit by the fire still happy in their love for each other. Some people have made a failure of marriage because they have not followed God's teaching. Some men marry for a housekeeper or because the girl has some money. The girls from the time they leave school begin to think of the boys. Some of them can't think of anything else. Now, if these girls would be friendly with all the boys, go and have a good time, and put their minds on something else as well, in time their mate will come to them and they will have a chance to marry and be happy. I will not take up any more space, but will sign myself,

A Happy Rose.

A Brave Start

Sedalia, Alta., Dec., 1913.

Dear Editor—As I can hold my emotions no longer I must make a brave attempt to congratulate you about your more than superior magazine, and also the magnificent efforts that the members of the correspondence column are making to keep the W.H.M. so far in advance of the other papers. I have been a faithful reader for the past five years, and I would not miss it if I had to walk to Winnipeg to get it.

There are some excellent arguments discussed, and I feel proud to join such a worthy circle. I, like many others, am a lonely homesteader in this beautiful province called Sunny Alberta.

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In Cash now to be Given Away FREE,
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AND 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY

Below will be found six sets of mixed or jumbled letters. Can you arrange these six sets of letters in such order that each set will spell the name of a well known vegetable. It is not easy to do, but by patience can be accomplished. Try! By sending a proper arrangement you have an opportunity of winning a cash prize. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses published below. Write these six words plainly and neatly on a slip of paper, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time, but as there is **TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS** in cash and one hundred premiums given away it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter.

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We do not ask You to Spend One Cent of Your Money in order to enter this Contest.

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received Two Thousand dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, namely the advertising Managers of the

Montreal Daily Herald and Montreal Daily La Presse, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of any one else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in Recent Contests.

Miss Gracia DeChenes, 616 Marquette St., Montreal	\$50.00	Mr. M. C. O'Donnell, 28 St. Joseph St., Toronto, Ont.	40.00
Mr. J. Schuller, 110 LeBreton St., Ottawa, Ont.	50.00	Miss Katie Campbell, Newport, P.E.I.	40.00
Mrs. W. A. C. Orr, 258 Lunnell St., Winnipeg	50.00	Miss Daisy Rabey, 181 University Ave., Toronto	40.00
Miss E. Brodeur, 6 Gillespie St., Sherbrooke	50.00	Mr. Jno. W. London, 485 Ross Ave., Winnipeg, Man.	40.00
Mr. Louis Quintal, Charlevoix, Que.	50.00	Miss E. Benjamin, 135 Hughson St., Hamilton	40.00
Mr. Alphonse Drouin, Dept. of Sec. of State, Ottawa	50.00	Miss H. C. Powell, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont.	40.00
Mr. J. A. St. Pierre, Arthursville, Que.	50.00	Mrs. Andrew Johnson, Box 107, Roblin, Man.	40.00
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Mr. J. F. Champagne, 252 Bolton St., Ottawa Ont.	50.00	Mr. P. A. Ferguson, 223 James Avenue, Winnipeg	40.00
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Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with special chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage. Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

Address—**CHARLES GORDON, No. 100, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks., England**
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Now, if any of your readers would like to make a bachelor happy this is the chance of a lifetime. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, will sign myself
A Bravo.

A Great Traveller

Medicine Hat, Alta., Dec. 1913.

Dear Sir—For two years I have been a reader of your W.H.M. and am greatly interested. Now I am what is called elderly, just turned fifty. I seldom see any correspondence from people who have turned that corner. I am certain there must be many lonesome men and women in this great West who would value friendship. If any readers care to write me a letter I will be pleased to answer same. I have travelled from the extreme east of the Dominion as far west as the very prosperous city of Medicine Hat, and I just love this Sunny Alberta, but I want to go still further, right into the best of B.C. I think it is a duty to learn all you can about a new country. As I am in feeling quite young enough to still like to learn and travel, I hope some readers in B.C. will notice my small letter, and give me an idea of the most prosperous town this side of Vancouver. Will sign myself,
Wandering Widow.

Will Exchange Postcards

Bladworth, Sask., Dec., 1913.

Dear Sir—Having been a subscriber to the W.H.M. for the past four years I have become very interested in the various columns it contains. I have written twice before, but was never lucky enough to see my letters in print. I would be pleased to correspond with any of the readers who are interested in gasoline engines, as I am following that kind of work. Would also like to exchange postcards with any of the readers who care to write. I see by the label on the back of my copy of the W.H.M. that my subscription is about due again so I'll have to get busy or miss a copy. Wishing the column every success will sign myself,
Engineer.

Hopes to See the West

Ont., Dec., 1913.

Dear Editor—I am very much interested in the correspondence column of the W.H.M. and look forward every month for the magazine. I especially enjoy the letters from the Western correspondents as they tell us about their country, which I hope to see some day. I have lived on a farm all my life, except a few years spent in going to school in town. I would like very much to correspond with any of the readers, especially the bachelors out West. My address is with the Editor. I will sign this time, wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
An Eastern Rosebud.

A Football Enthusiast

Man., Dec., 1913.

Dear Editor—This is my first attempt at writing a letter to the correspondence column, and I would be pleased indeed, to see it in print. I have been a reader

of the W.H.M. for about two years now, and I am always looking forward to the next issue long before it is due. I am an English boy, and have been in this country about four years. I certainly agree with the rest of the readers who say that there is an opportunity for anyone who is willing to put his or her shoulder to the wheel. I am like most Englishmen a lover of football, and had the pleasure of playing against Winnipeg teams on three occasions this summer, and I do not think that I ever played in matches before as interesting as these were, or got acquainted with a happier bunch of fellows—they were real sports. I am afraid that I must bring my letter to a close as it is getting quite lengthy. I would like to hear from any who care to write.
Happy Harry.

Better Late than Never

Sandia, Sask., Dec. 29th, 1913.

Dear Editor—I am a new subscriber to the W.H.M. and I wish I had known of

its existence before, but better late than never they say. It certainly is a good paper for the money, and it is cheering many a lonely bachelor and many a home, from what I read in the correspondence pages; and I know what bachelor life is myself as I belong to that class. So I for one say the W.H.M. is a great friend to the bachelor, as well as to all who read it. I find many interesting and worthy things to remember. I wish it would come a little oftener—time seems long to me between each time it calls, but when it does come I have no time for cooking till most of its contents are read. I am a new settler here in a new settlement in Saskatchewan and was raised on a farm but have been about the world a great deal, but decided that farming would satisfy me best of all. There are times when one feels lonely, but work and business make the lonely thoughts disappear. It is too bad a girl is not allowed to take up a homestead here in Canada. If they were, there would not be so many lonely bachelors, and as the good book says, it is not good for man to live alone; but what will they do? I have not seen a glimpse of the fair sex all summer. I have been too busy to go out visiting, and the nearest town is thirty miles, so there is not much chance of getting acquainted. But things look a little brighter now for these single fellows as the railroad will be finished this coming summer, and a person will be able to go out and come in a little quicker than by oxen. We bachelors get up what we call a stag dance, and we try and enjoy ourselves the best we know how. I like the way the Editor conducts his paper, especially the correspondence column. Each one can state his own ideas and it is a great education as well as pastime for the lonely bachelor. I, myself, have many ideas as to what I would like to be discussed, but as I am a new reader I will find out what is in the swing first. Wishing the Editor and all W.H.M. readers a happy and prosperous New Year, and if there are any who feel for a lonely bachelor why not write to me,



The only obstacle to a permanent roadway in the C.N.R. Rainy Lake district, now being replaced by a rock fill at cost of \$30,000,000.

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Three Big Dollies. We Want to Play With You

- 1 GREAT BIG DOLL, 27 INCHES TALL, AND
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We have a great, big, handsome, life-size doll, 27 inches tall, looking for a little mama. She is just the finest playmate any little girl could wish for and you will love her as soon as you see her pretty face and big brown eyes, her pink cheeks and light curly hair.

In addition to the great, big dolly we also send two smaller dollies, making three dollies in all.

You will have lots of fun playing together and needn't be afraid of hurting the big mama dolly and her two baby dolls, because they won't break, soil their hair or lose their pretty eyes. These three dollies are stamped in bright colors on strong cloth and mother can

sew them up on the machine in ten minutes. You can set these dollies down, bend their arms and legs and dress them up in all kinds of clothes and play all day long.

These three beautiful dollies will make any little girl or boy happy. They won't break and we believe they are the most popular plaything you can give your children or little friends.

Actual size of big dolly, 27 inches tall. It is so large that baby's own clothes fit it.

Every little girl wants a big doll. Think of the joy and happiness these three dollies will bring into your own home when the little ones see them.

Thousands of little ones all over the country will be made happy with these three dollies. After your little girl gets her dolls all your neighbors' children will want dolls just like hers. The supply of dolls is limited and we will fill all orders as long as our supply enables us to do so.



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are
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and
the
dolls
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break

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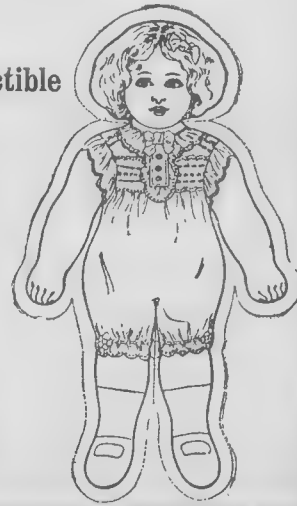
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LIFE THREATENED BY KIDNEY DISEASE

His Health In A Terrible State Until
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B. A. KELLY, Esq.

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"About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My kidneys were not doing their work, and I was all run down in condition. I felt the need of some good remedy, and having seen "Fruit-a-tives" advertised, I decided to try them. Their effect I found more than satisfactory. Their action was mild and the result all that could be expected.

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"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest Kidney remedy in the world. It acts on the bowels and the skin as well as the Kidneys and thereby soothes and cures any Kidney soreness.

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Afflictions of the Eye Without
Cutting or Drugging

There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for the relief of most forms of eye trouble, for the wonderfully successful "Actina" treatment, based upon correct principles, has been discovered which eliminates the necessity of such methods. There is no risk or necessity of experiment as many people report having been cured of failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids, and other afflictions of the eye after other treatment failed.

Miss Susie Swartz, Berlin, Ont., writes: "I cannot say enough for what 'Actina' has done for my eyesight. When I was eight years old I had to start to wear glasses. The doctor said I could never expect to go without glasses. I have used 'Actina' only six months and can now sew and do all my work without glasses. I had worn glasses for seventeen years."

Hugh G. McKenna, 14 Hawthorne Ave., Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I have found 'Actina' invaluable for the eyes."

Mrs. A. Hindle, Vancouver, B.C., writes: "I have found very great benefit from the use of 'Actina.' My eyes had troubled very much, but they are now much stronger."

"Actina" can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for afflictions of the eye, ear, throat or head. A Free Trial of the "Actina" is given in every case.

Send for our FREE TRIAL offer and valuable FREE BOOK. Address, Actina Appliance Co., Dept 84V, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

SHILOH
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, and heals
the throat and lungs. :: :: 25 cents.

and I will be prompt in answering. I leave my address with the Editor and sign myself,

Thirty-two.

Back Again

Glen Valley, B.C., Dec., 1913.

Dear Editor—It is a long time since I wrote to the W.H.M., and as I have been travelling around since then I have been unfortunate enough to lose all my old-time correspondents, although I still kept on getting the paper. I am settled down now on a farm of my own in one of the most beautiful spots of B.C., with mountains all around me, in a cabin built in the foothills beside a spring. I have no time to get lonely as I have a chum batching with me, and neighbors on both sides of me. Well, I am all alone to-day, at least for a couple of hours, as the boys are all out hunting and it is my turn to cook dinner, and it will be a dinner to remember, as I cleaned three grouse, tore them to pieces and put them in a pot with lots of spuds and carrots. It makes me hungry to sit here and smell them, cooking, but I s'pose I will have to wait till the boys get back from the hunt. There is a lot of game here, grouse and duck in the valley, and deer and bear in the hills. We have venison all the time here. This certainly is a fine country although the land is a bit dear to start with. I began homesteading in Alberta in 1905, but soon got tired of the cold winter, and came to B.C. Since then I have gone right ahead. I now have two good farms with stock and machinery, so am considered quite independent as far as worldly goods are concerned. I would be pleased to hear from some of the fair sex with some recipes, as I am not much of a cook.

Golden Ears Rancher.

From the Emerald Isle

Ulster, December, 1913.

Dear Editor—Although I live in the little green isle in the east I have been an interested reader of the correspondence column in your magazine for almost four years. My brother, who is out West, sends it to me every month, and I do not think there could be a better magazine published than The Western Home Monthly. When I have finished with it I lend it to friends, and they are delighted with it—their only fault is like my own, that it does not come often enough. It is with deep interest that we all look forward to its arrival, with its enjoyable and instructive reading. I take a number of English and Irish papers but I must say it is my special favorite. I am a farmer's daughter living on a farm near a small town in the north, and as I feel rather lonely I thought I would join this circle in the hope of corresponding with some Canadians. Those wishing to correspond will find my address with the Editor. Wishing the W.H.M. every success that it deserves.

Irish Nellie.

Perhaps there are no merchants who see more of the stinginess of human nature than those who keep a drug store. Whether you are run down by an automobile and wish to wait for the ambulance, whether you are in need of the city directory, a postage stamp, or merely wish to know the time, the long-suffering druggist is the man to supply your needs.

A man of this useful calling recently told of a farmer who came into the former's shop in an Ontario town and spent a pensive ten minutes inhaling the fragrance of a new and expensive French perfume.

"That's pretty swell," ejaculated the shopper. "How much is it?"

"A dollar an ounce."

"Gimme five cents' worth."

"You've smelled five cents' worth already," snapped the other, whose patience had ultimately given way.

A second druggist told of a woman who had bought a box of pills and who returned for a second supply, bringing with her the small pasteboard box which had held the original purchase.

"What's that for?" asked the druggist. "I thought perhaps you'd take something off the price if I brought back the box," was the ingenious reply.

That Weak Back

accompanied by pain here or there—extreme nervousness—sleeplessness—may be faint spells—or spasms—all are signals of distress for a woman. She may be growing from girlhood into womanhood—passing from womanhood to motherhood—or later suffering from that change into middle life which leaves so many wrecks of women. At any or all of these periods of a woman's life she should take a tonic and nerve prescribed for just such cases by a physician of vast experience in the diseases of women.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

has successfully treated more cases in past forty years than any other known remedy. It can now be had in sugar-coated, tablet form as well as in the liquid. Sold by medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50 cents in stamps.

Miss Elizabeth Lordahl of Berkeley, Cal., in a recent letter to Dr. Pierce said: "I was completely broken down in health, I was aching and had pains all over my body and was so nervous that I could scream if anyone talked to me, but I had the good fortune to meet a nurse who had been cured by Dr. Pierce's Prescription. I have never had an occasion to consult a physician since—am in excellent health."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach,
liver and bowels—sugar-coated, tiny granules



Book of Personal Advice FREE TO ANY ONE

MY DEAR READER:

In the handsomely printed little book or private pocket compendium for men (containing 8,000 words and 40 half-tone photo-reproductions), which I publish and gladly forward by mail, free, sealed to any man anywhere in the world who sends me the free coupon below, I have included certain parts that contain some very important advice or suggestions of a strictly personal nature which, I believe, cannot be found in any of the Private Hygiene books for men, that are now sold at high prices all over the country. It will thus be seen I have endeavored, through the medium of my free book, to give my readers absolutely free of cost really MORE, in some respects, than others offer and make a large charge for. All you have to do to get this free book of mine is to use the coupon below, or, if in my neighborhood, I extend an invitation to you to call at my office. Please remember that this free offer involves absolutely no obligation on your part, and there is nothing whatsoever for you to pay, and nothing whatsoever for you to buy in any way, unless you should decide at some time in the future that you would like to try one of my mechanical VITALIZERS (described below), but that rests entirely with yourself. Over a million of these little free books have now been sent to men who wrote for them, as I want you to do, and who live in all quarters of the globe. I publish this free book in English, Swedish, Danish, Finnish, German, French and Bohemian, but I always send the English edition, of course, unless otherwise instructed. Kindly use the little coupon.

As a matter of fact, the man who is debilitated, unstrung and enervated cannot, for perfectly obvious reasons, expect to approach those real and masterful attainments which seem but a natural and easy accomplishment for him whose nerve force, brain power and manly strength are perfectly normal. Hence while we acknowledge the debilitated, weakened man to be handicapped in every walk of life where real manhood counts, yet it would indeed be cruel of me to here so state the fact in public print, were I not of the honest opinion that there is every hope for the unmanly man to restore himself to a state of health and vigor, if he but clear his mind of abnormal fear, and then make a fair, square effort to redeem himself.

There are two specimens of humanity for which I have no earthly use. One is the man who, though now strong and vital, yet plunges into dissipation and excess with the certain knowledge of his

unmanly fate. The other is the man who, though knowingly debilitated and enervated, makes no effort to get away from his life of dissipation and wrong practices. As a matter of fact there is no hope for either of these unfortunates. But for him who acknowledges his errors, who may come to me and say: "I have paid the penalty of my past follies, but I am THROUGH with my life of dissipation, and I am going to make a manly effort to restore myself," to such a man, I care not what his physical condition may be, I can say in all truthfulness, "You, my friend, are on the right road to new strength and new manhood," for he really is, and there is no doubt about it.

I make a little appliance that I call a VITALIZER, which I designed to aid just such men who seek manly strength. I am not offering this VITALIZER here for sale, but merely suggest that you, reader, take the opportunity to learn all about what this little appliance is doing to-day everywhere throughout the world; then, if in the future you want to use one yourself and will so write me I will gladly make some liberal proposition whereby you may have one to try. The VITALIZER is fully described in one section of the free book which the coupon below entitles you to.

The VITALIZER is made up in a very light form weighing only several ounces, and you wear it on your body all night. It generates a great, soft, pleasant FORCE which I call VIGOR, and which flows in a continuous stream into your nerves, organs, blood and muscles while you sleep. I am satisfied in my own mind that I have access to a great POWER in this little VITALIZER which in the future will be more and more relied upon all over the world in the treatment of debilities and nerve weaknesses.

With special attachments which carry the FORCE of the VITALIZER to any part of the body, it may be used by women as well as men, for the treatment of rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, nervousness, lack of energy, etc. Therefore, please send for the book to-day, or, if you happen to live in or near this city, I should be very glad to see you in person.

What the Free Book Teaches You

The little free illustrated book of special private information, referred to above, is meant really to be a self guide for all men through the years before and after marriage and onward to a ripe old age. It is written in perfectly plain language, entirely free from technical terms, so that any one may easily grasp the full power of its good advice from two or three careful readings. It attempts to point out a safe road to new manhood or new manly strength, and as such is dedicated to mankind generally. One part of this book fully describes my little VITALIZER referred to above.

Remember, as soon as the coupon below is received I agree to forward to you one copy of this illustrated booklet, absolutely free of charge and in a plain, sealed envelope, so that it will come to you privately, just as you receive any sealed mail.



W. A. SANDEN CO.
140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Please forward me your Book as advertised, free, sealed.

NAME

ADDRESS

Household Suggestions

Household Recipes

Ginger Cookies.—One cup each lard, sugar, molasses; three eggs; one teaspoonful soda dissolved in vinegar; one-half teaspoonful each salt, ginger, cloves. Flour to thicken.

Egg Stains.—The brown stains which come from baking custards or cooking eggs in various ways can be removed by rubbing the stain with a little salt, when it will come off at once.

Boiling Eggs.—Instead of putting eggs into boiling water and keeping this water boiling for three or four minutes, pour boiling water over them, set them on the back of the stove and leave for eight minutes. They will be cooked much nicer in this way, and be more digestible.

What to do with Bits of Bread.—Never throw out crumbs or bits of bread. Dry them in a slow oven, then roll them fine and sift through a coarse strainer. Keep them in a glass jar ready to use for croquettes, scalloped dishes, etc. True economy does not consist in going without, but in utilizing what we have in such a way as to obtain the most from it.

When frying bacon, put the sliced meat into a colander or sieve and pour boiling water over it. Let it stand in the water just a few seconds, then pour cold water through it to regain its crispness. Absorb the water with a cloth and fry in a smoking hot pan. The scalding removes the superfluous salt which is usually left in the bacon. The fat that is tried out in the cooking is better than lard for frying. As it has no burnt salt in it, it is almost as white and pure as lard.

Do not throw away bits of toilet soap. Keep a jar to put them in. Make bags of fine cheesecloth four by six inches. Fill with bran, a few bits of soap, and, if you have it, a pinch or two of orris. Tie the bags at the top; do not fill them full as the bran swells in the water. These bags make the nicest kind of wash rags. Another use for the bits of soap is to put some of them in a jar and pour in alcohol or cologne, not quite enough to cover the soap. This will make a jelly which will be found useful in shampooing, or in the bath, as it dissolves quickly in the water. Add a few drops of lavender or rose to the alcohol and soap just before using.

Useful Hints

To keep rats away from vegetables a simple way is to set four bricks on end and set the barrel on top of these bricks, using the bricks for legs of the barrel. This places the barrel at such a height that the rat cannot reach it to gnaw, neither can he climb up, for the reason that the bricks are inside the chine and when he reaches up he strikes the bottom of the barrel and cannot go any further.

A valuable use for lye is the killing of cockroaches and other vermin that will sometimes invade the best-kept home. Sprinkle a little lye on a dish so as to cover it thinly and place a piece of meat or bread in the centre of the dish. The bugs will eat through this bait to the lye, which will kill them. Put a little lye in sinks or in other places that are likely to be infested with roaches or waterbugs. Sprinkle lye around rat holes and in damp and musty cellar corners to drive away troublesome rodents. Never put the lye on boards or carpets, as it will destroy same.

Medicinal Values of Fruit and Vegetables

The succulent vegetables and fruits contain an active principle making different ones serviceable in different diseases, as, lettuce is soothing, as it has a principle similar to opium, yet leaving no bad results.

Onions dissolve uric acid, contain sulphur, and absorb poison.

Apples, onions and lemons tend to clear the complexion of dark, muddy color caused by uric acid in the blood.

Rhubarb will relieve constipation if taken without sugar.

Too much cane sugar interferes with the normal action of the liver.

Turnips, onions, cabbage, cauliflower, and water cress contain sulphur for purifying the blood.

Beans, spinach, raw cabbage contain iron and are a great benefit to anaemic people.

Carrots are rich in iron and increase the red cells of the blood. They also tend

are used, and then cut across the sections into thin slices. Use equal parts of celery and apple. Mix in sufficient mayonnaise dressing to hold the pieces together. Arrange crisp cup-shaped lettuce leaves on a pretty shallow dish, put a portion of the mixture on each leaf, dot the top with a teaspoonful of the mayonnaise, and serve quickly. Do not pare the apple until ready to put the mixture together. A simple French dressing may be used if preferred, and by many would be thought more suitable for a dinner salad.

No. 2—Take smooth, tart apples, remove cores, pare them and slice across into rings about one-fourth inch thick. Make the usual mayonnaise dressing. Tint a part of it pale green. Split the celery stalks and slice it very thin. Allow one heaping tablespoon of celery to each

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

TOMATO SOUP

Boil tomatoes 20 minutes with a little water; strain; add a pinch of soda; scald 1 qt. of milk, butter size of an egg; add all together, put in some broken crackers and season with pepper and salt.

MACARONI AND CHEESE

2 cupfuls macaroni 1 cupful rich milk
(broken in pieces) 2½ tablespoonfuls butter
½ cupful grated cheese 1½ tablespoonfuls flour
¼ cupful bread crumbs

Boil macaroni in plenty of salted water; cook butter and flour until it bubbles; add milk and stir until smooth; add salt and pepper and a pinch of Cayenne; 1 teaspoonful dry mustard; stir in cheese and dissolve it; pour this over macaroni; melt 1 tablespoonful butter and mix with bread crumbs for top; butter dish in which it is baked and brown crumbs in oven.

DOUGHNUTS

1½ cupfuls sour milk 1 cupful sugar
1 teaspoonful soda 1 egg
Salt

Enough flour to thicken, to which add 2 tablespoonfuls melted lard; roll; cook in boiling lard, to which add 1 slice of potato; when brown, take this out and add another.

RAISIN PIE

1 cupful sour cream 1 cupful raisins
1 cupful sugar 3 eggs

Beat yolks of eggs well; line a deep pie plate with rich paste; put in filling and bake; beat whites to stiff froth, adding 3 tablespoonfuls sugar; spread on top of pie and return to oven to brown.

to clear and beautify the complexion. Celery is serviceable in counteracting conditions that lead to rheumatism and neuralgia.

Tomatoes stimulate the liver.

Potatoes contain salts of potash that counteract uric acid.

Melons arouse the kidneys and bowels and keep the system cool.

Peaches have iron for the blood.

Prunes are laxative and soothing to the nerves.

Berries are rich in iron, but should not be indulged in large quantities at a time, as the seeds tend to clog the intestines.

Apple and Celery Salad

Have the celery nicely cleaned and crisped by keeping it in a damp napkin on the ice until just before ready to use. Then cut it into thin crescent-shaped slices. With a silver knife pare and core some mildly tart apples, cut into eighths or narrower, if very large apples

ring of apple. Put some finely shredded lettuce on a dish. Dip each ring of apple into the green mayonnaise and lay it on the lettuce. Moisten the celery with the uncolored dressing and put a large tablespoon on each piece of apple, piling it high in the centre and leaving an edge of the green apple uncovered.

Pineapple and Grapefruit Salad

Arrange lettuce leaves on individual plates. In the center of each put a round slice of canned pineapple, which has been drained and chilled. On this arrange perfect sections of grapefruit which have been skinned and chilled, being careful to conform to the circular shape of the pineapple. Sprinkle these lightly with powdered sugar. Surround with mayonnaise dressing into which has been lightly folded a little whipped cream just before using, and in the center of the fruit place three stoned California cherries or the same number of Maraschino cherries.

Quick Fruit Bread

Mix ingredients for baking powder biscuits, adding three-quarters of a cupful of cleaned currants and three-quarters of a cupful of seeded raisins. Make into a loaf, brush over the top with brown sugar that has been mixed with a little cold water. Bake for three-quarters of an hour. This may also be made thin enough to drop from a spoon, in which case sprinkle over the top a few chopped nuts and serve hot with honey.

Oatmeal

The night before you want it, put one quart of boiling water in the outside of the double boiler and another quart in the inside; in this mix one teaspoon of salt and four large tablespoons of oatmeal. Put the cover on and stand the boiler on the back of the stove for the night, where it will hardly cook at all. In the morning look in the outer boiler and see if there is still plenty of water there; if not, fill it up from the teakettle; then put it over a hot fire and boil it hard for an hour without stirring it, when it will be done. Turn it into a hot dish and send it to the table with a pitcher of cream.

Love Loaves

Cream half a cupful of butter with two cupfuls of sugar and add one cupful of sweet milk, alternately with two cupfuls of flour mixed and sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Fold in the well beaten whites of four eggs and flavor with vanilla. Bake in a square pan. When cool cut into hearts, using a heart cutter, cover with a chocolate icing over which sprinkle coconut. For the icing, place one cupful and a half of sugar with three tablespoonfuls of cream and a third of a cake of chocolate in a saucepan and boil until it will rope when poured from the spoon. Pour this over the beaten whites of two eggs. Beat until it thickens.

When baking a cake, divide the time into quarters and look at your cake only four times, taking it out the last time. At the end of the first quarter it should be somewhat risen, with bubbles on the top; the second quarter finds it well risen and beginning to brown very slightly; at the end of the third quarter it is "set" and evenly but lightly browned. The last look into the oven should find the cake ready to take out. Be sure of this before you take it out, however.

Looks are Deceptive

As several travelers got into the station bus one of the men (who was quite a portly fellow) noticed that a certain young woman had a grip exactly like his, but that it was placed with the rest of the baggage, on top. Thinking there might be some mistake made he kept his inside and placed it at his feet. He was soon engrossed with his paper, and did not notice the young woman reach over and draw the grip close to her side. Being of a humorous turn of mind he waited until she was occupied with a book and then pulled the grip to its former position, the rest of the travelers looking on with amused expressions.

In turning over a leaf she looked down and suddenly became aware of the removal of the grip. She was quite indignant, and with some force in her voice and manner said, "That is mine!" and jerked it back close to her feet.

Touching his hat politely the owner said, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "All right, madam; but may I please get my pipe and nightshirt out? You are welcome to the rest of the things!"

The Beauty of a Clear Skin.—The condition of the liver regulates the condition of the blood. A disordered liver causes impurities in the blood and these show themselves in blemishes on the skin. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in acting upon the liver act upon the blood and a clear, healthy skin will follow intelligent use of this standard medicine. Ladies, who will fully appreciate this prime quality of these pills, can use them with the certainty that the effect will be most gratifying.

Honest Methods Win!



The Grain Grower's Association have promised to assist us in our fight with the large interests that are trying to force us from the field. We need the orders and influence of every Farmer to make a success of our co-operative policy.



OUR SUCCESS MEANS LOW PRICES—OUR FAILURE MEANS HIGH PRICES OF THREE YEARS AGO.

One year ago we started marketing our fence direct to the farmers of Western Canada at prices so much lower than they had previously paid, that the great percentage of those who read our advertisements were skeptical as to the quality of our fence. They had been used to paying through their agent and dealer as much as 20c per rod more than we quoted them direct from our factory freight paid to their station. In one year we have gained confidence of the Western farmer and in return for our efforts every large farm organization in Western Canada has endorsed our policy and promised us every assistance. In return we wish every Western farmer to know that we will do everything in our power to improve and make our connection more close with him so that it will be impossible for combine to again control the fence prices in the West. We ask your personal assistance not only by the placing of your orders with us but we ask you to use what personal influence you have with your neighbors. In return for this we guarantee to sell you the best value in wire fence that you have ever received. Further information in regard to our policy, or our fence will be given on request.

Our Direct from Factory to Farm policy is a guarantee in itself of your receiving the best fence it is possible to buy at the lowest possible cost. You receive from us a roll of Sarnia fence that will give such satisfaction that will be remembered long after the price has been forgotten and make you a permanent customer and a strong supporter of our Direct from Factory to Farm policy. In the manufacture of our fence we use the best galvanized wire that can be bought on the market. A comparison of the wire from which our fence is made with that of others in any manner you may choose will show conclusively that our materials are of the highest possible standard. Behind Sarnia fence you have the largest and most up-to-date fence plant in the Dominion of Canada, and this great organization is manufacturing and selling its entire output direct to the farmer. Let us supply your next requirements in fence and we assure you that our fence will live up to every claim we have made for it.

Guarantee—If you find for any reason that the fence received of us is not of the best hard steel wire the best galvanizing, the most perfectly woven fence you ever purchased at any price, you are at liberty to return it to us. We will pay freight both ways and refund your money.

WE SET THE PRICE. OTHERS DEVOTE THEIR ENERGY TO TRY TO MEET OUR PRICES.	Price, Less Than Carload in Manitoba.		Price, Carload or Over in Manitoba.		Price, Less Than Carload in Saskatchewan.		Price, Carload or Over in Saskatchewan.		Price, Less Than Carload in Alberta.		Price, Carload or Over in Alberta.		CASH WITH THE ORDER SAVES EXPENSE AND YOU GET THE BENEFIT OF THE SAVING IN THE PRICE.	Price, Less Than Carload in Manitoba.		Price, Carload or Over in Manitoba.		Price, Less Than Carload in Saskatchewan.		Price, Carload or Over in Saskatchewan.		Price, Less Than Carload in Alberta.		Price, Carload or Over in Alberta.	
	Price.	Less Than Carload in Manitoba.	Price.	Carload or Over in Manitoba.	Price.	Less Than Carload in Saskatchewan.	Price.	Carload or Over in Saskatchewan.	Price.	Less Than Carload in Alberta.	Price.	Carload or Over in Alberta.		Price.	Less Than Carload in Manitoba.	Price.	Carload or Over in Manitoba.	Price.	Less Than Carload in Saskatchewan.	Price.	Carload or Over in Saskatchewan.	Price.	Less Than Carload in Alberta.	Price.	Carload or Over in Alberta.
5-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE. Has 5 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 10, 10, 10. Weight per rod, 6½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid.	22c		20c		24c		22c		26c		23c		9-48 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod, 12 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid.	39c		37c		44c		39c		47c		42c	
6-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE. Has 6 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 7, 7, 8, 9, 9. Weight per rod, 7½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid.	26c		24c		29c		27c		31c		28c		10-50 HORSE, CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOG FENCE. Has 10 line wires, 50 in. high, 12 stays to the rod; all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6, 8, 8. Weight per rod, 13¼ lbs. Per rod, freight prepaid.	43c		41c		48c		43c		52c		46c	
7-26 HEAVY HOG FENCE. Has 7 line wires, 26 in. high, 16 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spaced 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6½. Weight per rod, 9 lbs. Per rod, freight prepaid. With 12 stays to the rod, deduct 3 cents per rod.	33c		31c		37c		33c		40c		36c		7-26 MEDIUM HOG FENCE. Has 7 line wires, 26 in. high, 30 stays to the rod, top and bottom No. 9, filling No. 12 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3 3¼, 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6½. Weight per rod, 6½ lbs. Per rod, freight prepaid.	23c		21c		27c		24c		29c		26c	
7-40-0 HORSE, CATTLE AND SHEEP FENCE. Has 7 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 5, 6, 6, 7, 7½, 8½. Weight per rod, 8½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid.	29c		27c		33c		29c		35c		32c		15-50-P STOCK AND POULTRY FENCE. Has 15 line wires, 50 in. high, 24 stays to the rod, top and bottom No. 9, filling No. 12 Hard Steel wire, spacing 1¾, 1¾, 1¾, 1¾, 2, 2, 2½, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6, 7. Weight 12 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid.	43c		41c		48c		43c		51c		46c	
7-48-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE. Has 7 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11. Weight per rod, 9 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid.	29c		27c		33c		29c		35c		32c		WALK GATE. 3¼x48. Freight paid.	\$3.00		\$2.90		\$3.10		\$3.00		\$3.10		\$3.00	
8-40 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 8 line wires, 40 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 7, 8. Weight per rod, 10½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid.	35c		33c		39c		35c		42c		37c		FARM GATE. 12x48. Freight paid.	4.50		4.25		4.75		4.50		5.00		4.50	
8-48 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 8 line wires, 48 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 7, 9. Weight per rod, 11 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid.	36c		34c		40c		36c		43c		38c		FARM GATE. 13x48. Freight paid.	4.75		4.50		5.00		4.75		5.25		4.70	
9-48-0 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod, 11 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid.	36c		34c		40c		36c		43c		38c		FARM GATE. 14x48. Freight paid.	5.00		4.75		5.25		5.00		5.50		5.00	
													FARM GATE. 16x48. Freight paid.	5.25		5.00		5.50		5.25		5.75		5.25	
													STAPLES GALVANIZED. 1¼ in. Per box of 25 lbs. Freight paid.	1.00		.90		1.10		.90		1.10		.90	
													BRACE WIRE. No. 9 Soft. Per coil of 25 lbs. Freight paid.	1.00		.90		1.10		.90		1.10		.90	
													BARBED WIRE GALVANIZED. Two point. Per spool of 80 rods, freight paid.	3.10		2.75		3.20		2.80		3.40		2.00	
													STRETCHER. All iron top and bottom, draw very heavy tested chain, extra single wire—stretcher and splicer, the best stretcher made at any price. Freight paid.	8.75		8.00		9.00		8.75		9.00		8.25	

Please Note—The first column of prices are for the fence and gates delivered, freight paid, in less than carloads to points in the Province of Manitoba; 2nd column price in carloads to points in Province of Manitoba; 3rd column, price in less than carloads to points in Province of Saskatchewan; 4th column, price in carloads to points in Saskatchewan; 5th column, price in less than carloads to points in Alberta; 6th column, price in carloads to points in Province of Alberta. We prepay freight in less than carloads on all shipments of 300 pounds or over, at carload prices on all shipments of 24000 pounds or over. Remember all wire used in the West must come from the East and our prices are the lowest at which a fence of its quality can be sold and they will save you dollars. These prices are special and are for shipment via lake or rail. To make sure of them place your order at once. Remit by P. O. Order, M. O. or draft to

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